FUGITIVE

POLITICAL ESSAYS,

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PUBLIC ADVERTISER

During the laſt WINTER, 1769 and 1770,

Under the ſeveral Names of

OLD SLYBOOTS, FACTION, HORTENSIUS, A LOVER OF CONSISTENCY, &c.

Hoc Ridere meum tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo
Iliade.——— PERS.

——— *Facilis rigidi cenſura Cachinna.*
JUV.

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MDCCLXX.

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AMONGST many other little errors, with which so *hasty* a Publication must necessarily abound, the Reader will please to correct the following,

ERRATA.

Page 53, line 13, *for than to be able*, r. *than be able.*
65, l. 24, r. *and did he remonstrate.*
ditto, l. 30, for *Scavola*, r. *Scævola.*
67, l. 9, for *betted*, r. *abetted.*
71, l. 9, for *Germon*, r. *Germain.*
75, l. 35, for *opposition*, r. *opposition.*
76, l. 7, for *petulent*, r. *petulant.*
ditto, l. 9, for *prepostерus*, r. *prepostерous.*
86, l. 6, for *head*, r. *heart.*
93, l. 3, for *the feeding*, r. *feeding the.*
96, l. 12, for *rough*, r. *a thorough.*

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PREFACE.

ALARMED at the audacious conduct of a deſperate Faction, who with a brutality unnatural as that of Nero's, ſeemed determined to rip up the bowels of their mother-country; the Author of the following Eſſays thought it incumbent upon him, as an honeſt man, and a good citizen, to ſtep forth in defence of the BEST OF KINGS, AND BEST OF CONSTITUTIONS. The plan, which he propoſed to himſelf, was ſimply this: to lay before the people the characters, views, and intereſts of thoſe hypocritical Patriots, who were abuſing them with ſpecious profeſſions of public ſpirit, and a zeal for liberty. In the execution of this plan, he was neceſſarily drawn to perſonal reflections; in which, however, he has avoided every thing, that might embitter, or embroil domeſtic life. He has never entertained the Public with falſe and ſcandalous deſcriptions of a bad huſband, or a bad father; nor has he made natural frailties, or accidental miſ-

fortunes

fortunes the ſubject of invective and ridicule. If he has treated with aſperity ſome particular characters, for whom he formerly profeſſed no ſmall degree of reſpect and reverence; let them conſult their own hearts, and aſk themſelves, whether it be not a proper chaſtiſement for their notorious apoſtacy? *His* conſcience acquits *him* of having ever ſwerved from his principles, or party; as it does of all mean and mercenary views, in writing theſe Eſſays.

The favour, which the following *ſketches* (for they were not meant to be *finiſhed pieces*) have met with ſeparately from the Public, is a ſufficient apology for their being collected into a Volume. Whatever may be the fate of them, he cannot repent of the pains which they have coſt him, as they afford him a public opportunity of teſtifying to the world his abhorrence of a profligate Faction, his regard and honour for an injured King, and love and piety for a deluded Country.

FUGITIVE POLITICAL ESSAYS.

To JUNIUS.

Improbus ILLE *Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater.*

ACCEPT, my dear ſon, of my warmeſt and moſt grateful thanks, for that conſtant attention, which you have ſhewn to the intereſts of our family, and that noble diſregard to all the dictates of juſtice, truth, and honour, which, like a free and animating ſoul, is diffuſed through all your writings. How I glory in ſuch a ſon, whoſe ſhining talents would be loſt in the dull drudgery of defending what is right, and are more nobly, becauſe more arduouſly employed in varniſhing falſehood and wrong! I ſhould be the moſt inſenſible, and unnatural of parents, if at a time when the whole world is convinced of the cauſe you ſo worthily maintain, I did not return you my moſt public acknowledgements. At firſt you ſtept forth under the ſpecious appearance of liberty; and it might have hurt our intereſts in the moſt eſſential manner, had I then challenged you for my own: but you have now plucked off the maſk, and it does not require any great diſcernment of ſpirits, to know

what *Spirit you are of.* The marks, which diſtinguiſh liberty from faction are plain, and hardly to be miſtaken: the former will be always, and wholly concerned about national intereſts, and very indifferent about every thing that is merely private and perſonal. On the contrary, a ſpirit of faction is ſure to neglect national concerns, and to betake itſelf to private abuſe, and perſonal ſcurrility. Has not this, my dear Junius, been your conſtant method? Is there one ſingle national point that you have endeavoured to diſcuſs, or one great political truth that you have attempted to clear up?---Inſtead of this, have you not wholly ſtained your paper with elegant invective, and employed the pencil of a Raphael, fit only to paint angels, in drawing pictures of the devil? Need I mention your abuſe of the DUKE OF BEDFORD, which if you have the information you pretend to, you muſt know in your own conſcience to be falſe and ſcandalous? But it was neceſſary that you ſhould take hold of the popular idea, however groundleſs and unjuſt, to render this much injured nobleman deteſted by his countrymen. Equally laudable have been your endeavours to create in the people a jealouſy and hatred of the army, by miſrepreſenting, and diſtorting the circumſtances of General Ganſel's arreſt and reſcue. There is a recent event which you have not yet ſo much as touched on, though it is capable, with a little of your embelliſhment, to be perverted to a moſt excellent purpoſe. What I mean is, the untimely death of the unfortunate earl of Eglington, who was ſhot by an officer of exciſe. Would the truly patriotic Junius wiſh for a more popular and copious ſubject? it preſents you, my dear ſon, with what is called by the Logicians, * *Argumentum Cornutum*, and which

* An argument, which has two branches or horns.

ever

ever horn you make uſe of, you may very poſſibly either puſh the miniſtry out of their place, or gore the people with it to madneſs: on one hand you may exclaim againſt the injuſtice and oppreſſion of the game laws---you may repreſent them as an inſult upon *Britiſh* liberty, and a direct infringement of Magna Charta; and be ſure that you lay them all to the door of the preſent adminiſtration. On the other hand, you have a fair opportunity of attacking, not only the exciſe, but every other branch of the revenue. You may expatiate upon the horrid maſſacres, which are committed by the officers concerned in collecting it; and as the late lord Eglington was known to be in oppoſition to the preſent miniſtry, it would be of ſingular ſervice if you was to aſſure the public, that Mungo Campbell was hired by the duke of Grafton to aſſaſſinate his lordſhip. There is but one objection to be made againſt your handling this topic, which is, that it may hurt the friends and relations of the deceaſed nobleman, to have ſo melancholy a ſubject diſcuſſed in the public papers. But what then? Junius can ſtab the heart of a friend, a relation, nay, a father himſelf, without feeling the leaſt remorſe or compunction.

I am, my deareſt Son,

Your moſt affectionate parent,

FACTION.

To the Gentlemen in Opposition.

AS I am no miniſter myſelf, nor have any connection with thoſe who are ſo, I cannot look upon an oppoſition in that formidable light which ſome perſons are apt to do; particularly if it be compoſed of men of honeſt principles, and conducted in a fair and liberal manner. There is ſomething very intoxicating in power; and it muſt needs be of ſignal ſervice to the public, to have a perſon always at the elbow of the miniſter, to rouze and remind him of his duty; juſt as in the Roman triumphs, a ſlave was appointed to ride behind the car, and remind the conquerors that they were men. But it is a dreadful misfortune to this country, that the oppoſitions, which have been formed of late years, have neither conſiſted of men of integrity, nor been conducted upon a juſt and public ſpirited plan. I know no gentlemen, who have been in conſtant oppoſition to all government during this king's reign, except Meſſrs. Williams, Almon, Wilkes, lord Temple, and Kearſley; and I do not ſuppoſe, that the moſt laviſh admirers of theſe *amiable* patriots will pretend that their private characters, and public conduct are in every reſpect unexceptionable. As to the ſeveral oppoſitions, which theſe gentlemen have occaſionally ſupported with ALL their influence and ability, ſorry am I to ſay, that they have proceeded from a ſpirit of faction, avarice, and ambition, and that they have purſued meaſures diametrically oppoſite, not only to the public good, but their own private views and intereſts. They have wonderfully verified the prophecy of an inſpired writer, by falling themſelves into the pit that they made for others. Let us ſtop a moment, and take a view of the oppoſition to Mr. Grenville's adminiſtration, in the year 1764, and 1765. Who was

was it that ſpirited up the coloniſts, and ſet the ſtorm firſt a-brewing in America, and upon whoſe head did the tempeſt fall? Who was the generous patriot that promiſed his conſtituents a repeal of the cyder act? And who was the ſneaking chancellor of the exchequer, that, ſore againſt the grain, was obliged to comply with the meaſure? What I would conclude from this way of arguing, is a caution to the preſent oppoſition, how they employ a battery, which may be turned againſt themſelves, ſhould they change places with the preſent miniſters. For to ſay nothing of the extreme profligacy of adopting a plan in oppoſition, which they would execrate if in power; is it not the height of folly and madneſs to do it, conſidering the fluctuation and inſtability of all human things. Suppoſe that his majeſty ſhould comply with the petitions which have been obtained by the moſt unjuſtifiable means, and diſſolve the parliament; would not the next oppoſition find out grievances and apprehenſions to juſtify their purſuing the ſame meaſures? And where muſt this end, but in a total ſubverſion of all government, in anarchy, outrage, and confuſion?

I would therefore earneſtly recommend it to the gentlemen in oppoſition, both for their own ſakes, and that of their country, to be more wary and moderate in the meaſures they purſue. The frequent changes in adminiſtration, and the blind and headlong conduct of every oppoſition, who have ſtuck at nothing right or wrong, to diſtreſs the ruling miniſter, have reduced government to ſuch a deplorable ſtate of weakneſs, that it muſt ſink into ruin, without moderation on one hand, and firmneſs and reſolution on the other. Let me intreat you then, gentlemen, to be leſs violent and precipitate in your meaſures; and if you will allow me, I will ſupply the ſame place to you that Licinius did to the Roman tribune,

Caius

Caius Fabius: you are well acquainted with the ſtory, which is briefly this,—when the ſervant perceived his maſter to grow too paſſionate and vehement in his manner, he blew gently upon a pitch-pipe that he carried along with him, and reduced him immediately to temper, moderation, and ſobriety.

I am, Gentlemen,

Very much at your ſervice,

A Political Piper.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de Seditione querentes? Juv.

ALL true or falſe prophets, who have ſucceeded in the eſtabliſhment of a new religion; all founders of a ſect in philoſophy, and planners of a ſyſtem in goverment, have ever made their original impreſſion upon their followers, by a ſteady adherence to the principles they laid down, and a conſiſtency of character in all their words and actions: they have been real or apparent enthuſiaſts in their belief; and have by the uniformity of their conduct frequently made more proſelytes, than by the force of their arguments. But how are things changed in the preſent age? Men of notorious vices are heard every day preaching about virtue and morality; diſcarded courtiers are liſtened to, when they talk of their abhorrence of place, penſion, and title; and thoſe who have been Miniſters, and who ſince their fall have uſed every means to be reſtored to power, meet with ſome part of mankind weak enough to think them patterns of ſelf-denial, and that they have no point in

in view but the welfare of their country. Nor will the meaſures that are purſued by theſe gentlemen bear the light, any more than the characters of the gentlemen themſelves. Oppoſition cries out loudly againſt the unequal repreſentation of the people, and the venality of the ſmall boroughs, that rotten part of the conſtitution: when more than half of theſe patriotic gentlemen owe their ſeats to the purchaſe of thoſe very boroughs, and another part have been ſo mean as to ſtep forth, at the public market, the public venders of them for enormous prices. They call themſelves too a whig party, and at the ſame time are uſing every degree of power to force their dependents to ſubſcribe to the moſt violent of all tory meaſures, a petition to the king to exert a prerogative royal in diſſolving the parliament, becauſe the Majority within doors do not agree with the Minority without. Surely the good people of England cannot be ſo thoroughly infatuated as to be miſled by ſuch abſurd and ſelf-intereſted Chiefs; by men, who have been tried, and proved unworthy of the good opinion of the public; many of them involved in the very meaſures, which are now the objects of national deteſtation; and ſome of them adopting with the moſt ſupple ſervility, the very principles they formerly abhorred, in order to ingratiate themſelves with the very Factions, which they originally endeavoured to cruſh and annihilate. In this ſtate of affairs will it not be deemed an act of charity towards my countrymen, if I now and then endeavour to point out to them the worthleſſneſs of the idols, they now ſeem inclined to worſhip? Perhaps if I keep ſingly to their political characters I ſhall deſerve moſt attention; and indeed I cannot ſee that a political writer has to do with any thing elſe, unleſs in his own defence; and then he has a right to ſhew that patriots may

be

be ambitious, immoral, covetous, and ſelf-intereſted, as well as miniſters; and that thoſe who may have been at the head of the treaſury, have as many weakneſſes in their private characters, as the noble perſon who is there now, or others who may come thither hereafter. I will therefore, for the preſent, only congratulate Mr. George Grenville, on his conjunction with his new friend and ally, John Wilkes, Eſq. It is a proof of a forgiving temper in that right honourable perſon, as well as in the other *virtuous* patriot; and I doubt not, but that at their firſt interview their embraces were as cloſe, as cordial, and as ridiculous as thoſe of Cranmer and Gardiner, in Shakeſpear's play of Henry the Eighth; and I am at the ſame time perſuaded, that whatever the *new* patriot may have felt, in conſequence of the humiliation he muſt have ſuffered, from becoming the advocate and defender of the *old* one (whom he had ſo charitably perſecuted and purſued to a jail) he was fully compenſated by the thought, that his condeſcenſion had obtained him a reſignation of the office of firſt lord of the treaſury—from a perſon who ſhewed himſelf unfit for it when he had it, and who is the moſt unlikely man in the kingdom ever to have it really in his diſpoſal. I could ſay much more upon this ſubject, but as it will be impoſſible to open the eyes of the people entirely by a ſingle paper, I muſt beg to trouble you again upon the ſame ſubject, when I may poſſibly produce ſome other eminent patriots before the bar of the impartial public.

A LOVER of CONSISTENCY.

THERE

THERE cannot be a greater proof of the patriotic principles of the preſent oppoſition, than thoſe diſintereſted meaſures which they purſue. They have petitioned the king for a diſſolution of the parliament, though ſome of them have ſeats which they bought, and others ſeats which they ſold. It is eaſy to ſee how both theſe ſorts of gentlemen will be hurt, ſhould his majeſty purſue their public ſpirited advice. The former cannot be re-choſen without a conſiderable expence; and it may be that the perſons who brought them into parliament this ſeſſion, may be diſſatisfied with their conduct, and refuſe to elect them again. The latter will be obliged, if they have either honour or conſcience, to refund the money which they received for their boroughs; and as they are now regenerated, and become patriots, they cannot for ſhame think of ſelling them again, ſhould there be a new parliament; but will look out for ſome patriotic friend, Mr. Horne, for inſtance, or Samuel Vaughan, Eſq; and bring him into parliament *gratis*. I love to ſpeak, Mr. Printer, ſo as to be underſtood, and therefore beg leave to explain my meaning. It is notorious that the boroughs of Gatton, in Surry, and Old Sarum, in Cornwall, were ſold publicly at the market-croſs; and I call, in particular, upon my good friend Mr. Thomas Pitt, to tell me, Whether he did not receive ſeven thouſand pounds for bringing in the two members for the latter of theſe boroughs? Now let me aſk the ſaid gentleman, who has been ſo forward in promoting the Cornwall petition, Whether he means to refund the money, ſhould the preſent parliament be diſſolved? It is manifeſt that it was paid for a ſeven years ſeat; and if by his means the ſeſſion ſhould be put an end

to in two years, he cannot conſcientiouſly, as an honeſt man, keep the money that was given him. This would be as bad as granting an annuity for a number of years, and then prevailing upon an apothecary to poiſon the annuitant; an action which theſe patriotic gentlemen would ſooner die than be guilty of. No! they will certainly return the money that was paid them; and as the boroughs are manifeſtly the rotten part of our conſtitution, I make no doubt but they will petition his majeſty to extirpate them. Such a ſtep as this would be truly patriotic: it would recommend them to the love and eſteem of their fellow-ſubjects, and could not fail to ſtop the mouths of all thoſe miniſterial hirelings, who are perpetually inſinuating, that they petition the king to diſſolve the preſent parliament for no one earthly reaſon, but that they may be able to ſet their boroughs again to ſale, and grow rich by a moſt pernicious and profligate kind of merchandize.

OLD SLY-BOOTS.

I DO not recollect that any ſingle point has ever occaſioned more curioſity, than the diſcovery of the real perſon who is the author of the letters ſigned Junius. From his attack upon the marquis of Granby, it was at firſt ſuppoſed, that he was ſome diſappointed man, who had not been raiſed according to his own idea of his perſonal merit. Many ſuch the army, and every other profeſſion, muſt be burdened with; and if the public will attend to the overflowing of their gall, they may be furniſhed with ſufficient ſtore of invectives in every paper,

paper, againſt the whole bench of biſhops, the lord-chancellor, and the commander in chief. But as Junius, ſince his firſt outſet, has entered into a wider field, and prides himſelf upon expatiating on every ſubject that he thinks will hurt the private feelings, and ſtrike at the heart of any man who meets with his diſapprobation, the world has altered its opinion as to the identity of his perſon, and ſeems now to be united in the idea, that the author is either a woman, a prieſt, or a coward. No one has a higher veneration for the fair ſex than the writer of this letter, when they confine themſelves to their proper ſphere: but they muſt allow me to ſay, that political writing is not their talent; for the eagerneſs of their paſſions, and the violence of their reſentment againſt all who oppoſe their purpoſes, is ſuch, that they think every puniſhment due to a perſon who is ſo wicked as to obſtruct their meaſures; and, conſequently, that for a difference of opinion in politics, it is juſtifiable to condemn the culprit to every degree of torture, and to open every *private* wound, leſt his *political* ſenſations ſhould have become callous from a long continued courſe of invective. Thoſe who ſuppoſe him a prieſt, or a ſtigmatized coward, have, I imagine, formed their idea from what paſſed between the famous cardinal de Retz and the duke of Rochefaucault. The latter attempted to aſſaſſinate the cardinal at the door of the parliament of Paris, but failed. When they got into the houſe, a very violent altercation, as was natural, enſued between the contending parties, and motions were made to put them in arreſt, to prevent bad conſequences; but the whole ended by the cardinal's declaring in his ſpeech, that HE was a prieſt, and the OTHER a coward, and that therefore no duel could poſſibly happen between them. Now which of theſe three characters is due to Junius, future

time will probably ſhew; but as a friend to the cauſe which he adopts, I wiſh he would prove himſelf neither a woman, a prieſt, nor a coward, by ſticking to politics in his writings, inſtead of private ſcandal, and ſhew that his military inveteracy does not proceed from diſappointment, nor his courage and proweſs, in attacking the characters of the braveſt perſons, to the ſame ſecurity as that of cardinal de Retz.

O. S.

IT muſt give infinite pleaſure to every true lover of his country to hear that all our political diſputes are likely ſoon to be at an end, and every party to be perfectly ſatisfied; an event which has long been wiſhed for, but never expected to happen till thoſe great, diſintereſted, conſummate patriots, E——d B—e and A—r W—— e, eſquires, club'd together to effect it. O happy days, when men of the moſt diſcordant religious principles lay aſide all little, narrow prejudices, and with true Chriſtian philanthropy walk hand in hand together! What contradictions may not we hope to ſee reconciled when an Iriſh Jeſuit, and a Scotch Preſbyterian employ their joint efforts for the good of Old England! It is to their endeavours that we are indebted for a reconciliation between thoſe two diſcarded ſtateſmen, now popular patriots, George Grenville, eſq; and lord Rockingham, who, till this juncture have acted in conſtant and virulent oppoſition to each other. Every one knows that lord Rockingham's adminiſtration was employed in nothing but ridiculing Mr. Grenville, and tearing his ſyſtem

to

to pieces, which was done in the moſt publie and ignominious manner. Their language and conduct upon this occaſion put me in mind of Jack in the Tale of a Tub, where he cries out, 'For God's 'ſake, brother Martin, ſtrip, rend, pull, tear to pie-'ces, that we may be as unlike that rogue Peter 'as poſſible. I would not for a hundred pounds 'carry the leaſt mark about me, that might give 'occaſion to the neighbours of ſuſpecting that I 'was ever connected with ſuch a raſcal:' and, while they were thus employed in unravelling the web, which Mr. Grenville had woven, like Jack too they made ſuch a rent in the main body of the cloth, in our excellent conſtitution, as I am afraid no time, no ſkill, no labour can repair. Is it not ſtrange now, is it not miraculous, that men of ſuch adverſe principles ſhould ever be cordially united? But ours is an age of miracles; and, I doubt not, ſhould an adminiſtration be formed under theſe two gentlemen, but we ſhould ſee the following impoſſibilities effected: we ſhould ſee on one hand, general warrants employed upon every trivial occaſion; and on the other judicially condemned as oppreſſive and illegal; Mr. Wilkes would at the ſame time be perſecuted to a jail, and promoted to an honourable and lucrative ſtation; the Americans would be loaded with taxes, and excuſed from bearing any ſhare in the burthen of government; the cyder counties, to pleaſe Mr. Grenville, would be taxed without mercy; and to oblige lord Rockingham, they would be relieved from paying any duty whatever upon their common beverage. To be ſerious, there is nothing ſo improbable and contradictory which we might not expect from ſuch a coalition, where the principles of each party, in the moſt eſſential points, are diametrically oppoſite. We are told by Tacitus that it is a *difficult* thing for harmony to ſubſiſt between men

men in power; (*arduum eodem loci potentiam et concordiam eſſe*) but ſhould this truly heterogeneous junto come into place, it is *abſolutely impoſſible* that there ſhould be the leaſt concord or confidence amongſt them. Difficulties muſt ariſe every day, which neither the caſuiſtry of the Iriſh Jeſuit will be able to ſolve, nor the eloquence of the Scotch advocate to compoſe. But I will not for a moment ſuppoſe that ſuch a Babel adminiſtration can ever be formed; for however indigent and ambitious many of the dependents of each of theſe chiefs may be, they will not, I am perſuaded, chuſe to riſk their fortunes, and launch out into the wide ocean in ſuch a crazy and ill-compacted bottom.

A Lover of CONSISTENCY.

EVER ſince Mr. Wilkes appeared in a public character, as the defender of the liberties of his country, he has been attacked by a variety of mercenary ſcribblers, and bedaubed with every kind of filth that the art and labour of man could rake together. He has been repreſented as a vile and profligate ſpendthrift over head and ears in debt; indecent, debauched, and diſſolute; a libeller of his king, and a blaſphemer of his God. For my own part, I have always regarded theſe charges as the black effuſion of party (which will allow of no mediocrity, but is ſure to paint a man either an angel or a devil) and as I have ever been of the popular ſide of the queſtion, I ſee Mr. Wilkes through a different medium, and look upon him to be the very reverſe of this in every particular. I dare ſay, if any one would take the trouble of enquiring, he

he would find that Mr. Wilkes was never in debt, but always paid honourably and punctually for every thing he bought—that he is decent, chaſte, and temperate—that he fears God, and honours the king. But there is one part of his character, which I am afraid is not quite ſo unexceptionable: he ſeems—I am ſorry to ſay it—to be of a reſentful and perſecuting ſpirit. To what elſe can it be owing, that he is always loading Mr. Grenville with obloquy and reproach? The world has not forgot the injuries which he ſuffered from this mercileſs miniſter---how he was oppreſſed and perſecuted by him even to a ſtrange country. But it is the part of a true Chriſtian to forget and forgive: inſtead of which Mr. Wilkes publiſhes the private and confidential letters of his friends, to render Mr. Grenville ſtill more hateful and obnoxious to the public. There is a letter in your paper of Friday laſt, from Mr. Onſlow to Mr. Wilkes, in which he mentions the treatment that Mr. Wilkes had met with from Mr. Grenville's adminiſtration, and calls it a load of damnable perſecution, from the moſt dangerous adminiſtration that ever was in this country. I have nothing, Mr. Printer, to ſay in praiſe of Mr. Grenville's miniſtry—to be ſure it was very unpopular, and the ſpirit with which our great King's-Bench patriot was perſecuted, appeared too violent and revengeful: but it is inhuman in Mr. Wilkes to keep harping upon theſe old grievances, which can anſwer no end except exaſperating the public againſt Mr. Grenville, who, I am informed, is ready to cry peccavi, and will make the *amende honorable* in parliament next ſeſſions. Why will he not ſuffer the fallen miniſter to make his public recantation quietly without clothing him with the *Sam Benito*, and holding him out to the ridicule and reproach of the populace? Perhaps he may ſuſpect that Mr. G—— is not cordially convinced

vinced of his errors, and only makes a public abjuration to pleaſe his brother, and ſecure his eſtate to his children: but however this may be, ſuch behaviour in Mr. Wilkes is not a likely means of mending matters, but may very poſſibly render them incurable and deſperate. It would be much more politic for the writers on the popular ſide to coax and wheedle Mr. Grenville a little, as many perſons are far more eaſily and pleaſantly drawn over by the cords of love, than if you were to pull and haul them ever ſo much with the violence of abuſe and calumny.

PACIFICUS.

HAVING engaged, as a *Lover of Conſiſtency*, to point out to the public the ſtrange contradictory maxims and conduct of their preſent leaders; I begin to find that I have undertaken a more than Herculean labour: their profligacy is ſo great, and their inattention to every kind of decency ſo notorious, that if I were to write from morning to night for a twelvemonth together, their indiſcretions would ſtill ſupply me with freſh variety of matter.

Let us to-day look a little at the behaviour of one of the preſent heads of this new junto; a junto, who without the leaſt attention to ſyſtem or principle, have receded from their original opinions, and publicly give the lie to all their former profeſſions and practices; who ſeem to have compromiſed all old diſputes by one noble, general plan, that of attacking the conſtitution itſelf, and promoting *every Republican Doctrine*, to engage their vociferous friends in the ſtreet to

diſſolve government, that they may find their advantage in the general confuſion.

Allow me to aſk the Right Honourable and new-converted Patriot G—— G———, Eſq; what was the occaſion of the breach between the ſeveral branches of the oppoſition at the *celebrated Meeting at* NEWCASTLE-HOUSE, but his being *proſcribed*, and *declared unworthy to be a Member of Adminiſtration*, by the very *individual Perſons*, with whom he now combines to ſap the foundation of government? Let me aſk him, whether this change of ſentiment is owing to *his* having acquieſced in *their* doctrines, or *they* in *his?* A little time will ſhew whether enforcing the *Revenue Laws upon America*, is to be their meaſure in the next ſeſſion of parliament: if *that* ſhould appear to be the caſe, I will retract every inſinuation I may have thrown out, with regard to the conduct of that Right Honourable Gentleman, and will acknowledge him to be an honeſt, ſteady, perſevering man—one who has formed a plan after mature deliberation, which he thinks is calculated for the benefit of his country; and is determined to purſue that ſingle point, though his own intereſt ſtand in the way, and he be further obſtructed by the turbulent ambition of a diſappointed faction. On the other hand, ſhould it appear that he has ſubmitted to let his reputation and ſyſtem be negotiated away by a *Scotch and Iriſh Miniſter Plenipotentiary*; and has condeſcended to adopt the meaſures of that *feeble treaſurer*, whoſe adverſe hand formerly ſigned his proſcription; will he not with great juſtice be ſtruck out of the liſt of thoſe, whoſe names ſhall be recorded with honour, and ever held in the higheſt eſtimation?

S.

THOUGH a former letter of mine, according to the polite remark of one of your correſpondents, was void of argument, ſenſe, and truth, I find it has had ſo much effect as to engage ſome friend of a *great Patriot* to deny that the ſeats for the *borough of Gatton*, were ſold by him, at the laſt general election, for an enormous price. I ſuppoſe I am to conclude from thence, that the right honourable gentleman (if he is proprietor of that borough, which I do not believe, having heard that Sir George Colebrook has *purchaſed* many, but never that he yet *ſold* an eſtate) generouſly gave it to the two repreſentatives, and that he diſavows the *ſcandalous practice of ſelling boroughs*. I am ſure, it is very far from my intention to cenſure any one who acts upon ſuch laudable principles, and when I have heard it fairly proved that Mr. Beckford is the *proprietor* of the whole freehold of Gatton, which is what gives the power of chuſing the members, and that he did *not* receive any *gratuity* from the two repreſentatives for that borough, I ſhall acknowledge myſelf in the wrong as far as he is concerned, and ſhall be happy in having ſecured ſo dignified and popular a character as that of the Lord-Mayor of London, to join with me in condemning the odious practice of ſelling boroughs to the beſt bidder: I hope, therefore, that he will go on with me a little farther; and when the conduct of thoſe who have *not* juſtified themſelves from the imputation of having encreaſed their private fortunes, by the ſale of the ſhares they held in the rotten part of the conſtitution, ſhall be hereafter animadverted upon, *as it certainly will be in the truly proper place*, that he will ſhew his friend did not belye him when he aſſured us that he utterly abhors that *wicked cuſtom of ſelling Boroughs*, which

which is ſo contradictory to *true Patriotiſm*, and reconcileable only to the ſordid and venal notions of thoſe falſe patriots who move for a petition to diſſolve the parliament, that they may ſell their boroughs *twice* in two years.

The eloquence of *this great Perſon* will be of the utmoſt advantage to the public, if he will uſe it in ſupport of the *Motion* that *will certainly be made* for the ſuppreſſion of theſe ſeats of venality, which occaſion an undue repreſentation of the people of England; and the pen of *his* friend, and *your* correſpondent, Mr. Woodfall, who ſeems to join with me in my argument, tho' he thinks it points at a wrong individual, will be of the utmoſt uſe towards promoting the ſame great national purpoſe. Let me entreat him then to ſend you another letter or two, expreſſing his deteſtation of the conduct of thoſe who *have ſold their Boroughs* at enormous prices; a doctrine which he ſeems to eſpouſe by the applauſe he gives to the perſon *who has ſo nobly diſdained to follow the example that has been made too prevalent by modern uſage.*

O. S.

THE Roman hiſtorian having done an irreparable injury to the cauſe and character of CATILLINE, by the baſe account which he gives of his adherents;—that poſterity may not in like manner be prejudiced againſt Mr. WILKES, by a falſe deſcription of his advocates and friends; it ſhall be my buſineſs to make the Public acquainted with their merits, and to point out their ſeveral qualifications and endowments. The hiſtorian above

hinted at was certainly no FRIEND TO LIBERTY, or he would not have ſtigmatized the followers of the brave and public-ſpirited CATILINE, as men of ruined fortunes and profligate minds; a miſerable, needy, deſperate crew; who, having waſted their ſubſtance with every kind of luxury and extravagance, were ready to repair it by any kind of vice and villainy. Now that future hiſtorians, when they draw a parellel between the character of my *favourite* WILKES and the unfortunate CATILINE, may not traduce the adherents of *our Britiſh Patriot* as men of the ſame principles with the friends of *the Roman Adventurer*, I have drawn up a liſt of the names of a few of thoſe reſpectable perſons, who are ſteadily attached to his cauſe and intereſt. Every one will perceive at the firſt glance that they are all men of the moſt conſummate abilities and unblemiſhed integrity; whoſe countenance could not fail to recommend and juſtify, even a bad cauſe, and muſt needs caſt a tranſcendant luſtre upon that *noble and righteous one* in which they are engaged. I have choſen them out of different walks and departments in life; and O happy, happy Britain, to have ſuch patterns of every thing that is great and excellent in their ſeveral ſtations and callings!

ORATORS, Lord Rockingham and Mr. Richard Whitworth.

STATESMEN, Lord Temple, Meſſrs. Dowdeſwell, Grenville and Otis.—

KNIGHTS AND BARONETS, Sir Francis Delaval, Sir Joſeph Mawbey, and Sir Robert Bernard.—

TRUE PATRIOTS, Samuel Vaughan, and John Calcraft, Eſqrs.—

MAGISTRATES, Meſſrs. Sawbridge and Townſhend.—

LEARNED

LEARNED AND PIOUS DIVINES, John Horne Richard Green and Dr. Thomas Wilſon.—

COMMON LAWERS, Meſſrs. Wedderburn and Adair.—

CIVILIAN, Geo. Bellas, Eſq;—

PHYSICIANS, Dr. Muſgrave and Dr. Beckford.---

MILITARY MEN, Lord George Sackville, Colonel Thickneſſe and Captain Allen.—

MERCHANTS, John Churchill and Humphry Coates, Eſq;—

BOROUGHMONGERS, Sir George C—b—ke and Mr. Thomas P---tt.—

PRISONERS, the great Patriot himſelf, John Wilkes, Eſq; and William Bingley, Gentleman.

Who ſees not here that I have my friends and favourites down from a palace to a priſon; and ſuch a muſter-roll of worthies enliſted in the CAUSE OF LIBERTY was never produced before in any age or country? I could name many other illuſtrious chiefs, who are particularly ſtrenuous in my ſervice, though they do not come under the arrangement here laid down. Should knotty points and caſes of caſuiſtry ariſe, who ſo able and willing to decide as Edmund Burke, Eſq; educated at the College of St. Omer's; and the Earl of Sh---l --ne, who, according to the opinion of a very penetrating ſtateſman, was BORN A JESUIT?

F.

I Believe you have received letters from many correſpondents, who think exactly as I do upon the preſent ſtate of government; but pride, ſhame, hope, and other diſcordant paſſions, have kept them ſilent as to what really paſſes in the innermoſt receſſes of their mind.

As

As to myſelf, I cannot, I own, refrain any longer, and as I dare not open myſelf to thoſe I am obliged to herd with, for fear of loſing my hold with every ſet of men, and thereby remaining out of employment the reſt of my life, I have no other reſource than that of unburdening myſelf through the channel of your paper, to the public of all parties, who will, I dare ſay, acknowledge that I and my fellow ſufferers are objects of their compaſſion, and not of their indignation.

You muſt know then, that I was moſt firmly attached to a former adminiſtration, (under whom I held no inconſiderable office) and particularly to the perſon who was then at the head of the Treaſury, and ſuppoſed to take the lead in public affairs. I imagined him to be an able, upright, diſintereſted miniſter, one who thought of nothing but reſtoring the ſhattered finances, and eſtabliſhing the credit of his country upon the moſt ſolid baſis. I looked upon him to be ſteady in the exertion of the proper authority of the crown, as knowing that no civil government can long ſubſiſt which is afraid or unable to maintain its dignity. I conceived him to be an inflexible enemy to all diſturbers of the peace of mankind, who under the ſpecious name of Liberty, and for their own private intereſts, are deſirous of throwing every thing into confuſion: but what I ſtill, if poſſible, admired him more for, was the utter contempt with which he viewed the members of that feeble adminiſtration which ſucceeded him, and purſued no meaſure but that of deſtroying every thing which their predeceſſors had done. I alſo venerated him for the reſolution I thought he had formed, of remaining firm in his determination to prevent them from ever having it in their power to put the finiſhing ſtroke to the deſtruction of this country. On theſe principles I acted ſteadily with

with him in adminiſtration, reſigned my office chearfully, and entered reſolutely into oppoſition upon a firm conviction that the meaſures he would purſue would be ſtill the ſame, and that the inflexibility of his temper, and the perſeverance of his nature, would ſhortly reſtore things to the ſtate in which he wiſhed to ſee them: but alas! with grief I am obliged to ſay it, I find I have been miſtaken in my man.

Heu quam diſſimilis, quantum mutatus!——

---I am now reduced to *oppoſe Government* upon the very point, which I formerly adhered to, and to act under the direction, and in the ſtricteſt amity, with that very ſet of men whom I had been taught to conſider as the loweſt wretches that ever aſſumed to themſelves the name of miniſters, and this after I and all my friends had been treated by them with every mark of indignity.

Some few years ago, I ſaw and applauded the ſpirit of the Treaſury, which directed that the fines incurred by a ſervant of the government, in conſequence of the advice of the crown lawyers at that time, and the invariable uſage of office, even when in the hands of ſome of the *greateſt Patriots of theſe days*, ſhould be diſcharged with public money. But now whenever I am invited to a coalition dinner, I am obliged to hear this act treated as a haſty meaſure at beſt, and to acquieſce when I am told, that the perſon to whom I profeſs an attachment is convinced of his error, and that like another M. Scævola he will take the firſt opportunity to plunge that guilty hand into the flames, which ſet his name tot he black and horrid ſcroll.

Now upon examination of my own conduct and my own opinion, I wiſh to act a part that will appear conſiſtent to the world, and to be founded upon reaſon and common ſenſe; at the ſame time that I acknowledge

knowledge myſelf to have a view to worldly intereſt when founded upon honeſt principles. If I continue in oppoſition upon the preſent nonſenſical plan of petitioning againſt grievances that do not exiſt, and ſupporting the authority of the mob which I have ever been taught to deſpiſe, my underſtanding, the part I have formerly acted, and my ſelf-intereſt fly in my face; as the meaſures of oppoſition are the ridicule of every man of common ſenſe and common honeſty; and as it is impoſſible for me not to feel that my preſent aſſociates are deſpiſed by me, and the whole world in general; and that the crown can never be ſo weak as to take by the hand the leader of a party, who, if he ever comes into the cloſet again, muſt on his introduction be obliged to diſavow all his former principles, to repreſent himſelf as having been in a continual error from the beginning to the end of his adminiſtration, and to have made very falſe repreſentations to the great perſonage, whom he *fatigued* with his *prolixity* ſix times a week, as to the merits of thoſe who were *then* joined with him, as well as of thoſe who ſucceeded him in office. I own, I ſee nothing favourable in a proſpect, bounded as that is which I have in my view, and I ſhould be therefore infinitely obliged to you if you, or ſome of your correſpondents, could give me any hints that you think might be likely to help me out of the labyrinth in which I find myſelf entangled, and direct me into the path which I always meant to purſue as an honeſt man, and

A LOVER OF CONSISTENCY.

Quæ Gravitas Oculis, et quæ Conſtantia Fronti,
Sobrius ut toto Pectore BUBO *ſapit!*

VIN. BOURNE.

IT is a remark of an ingenious writer, that it is with *Wits* as with *Razors*, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe, on whom they are employed, as when they are *blunt*. If this be the caſe, I heartily congratulate the *Friends of Liberty* on the obtuſeneſs of their talents, which are admirably calculated to annoy their enemies: their wit is ſo *dull*, and *without edge*, that it is impoſſible they can uſe it without *cutting*. For my own part, I ſhould ſhudder to come under the hands of one of theſe *political Shavers*, and expect, before he had done with me, to be marked, and ſlaſhed, like the *Man in the Almanack*. Let me adviſe them, however, as a friend, not to try their art upon *one another*, but to be content with giving their adverſaries a *trimming*. They may *ſhave* the *Miniſtry* as much as they pleaſe, and cut and haggle them till they look like Prize-Fighters—the more ridiculous the better: but beware, Gentlemen, how ye meddle with one another, and be content to appear in public a little *black and dirty*. I am led to theſe reflections by an unlucky ſtroke of humour in the *Political Regiſter*; the author of which is poſſeſſed of a wit ſo extremely dull and blunt, that it is amazing how he durſt venture to *try it upon a Friend*. In the frontiſpiece to the laſt number, he has exhibited Dr. MUSGRAVE, the great, the patriotic Dr. MUSGRAVE, in the figure of a MONSTROUS OWL, dreſſed out in a PHYSICIAN'S WIG. A plague on him for his humour! I do not believe the Doctor will thank him for *being ſo jocular*, as I am told by his friends it is a STRIKING LIKENESS. The

 author,

Author, it muſt be confeſſed, has ſhewn a moſt lively, and inventive Genius, in finding out ſuch an EMBLEM of PATRIOTISM; and I am almoſt tempted to forgive him the ridiculouſneſs of the image, when I conſider the inſtruction, that it carries with it. It is on one hand a compliment to Dr. MUSGRAVE for his ſagacity in finding out things *in the Dark*; and on the other, a gentle reproof, that he ſhould be *ſuch* AN OWL as to turn *Patriot* in theſe days: it points out to the world his amazing wiſdom, gravity, and diſcretion; and at the ſame time intimates, that with ſuch endowments and principles as his, he muſt be content to live in an old thatched barn, or a hollow tree. Thus far, I can eaſily trace the ſymbol; and I would humbly propoſe, that for the future Dr. MUSGRAVE may be ſtiled the GREAT OWL OF PLYMOUTH. There will be a peculiar propriety in it, upon another account; which is, that the Owl is a bird of Omen; and I fully believe, Dr. MUSGRAVE's *hooting* at the Miniſtry portends their downfall; and that every thing, which he has uttered about the peace, has as much *truth* and *reality* in it, as any of the auſpices of the ancients.

O. S.

To my moſt Zealous and Reſolute Friends, The SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS.

GENTLEMEN,

AT a time when ſo many reſpectable counties are petitioning the king for a redreſs of grievances, in the very language that I could wiſh

to

to inſpire; it appears ſtrange that ſo ſpirited, and patriotic a body as yours, ſhould be remiſs in adopting a meaſure, which, of all others, is beſt calculated to ſerve your purpoſes. Were you not happy in a writer of Samuel Vaughan's abilities (whoſe *letter* and *affidavit* have made ſuch a noiſe in the learned and unlearned world) the cenſorious, and ill-natured part of mankind might be apt to inſinuate, that there is not a perſon amongſt you with head-piece enough to pen a petition in tolerable language, or even grammar. But as that *celebrated author* has had ſuch very bad ſucceſs with his *petition* to *the Duke of Grafton*, that he may not chuſe to try his hand at another to the king, I have ſent you a rough draught of one, compoſed in a proper ſtile, and as decent in point of language, as the emergency of your ſituation will allow. I do not make uſe of any idle circumlocutions, but come at once to the matter in hand: neither have I ventured to call you DUTIFUL AND LOYAL SUBJECTS; for ſuch a glaring falſehood, in the very front of your petition, would only prejudice the world againſt the noble cauſe in which you are engaged. It is your buſineſs, my dear friends, to intimidate——mild and gentle meaſures would betray a ſpirit of cowardice and timidity; and beſides, your caſe is ſo deſperate, that it will not allow time for alteratives, and lenient medicines. It is a comfort to me to remark, that let your meaſures be ever ſo violent, ye have nothing to fear: the frequent changes in adminiſtration have ſo relaxed the ſinews of government, that they have loſt all their elaſticity, and left it without a power to redreſs itſelf. Add to this, that the two worthy and patriotic ſh—ffs are of your body; and ſhould any of you be condemned for ſuch little peccadillos, as treaſon, inſurrection, or murder, there is no doubt but

they will inflame the paſſions of the mob, and prevent the execution of your ſentence; or, at leaſt, ſhould you unfortunately be hanged, will make a pathetic ſpeech, to prove that they did every thing in their power to prevent the fatal cataſtrophe.

F.

To the king's moſt excellent majeſty.

WE, your majeſty's moſt factious and diſcontented ſubjects, THE SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS, humbly beg leave to inſult your ſacred perſon, with a juſt repreſentation of thoſe *grievances* and *apprehenſions*, which we have for ſome time laboured under, and now find every day encreaſing upon us. We are ſeriouſly *grieved*, that any but ourſelves ſhould have the management of public affairs; as we verily *apprehend* that we are the only proper perſons to be entruſted therewith: we are further *grieved*, that the preſent ſet of miniſters ſhould purſue their plan ſo ably and reſolutely; as we have reaſon to *apprehend*, that ſhould your majeſty continue them a few months longer in your ſervice, all the oppoſition we can make will be vain, and unprofitable. We, therefore, moſt humbly and earneſtly implore your majeſty to interpoſe your royal authority in *diſſolving* the *preſent* MINISTRY, and promoting Us to their places, as SPEEDILY AS POSSIBLE. Should your majeſty refuſe to comply with this *reaſonable* requeſt, we are determined to entertain you every levee-day with a *freſh petition*, drawn up in the moſt diſreſpectful and ſcurrilous language: beſides which, we ſhall not fail to inſult your authority, and revile your perſon; and, by hiring mobs to commit every kind of outrage and violence, we do not deſpair but we ſhall

ſhall be able, in the end, to throw every thing into uproar and confuſion.

Signed,
Sir F. B. D.
Sir J. M.
Sir R. B.
B. H. C. I. &c. &c. &c.

A Correſpondent of yours who ſigns himſelf *Faction*, having given us a liſt of the reſpectable perſons who form the preſent oppoſition, together with an account of their ſeveral qualifications, I muſt beg leave to adopt his plan, and carry it a little further. Such excellent abilities as they are poſſeſſed of, will be of little uſe to their country, unleſs they are employed in a proper manner; for, as a Roman poet remarks,

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus:———

For which reaſon I am ambitious of the merit of calling them out into action; and ſhall arrogate to myſelf no leſs praiſe from the good that they may do the public, than our *great patriot* did from the ſignal victories which were atchieved ſolely by the intrepidity and valour of our ſeamen and ſoldiers. An adminiſtration, compoſed of ſuch illuſtrious worthies, cannot fail to be attended with the moſt deſirable bleſſings; it will repair the ſhattered ſtate of our finances, heal all our factions and diviſions at home, and ſtrike terror into our enemies abroad. For my own ſhare, I doubt not but there will be a public thankſgiving appointed in honour of it; a thankſgiving too which will carry the ſame noble diſtinction

ſtinction with it as that decreed to Cicero, " Quæ " Supplicatio, ſi cum cæteris conferatur, hoc in- " tereſt, quod cæteræ, bene geſta, hæc una con- " ſervata Republica conſtituta eſt;" *all other thankſgivings have been appointed for ſome particular ſervices done to the Public; this alone for ſaving it from ruin.*

The plan which I would propoſe is ſo extremely ſimple and natural, that I dare ſay the enlightened part of your readers are before-hand with me in gueſſing at it: however, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who are leſs informed and converſant in political matters, I here lay it down, with the reaſons for ſeveral of the articles.

Lord Rockingham, whoſe knowledge of the Treaſury buſineſs is ſo very extenſive, and his talent for communicating it ſo wonderfully eloquent, and excellent, *to be firſt lord of the treaſury.*

Mr. Wilkes, whoſe private neceſſities have made him ſo ingenious in finding out the moſt * honourable *ways and means* for paying off *his own debts*, that he can be at no loſs how to reduce the *debt* of the *Nation*, *to be chancellor of the Exchequer.*

Sir Joſeph Mawbey and Mr. Dowdeſwell, ſecretaries of ſtate.

George Grenville, eſq; who languiſhes for an opportunity to give the finiſhing ſtroke to the Colonies, *ſecretary for the American department.*

Sir Robert Bernard, ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons.

John Calcraft, Eſq; whoſe amazing politeneſs, and ſingular contempt of money, have endeared him to every officer in the army, *to be paymaſter of the forces.*

Lord George Sackville, and *Colonel Thickneſs*, who together poſſeſs all the qualifications of the moſt

* *Witneſs his Tranſactions with the* Paris Jeweller, *whom he ſo cleverly outwitted.*

con-

conſummate general; the former being as remarkable for his caution and coolneſs, as the latter for his fire and intrepidity; *to be joint commanders in chief.*

Captain Allen, Secretary at war.

Sir Francis Delaval, the very flower of knighthood, whoſe *encounter* with the *mouſe*, in the Bedford coffee-houſe, exceeds every thing that we read of in the days of chivalry and romance, *to be champion of England.*

Richard Green and *John Horne*, Clerks, *to be archbiſhops of Canterbury and York.*

George Bellas, Eſq; *to be lord Chancellor*, and *honeſt Humphrey Coates*, one of the *Commiſſioners of Bankrupt.*

O. S.

Stolen from the LORD-MAYOR'S *court-office, on Thurſday the 7th inſtant, a pair of* TEMPLE SPECTACLES.

Public Advertiſer, *Dec.* 9. 1769.

IT gave me a very ſenſible concern to find, by the above advertiſement, that our truly patriotic mayor has had his TEMPLE ſpectacles ſtolen from him. I hope in God he will be able to retrieve them again, in a ſhort time; as it would be an irreparable loſs to this great metropolis, ſhould the firſt magiſtrate continue *blind*, or even *ſee* things in *a wrong light*. For my own part, I am apt to ſuſpect, that I ſmell out the *thief*; and that it muſt be ſome one of the preſent miniſtry, either the firſt *Lord of the Treaſury* for inſtance, or one of the *Secretaries of State*. You will not wonder,

der, that ſuch *great men* ſhould ſtoop to ſuch *little* practices, when you reflect on Mr. Wilkes's very polite letter to *two former Secretaries of State*; in which he abſolutely accuſes them not only of *robbing his houſe*, but of having *the ſtolen goods* actually in *their own poſſeſſion*. The *ſtolen goods*, here alluded to, were Mr. *Wilkes's papers*; which (as I never heard that there were any deeds or mortgages, or writings of eſtates among them; but only ſeditious, obſcene and blaſphemous effuſions in verſe and proſe) might be worth, upon an average, about three-half-pence a pound: whereas, the ſpectacles here advertiſed, are of ineſtimable value, and not below the acceptance of the greateſt emperor upon earth. I am aware that ſome of your ignorant readers may look upon them in a trivial light, as if one might purchaſe as good at Martin's, Short's, or any of the common mathematical inſtrument ſhops in town: but, Sir, they do not attend to the words of the advertiſement, which expreſly calls them TEMPLE *ſpectacles*; and there is no doubt but they were made by the GREAT OPTICIAN AT STOW. This celebrated artiſt has, by much pains and induſtry, invented glaſſes, which will ſuit perſons of all ages, whether they be ſhort-ſighted or long-ſighted; whether they ſquint like Wilkes, or ogle and leer like Sir F. Delaval. He has in particular fitted Mr. G—— G———, who always has been *remarkable for ſhortſightedneſs*, with a pair of *ſpectacles*; by which he *ſees*, that he has been in the wrong all his life, and that he ſhall loſe a large eſtate if he does not make a *public recantation of his errors*. It is ſaid that the ſpectacles pinch his noſe, and miſbecome him extremely: but this is a calumny without the leaſt foundation, calculated ſolely to hurt the inventor in his buſineſs. I cannot better deſcribe the uſes of theſe extraordinary glaſſes, which are great and various,

than

than by desiring you to insert the following hand-bill, which you may find posted up at the London Tavern, King's-bench prison, and other places of elegant political resort, in this great metropolis.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Temple, optician in Pall-mall, 'makes and sells 'all sorts of Political Spectacles, extremely pro-'per to be worn by Patriots of every rank and 'denomination. They are necessary for the true 'reading of the several Petitions which have been 'presented to the king, and will shew that they 'are the genuine voice of his most loyal subjects, 'and not the rancorous efforts of a disappointed, 'turbulent Faction. These Spectacles, like * Ithu-'riel's spear, discover every man in his real cha-'racter: look thro' them at the king, and you 'will see that he is an arbitrary, tyrannical prince, 'bent upon overturning the constitution, and en-'slaving his people; the House of Commons are all 'a set of corrupt knaves; and the Ministry have 'saucer eyes and cloven feet. On the contrary, 'look at the three Patriotic Brothers, and you will 'see that they are possessed of every virtue which 'can adorn and dignify human nature. Lord 'Temple is neither vain, factious, nor turbulent; 'Lord Chatham is perfectly disinterested, unam-'bitious, dispassionate, and has never yet either 'betrayed his party, or swerved from his princi-'ples: George Grenville is a man of † Spartan 'eloquence and Spartan integrity; he has never 'enriched himself with public plunder, nor pro-'cured any places or reversions for his family; his 'honesty is so inflexible, that it will sooner break

* See Milton's Paradise Lost.

† The Spartans were remarkable, even to a proverb, for their conciseness and brevity in speaking.

'than bend; and it is juſtly to be apprehended,
'for the credit of this age and country, that he
'will die a martyr to his principles.

'*Vivant Rex & Regina.*'

Beſides theſe Political Spectacles, there are many other uſeful inſtruments made by the ſame ingenious arliſt, of which I ſhall ſend you an account at ſome future opportunity: at preſent I am obliged to ſubſcribe myſelf,

F.

To my worthy Sons, Sir ROBERT BERNARD, Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, JOHN HORNE, ARTHUR BEARDMORE, JOHN SAWBRIDGE, &c. &c.

I CANNOT ſufficiently, my deareſt children, applaud your indefatigable zeal, in poſting from town to town, and county to county, to promote the glorious cauſe, in which we are all concerned. Was it not for *your* active ſpirit, the ingratitude of ſeveral of thoſe, who ſome-times appear my moſt eager friends, would be taken notice of by our opponents, and their indolence (to give it no worſe a name) would raiſe a ſuſpicion that few or none of the people of rank, and conſequence in the ſeveral counties, attended the meetings, ſummoned by *my mandate*, or countenanced the proceeding planned by my *privy council* at the *London Tavern*.

Had not you rid, poſt-haſte, from Surry to Bedford, from Bedford to Weſtminſter, and from Weſtminſter to Eſſex, I am perſuaded the *impartial* opinion of the independent inhabitants of theſe ſeveral diſtricts of my dominions, had never been

been known to the public: nay, in the laſt of theſe places (though many of them have given me the ſtrongeſt proofs of their fidelity on other occaſions) I could not prevail on one member of parliament, reſident in the county, to obey my precept, which directed them to attend you at Chelmsford.

Your merit, therefore, and attention to my intereſt, deſerve the higheſt applauſe; and I muſt particulary thank my favourite darling MAWBEY, for his extreme ingenuity, and addreſs in aſſuming a character, hitherto untry'd by him, and unexpected from him; I mean, that modeſt diffidence with which he ingratiated himſelf with his hearers, when he aſſured them that he had ſo little property in the county of Eſſex, that he was almoſt aſhamed to be the ſingle perſon who ventured, at that meeting, to exert his talents as an orator, in ſupport of our cauſe. I muſt, likewiſe, commend his diſcretion in not expatiating upon the apoſtacy of ſome of your brethren, who were ſo infatuated as to ſign that *ſcandalous Addreſs*, which was carried to the King's Palace by the high ſheriff, grand jury, and ſeveral deluded peers, and men of property; who, to my great concern, and utter aſtoniſhment, paſſed through the ſtreets without meeting with that treatment, which they juſtly deſerved, from our truſty friends, the mob, whoſe inactivity upon this occaſion, contrary to my expreſs orders, is not to be accounted for.

Theſe incautious men may probably be brought back by gentle means; but if that ſhould fail, *one of them* muſt be told, that if he ſhould, by *any other act*, prove himſelf unworthy my protection, my intereſt with the freeholders, which muſt be greatly augmented by your late conduct, will, five years hence, put it out of his power to do us any further miſchief.

Go on, then, my beſt-beloved, in your glorious career!——Proceed from county to county, and

from borough to borough---no matter whether you have any concern or intereſt among the people you addreſs yourſelves to—the great cauſe you ſupport is a ſufficient introduction into any part of the king's dominions: no matter whether a *tenth part* of the freeholders join with you—ſay that you are the ONLY people who ought to be liſtened to.—My influence is ſo great, at this time, that you ſhall be believed in ſpite of the moſt poſitive proof to the contrary: for as we cannot *yet* get a *majority* any where, either in, or out of parliament, it is our buſineſs to ſhew that the *opinion of the ſmaller* ſhould always *guide the greater number*.

That you may drive on proſperouſly in this glorious track till, like Alexander, you have no more counties left to conquer, is the conſtant prayer of

Your moſt affectionate Parent

F.

To all and ſingular the PATRIOTS *of Great Britain, by what names or titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed.*

Gentlemen,

IN that excellent ſpeech, which the Roman hiſtorian puts into the mouth of the unfortunate CATILINE, there is a ſhort paſſage, worthy of your moſt ſerious attention; particularly at this juncture, when every thing will be loſt, without unity and concord: *Idem velle, atque idem nolle, ea demum firma eſt amicitia.* It is matter of grief to me to obſerve, that though ye have all the ſame views, the ſame inclinations, the ſame intereſts, yet with a peeviſhneſs and petulance, as unaccountable as it

is

is dangerous, ye are perpetually quarreling among yourſelves, about ſtraws and trifles. Your behaviour is as ridiculous, as a *battle royal* of *Shake-bags* at a cockpit; where a number of *heavy* poultry, being tumbled out of their ſacks, fly at each other promiſcuouſly, and peck and tear one another without mercy. This, gentlemen, may be very good *ſport* to the byſtanders; but your caſe is the ſame with the frogs in the fable, and it cannot but be *death* to you. How can you hope that your cauſe ſhould proſper, while the *great* patriot, John Wilkes, is perpetually pecking at the *little* patriots, John Horn and George Grenville, and doing every thing in his power, to render them ridiculous and deſpicable? For my own part, I ſincerely commiſerate the latter of theſe gentlemen, whoſe ſituation is particularly aukward and diſagreeable. Without any other motive than the love of his country, which has *always* been his *ruling paſſion*, he has given up his *old friends, and old ſyſtem*, for a *new ſyſtem*, which he does not approve, and *new friends* who do not approve of him. One would have thought the noble and ſpirited ſpeech, which he made in the Houſe of Commons *in defence* of Mr. Wilkes, would have ſufficiently atoned for the virulence of his former behaviour *againſt him*, and have reconciled him to the favour of that oppreſſed and perſecuted gentleman. But whether his converſion was looked upon to be inſincere and hypocritical, or whether the great Patriot himſelf is of too revengeful and mercileſs a temper, and can neither forget nor forgive the inhuman treatment he has met with——certain it is, Mr. Wilkes was ſo far from being ſatisfied with his ſubmiſſion, that he has publiſhed a moſt virulent invective againſt the ſpeech itſelf. I cannot help looking upon this ſtep as extremely injudicious and precipitate, and calculated to drive matters to deſperation: where-

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as by gentle and conciliating meaſures, every point may be accompliſhed that the moſt *ſanguine* wiſhes of the popular party can expect. The proſpect, which has been for ſome time black and louring, begins to clear up. Lord Chatham, upon whom the eyes of all have waited impatiently, is at laſt determined: he has formed his plan of operations for the next campaign, and will take the field the firſt day. It is with the utmoſt pleaſure that I can acquaint you, gentlemen, with the following anecdote, the truth of which you may abſolutely rely on: a relation of his went to viſit him the other day at Hayes, and inſtead of the uſual form of ſalutation, was accoſted in a moſt angry tone of voice, after this manner: 'Sir, how 'comes your county not to *petition?*'——'My 'Lord, I was upon the grand jury, and moved 'for a petition, but my brethren would not hear 'of it.'——'Not hear of it?—You are a pretty 'fellow, and 'tis a pretty county you live in, to 'ſacrifice the intereſts of the public in this man-'ner.' The gentleman, deſirous of turning the converſation, took no notice of this, but only ſaid 'I 'hope I ſee your lordſhip well:'---'Well, Sir? 'No, by G---d I am not well; but crutches 'ſhall bear me into the houſe of lords; and if they 'will not enable me to ſtand upon my legs, by G-d 'I'll deliver my opinion in this *horizontal poſture,*' at the ſame time throwing himſelf upon the ground, at full length. I am told that he practices every day, when the gout will permit him, the ſeveral graces and attitudes which may be introduced in this extraordinary poſition; and that he has abſolutely taken a *poſture maſter*, to teach him to *tumble*, and turn the *cat in pan*, with eaſe and agility.

O. S.

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NATIONAL diſputes, while they are carried on by people who differ upon ſpeculative points in matters of government. ſeldom produce any diſadvantage, and frequently many benefits to ſociety; but when diſappointed ambition is the foundation upon which patriotiſm is built, the ſuperſtructure is nothing but anger, violence, invective, and treaſon: for the conductors of ſuch ſyſtems, having no hope but in a general confuſion, deteſt all the peaceable and orderly part of mankind, and are hurried on, ſtep by ſtep, from one extravagance of ſtile to another, 'till their audacious pens are levelled at the crown itſelf. When, in former times, the diſpute was between what was called the high and the low church, (though there were factious perſons in thoſe ages as well as in this) the principles of the different parties were attacked by the writers on the different ſides of the queſtion; but, as it were by common conſent, a due reſpect was paid to the ſovereign of theſe dominions, and his or her private character or conduct was never thought a decent ſubject of diſcuſſion. There is a reſpect due to princes, which, if once broke through, will (as I am perſuaded is meant) lead with very large ſtrides to a republican goverment; and I am neither aſhamed nor afraid to ſay, that of all the deteſtable plans to which mankind ever ſubmitted, that is moſt to be avoided by every man of ſenſe or honeſty.

Look into the ſtate of the paſt and preſent republicks: — they appear well upon paper, and if you conſider only what they ought to be by their inſtitution, you will ſuppoſe they are the ſeats of private comfort, liberty and power. I will not deny, but on their firſt inſtitution, they have moſt of them enjoyed one or more of theſe advantages; but how long has this deluſion laſted? they have uſually degenerated into private diſſenſions, into contention and murder between the parties that

ſtruggled

ſtruggled for power, then into the tyranny of a ſmall number, and ſoon after into the abſolute power of a ſingle man.

The few republicks that have exiſted to this day, have no weight in the affairs of Europe, and their ſubjects are divided one amongſt another into the moſt inſuperable factions, and taxed and loaded with impoſitions by their ſenates, that would ſcarcely be ſubmitted to without a rebellion in any arbitrary ſtate this day exiſting.

If a happy medium was ever yet imagined, it is this limited monarchy, in which the people *by their repreſentatives*, have the principal ſhare of the goverment: I will not pretend to ſay, but that the repreſentation of the people might be more equally eſtabliſhed; and if oppoſition meant well, it would be pointed to the eſtabliſhment of an equal repreſentation; but 'till that is ſettled, would hold for ever ſacred the doctrine upon which the very being of our liberties is founded; that the acts of the repreſentatives *de facto* of the people, are to be ſtrictly obeyed; and that nothing can be ſo dangerous as the calling upon the crown to interfere with its prerogative, and to cenſure any proceedings of the repreſentative body.

If the crown really had a plan of arbitrary power in view, this would be the moment for it to begin its operations, and to join in with the faction without doors, to diſcredit the houſes of parliament; which, for ages paſt, have boldly withſtood the attempts that have been made by the family of the Stuarts, and by ſome other princes, to fix the yoke of ſlavery upon us.

When that barrier is removed, it does not want much diſcernment to prophecy what is to follow; and therefore now it becomes the duty of every man, who has the leaſt attention to the welfare of his country, to ſtand forth, and to treat thoſe ſeditious writers, and their principals, the promo-

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ters of the ſeditious meetings that exiſt in the metropolis, and elſewhere, as the moſt odious and deſperate men that this or any other country ever produced.

Is there a ſenſible man in the kingdom that does not know, that the grievances they talk of are merely ideal? can any one who reads their papers, and who is capable of judging between right and wrong, avoid being convinced, that their ſingle object is to throw things into confuſion, for the pitiful expectation, that their fortunes may poſſibly be bettered in the ſcramble? do they not attack government for the extenſion of its authority, when they know that their only ſafety exiſts from its too great lenity and gentleneſs?

I will make no farther animadverſions at preſent on this head, than by a piece of advice to Mr. Junius, and ſuch other perſons as think proper to excite ſedition by a direct attack upon the perſon who they, with a ſneer, *allow to be the principal magiſtrate of this country*, to read the trial of John Matthews, who was convicted at the Old Bailey, and executed at Tyburn, in the year 1719, 'For printing and publiſhing a ſeditious 'paper, intitled, *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, containing 'many ſeditious and traiterous expreſſions, highly 'reflecting upon the king and government, tending to alienate the minds of his majeſty's ſubjects, to ſeduce them from their allegiance, and 'to promote rebellion.' Whether this is applicable to the preſent times, muſt be left to the deciſion of every impartial perſon.

H.

To the Right Honourable G—— G——LE.

SIR,

THE conſiſtency of your behaviour, when a miniſter; your attention to every point, which might conduce to the health, credit, and ſtability of government; your unwearied aſſiduity in the dulleſt of all drudgery, that of unravelling the perplexed ſtate of the revenue, and your curious felicity in finding out new reſources; theſe excellent qualifications, ſupported by a firmneſs, and appearance of integrity, which nothing could ſhake or biaſs, raiſed a numerous and reſpectable party in your favour, in ſpite of that cold, ungracious manner with which you received them, and a dull, tedious, circumſtantial prolixity, unpardonable even in anility itſelf. Your conduct afterwards, when you was undeſervedly removed from office; the intrepidity, ſpirit and reſolution with which you purſued the plans that you had adopted; and the noble contempt which you ſhewed, both to the reproaches of a miſguided mob, and the inſults of a feeble adminiſtration, who tried to eſtabliſh their own credit on the ruin of yours, merited the warmeſt applauſe; and as it juſtified the high opinion which your friends entertained of you, ſo it made the honeſt, and moderate of all parties, look up to you as the only perſon whoſe abilities and integrity could ſave this devoted country from ruin. To convince you how miſerably you have blaſted the hopes of the one, and betrayed the confidence of the other, I had rather refer you to the ſecret reproaches of your own heart, than betake myſelf to public upbraiding, and accuſation: but it is neceſſary, for the juſtification of your friends, of whom I profeſs myſelf to have been

been one, that the reaſons for their deſerting you ſhould be made public, and notorious. Nothing but a proſtitution of principle, little leſs than that which *you* have been *guil y* of, could attach them to you any longer: like *you*, Sir, they muſt give the lie to all their former profeſſions and practices; like *you*, they muſt co-operate with men, whom they have ever heartily deſpiſed, and adopt meaſures which you yourſelf have taught them to execrate. If any thing could be matter of aſtoniſhment, in the corruption of the preſent times, when *to act upon ſyſtem* is almoſt univerſally ridiculed, and exploded, it would be that notorious profligacy of principle which you have ſhewn. The underlings of a party may be allowed to ſhift and veer about, as the wind changes, becauſe they are known neither to think, nor ſpeak, nor act for themſelves: they pretend to no higher rank, in the ſcale of political exiſtence, than that of mere machines; and, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, can only utter the word that is put into their mouths. But for a perſon, who has been at the head of affairs, and laid down a regular plan, which he ſeemed determined to execute with all the zeal and ſpirit, and conſtancy of a martyr; for ſuch a perſon to turn apoſtate to his principles, what is it but telling the world, that he has hitherto LIVED A LIE? For this reaſon, I was almoſt tempted to diſbelieve the evidences of my ſenſes, when I heard you in the Houſe of C——— ſupport the cauſe of Mr. Wilkes with ſo much vehemence, art, and chicanery: nay, I ſhould have doubted of the identity of your perſon, if that ſtiff, formal and ungracious figure, which I ſaw before me, had not made it utterly impoſſible. Good God! could no other man be found to inſult the dignity of the houſe, with a defence of Mr. Wilkes's cauſe, but the very perſon who had

repreſented him, in a former parliament, as unfit to live in civil ſociety, and had perſecuted him even to a jail? could no other Renegado be picked up to head a deſperate faction, but the very man who had ſo ſeriouſly felt, and ſolemnly lamented the baneful effects of party-ſpirit, in this harraſſed and diſtracted country? were *theſe* the *terms* exacted of you by your *factious* and *turbulent brother*, under the ſevere *penalty* of *forfeiting his eſtate?* and have you conſented to make ſo precious a ſacrifice as that of principle, truth, honour and integrity, at the ſhrine of Mammon? Better, Sir, that his money ſhould periſh with him, than you earn the *wages of iniquity*, and *ſell* yourſelf to *work wickedneſs!* Can any addition of fortune, particularly to a man advancing faſt towards the evening of life, be an equivalent for the loſs of a good name, and a quiet conſcience; both which you will undoubtedly incur, by the prepoſterous part you are now acting? There is one particular in your conduct ſtill more unaccountable than any which I have yet mentioned; and that is, the readineſs with which you *forgive your enemies*, and receive them into favour. Men of ambitious and worldly minds can eaſily ſacrifice truth and honour to their darling intereſts; but it is one of the moſt difficult things in the world to give up old *rooted opinions*, *confirmed prejudices*, and *inveterate reſentments*; all which you have nobly parted with; and we ſee you aſſociating with men, who have laughed at your doctrines, trampled upon your ſyſtem, and ridiculed your perſon; who have treated you with every kind of indignity and inſult; have libelled you in verſe and proſe, and hung you up in * effigy in half

* *See the funeral of Miſs* Amy Stamp, *a print engraved by* BEN WILSON, *an intimate friend of the* MARQUIS OF R——— *'s.*

the

the coffee-houſes in this metropolis. Theſe are the men whom you formerly regarded with the contempt they deſerved, though you now take them to your boſom, and co-operate with them in the noble work of abuſing the public, diſtreſſing the king, and ruining your country.

HORTENSIUS.

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THE following letter was put into my hands, by one of the waiters at the *London Tavern*, who thought me likely to know where the perſon lives to whom it is addreſſed. As I am, however, a perfect ſtranger to the place of his abode, I am obliged to convey it to him through the channel of your paper. Some of your readers may doubt whether the following letter was actually written by the perſon whoſe name it bears; as the ſtile ſeems to be rather too good for one in his way of life: but they will ceaſe to doubt of it when I aſſure them that the very reſpectable *Jack Ketch* is a man of letters and education; and *generally ſuppoſed* to be the *author* of the *North-Briton*, and moſt of the papers which came out on the popular ſide of the queſtion; *perhaps there is no other reaſon for ſuppoſing it than this*, becauſe he is the *only* perſon who is likely to be *benefited* by them.

F.

To JUNIUS.

SIR,

I Should be guilty of the baſeſt ingratitude, if I did not return you my moſt hearty thanks for your laſt bold and ſpirited letter; which contains

tains a judicious and ſeaſonable attack upon the laws and government of your country. It is to *my* advantage as well as *your*'s, that every fetter which cramps the free and generous mind ſhould be broken, and all ſubordination repreſented as an infringement of natural liberty. For what but a ſlaviſh reverence for magiſtrates reſtrains the bulk of mankind from committing the moſt daring villanies? Whoever therefore weakens this tye, encourages vice and miſchief, and by neceſſary conſequences promotes the emoluments of my *honourable* profeſſion. Go on then, JUNIUS, to inſtill into the minds of the people the moſt lawleſs and levelling principles: tell them again and again, that the K--- is the mere CREATURE OF THE CONSTITUTION, an humble *ſervant* to his good *maſters the mob*, who have a right *to turn him off* whenever they think proper. Such doctrine as this cannot fail to beget in them a contempt for all government, and a ſpirit of riot and ſedition, which, whatever harm it may do to the community, will be of ſingular ſervice to *me*. It will encreaſe the fees of my employment, and enable me to become a *handſome ſubſcriber to Mr. Wilkes*, and a member of the ſociety of *the Bill of Rights*: nay, I flatter myſelf, that I ſhall even have the honour of ſitting in the chair at ſome of their meetings. How will my boſom beat for joy, to read my own name in the public papers:——

SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS,
LONDON TAVERN.

JACK KETCH *in the Chair, and* ROBERT MORRIS,
Secretary!

There is but one objection in my way, and that is the *natural antipathy* which ſome of theſe patriots may

may have to a perſon of my profeſſion: they may look upon me as an abſolute *Momento Mori*; and as great a check to their mirth and jollity as a death's head at a feaſt. But this objection is light as air, in compariſon of the ſolid advantage which they may receive from my acquaintance: it is a good thing to have a friend at one's laſt moments; and ſuch a friend too as is able to ſoften or to aggravate the bitterneſs of death. Let me here aſſure you, JUNIUS, that you may depend upon my beſt aſſiſtance at that alarming criſis. I hope, for my own ſake as well as yours, it will be long, very long, before you want it: but though your fate ſhould be determined immediately, you may comfort yourſelf, that many circumſtances of honour will attend *your* execution, which never happened before to any *other patriot*. You will be accompanied in the cart by Lord Sh——ne, in the *habit of a* JESUIT; who will encourage you to die, as he himſelf lives, damned hard: a ſolemn dirge will be ſung by a detachment of *White Boys* from Ireland, and *Cutters* from Spitalfields: your friend, Mr. Woodfall, who will be the greateſt ſufferer by your death, will act as chief mourner; and will be followed by Humphry Coats, Sir Francis Delaval, Sir Robert Bernard, William Bingley, Sir Joſeph Mawbey, and other patriots, two by two: when you come to the tree, Parſon Green will pronounce your funeral oration, and will *raviſh* all the FEMALE part of his audience. I need not ſay how well I ſhall endeavour to perform *my part* of the ceremony, by *turning* you off with as much grace and elegance, as you turn a period: your cloaths undoubtedly will be purchaſed by the two worthy ſheriffs, and preſented, along with the rags of Villaine and Doyle, to Lord Gawkee, who will hang them up in the temple of worthies at Stow,

and

and appoint a ſolemn Apotheoſis in honour of ſuch illuſtrious patriots.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

JACK KETCH.

Nam veræ demum voces tum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur ; et eripitur perſona : Manet Res.

LUCRET.

THE letter of JACK KETCH to JUNIUS, in your paper of Wedneſday laſt, made ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion upon my fancy, when I read it, that I dreamed laſt night the ſcene was realized, which your correſpondent deſcribes. I thought I was preſent at Tyburn, amidſt an innumerable concourſe of people who were aſſembled together to ſee that infamous ſower of ſedition puniſhed, according to his deſerts. He was ſtanding in the cart, with the halter about his neck, and was juſt going to be turned off, when he beckoned with his hand ; and I thought I heard him addreſs himſelf to the ſpectators, who did not ſhew the leaſt ſigns of compaſſion, in the following manner :

Good People,

I am now going to ſuffer the puniſhment due to my crimes, and ſtand trembling upon the very brink eternity. It is too commonly the cuſtom for thoſe who come to this place, to have ſpeeches made for them, and cried about in their own hearing, as they are carried to execution : now as I cannot expect to meet with better treatment, than my pre-

predeceſſors have done, I think it incumbent upon me to addreſs myſelf to you in this public manner, that a ſpurious ſpeech may not be impoſed upon the world, and hurt that character for eloquence, which I have univerſally acquired.

I cannot ſay that I am at all ſorry for the offence which I have given to my King and Country; but I am truly ſo, for the bad ſucceſs of my villanies, in bringing me to this untimely end. What man of ſpirit could ſit by tamely, and ſee the commonwealth enjoyed, and defiled, like a common proſtitute, without trying himſelf to get poſſeſſion of her? What man of abilities like mine, could endure, with patience, to be *put by* to ruſt in obſcurity, while the meaneſt and moſt inſufficient tools are employed in the great buſineſs of government? No; death itſelf, with all theſe circumſtances of infamy and terror, is glorious and deſirable, in compariſon of *ſuch* a life; which muſt be ſpent in wiſhing and deſpairing, in ſtriving to riſe, and being conſtantly thruſt down. I ſhall not conceal or diſguiſe my intentions: it is now too late; and a maſk would be as ridiculous, as it is inſignificant. Who would not try to throw every thing into confuſion, rather than ſubmit to the ſcorn and hardſhip of an indigent and obſcure being; oppreſt with wants at home, and debts abroad; ſpurned by the proud, and ſcoffed at by the wealthy? The wretched have nothing to fear, the deſperate nothing to riſk: every change muſt give them chance of a removal from miſery. For myſelf I declare ſolemnly, that I am ſo far from repenting of the part which I have acted, that I ſhould glory to act it over again: the ſame Die, which to-day turns up a *gibbet*, might to-morrow, perhaps, give me a *crown*. There is every thing to encourage the bold and neceſſitous to the moſt deſperate enterprizes: the *luxury* of one part of the ſtate,

 which

which is bloated, and full of humours ;—the *poverty* of another, which covets innovation to repair and recruit their ſhattered Finances ; the *ambition* of ſome popular and factious Leaders, who are ready to co-operate with the very ſcum and refuſe of the people ; but above all, *the weakneſs and timidity* of government, which has been harraſſed by ſuch frequent changes, that it has loſt all its ſtrength and confidence, and is in too diſpirited a ſtate to revenge the moſt fragrant inſults. Amidſt ſuch incitements to ſedition, how unfortunate am I to be reduced to this deplorable ſituation ! but I ſcorn the impotence of complaint ; and ſince I am doomed to ſuffer, it is my only concern, that I have not been able to pull down the pillars of the ſtate ; and to periſh like the Iſraelitiſh chief, admiſt the general ruin.---

When he had uttered theſe words, there was an univerſal hiſs from all the ſpectators, the noiſe of which awaked me, and put me in mind of the reception which the ſpeech of Belzebub met with in the Pandœmonium.

P.

On Monday next the Gentlemen in Oppoſition will dine together at the Thatched-houſe Tavern in St . James's-ſtreet.

All the Public Papers.

THERE are a ſet of jolly topers in the world, who think all muſick conſiſts in noiſe, and the beſt imaginable concert to be a Dutch one, in which every man ſings his own ſong, and roars it out as loud as he is able. One would imagine our modern

modern patriots have the ſame notion of politics which theſe gentlemen have of muſic, and think the more confuſion and uproar they occaſion, the better it is in every reſpect. How otherwiſe can we account for the friendly meeting of ſuch a knot of adverſe politicians, who are all ready to ſing a different ſong, in perfect good humour and merriment? In former times, when the ſpirit of party was hot and violent, had a number of perſons whoſe political principles were ſo diametrically oppoſite been jumbled together by any accident, it would have given a general alarm, and the Conſtables would have been called in to keep the peace; nay I almoſt doubt whether even in this caſe the meeting would have ended without ſome broken pates and bloody noſes.

How oppoſite to this blunt honeſty is the ſmooth politeneſs of our Modern Politicians! who would have thought, a few winters ago, that perſons of ſuch diſcordant principles as Mr. Dowdeſwell, and Mr. Grenville, could ever meet without quarrelling in the moſt public manner, and tweaking each other by the noſe? whereas, I am informed, that at their laſt political dinner in the Spring, they did not ſo much as kick ſhins under the table; but each ſeemed to admire the other, as much as his profound reſpect and reverence for himſelf would allow. They are now, to be ſure, perfectly reconciled; as for ſome months laſt paſt they have been ſmelling together, like the two kings of Brentford, at the ſame political noſegay.

It would be matter of curious entertainment to an unintereſted perſon, to hear the converſation of this heterogeneous junto, which muſt be managed with the utmoſt art and addreſs, or like the poor bricklayers at Babel, they will all fall together by the ears. For my own part, I am all amazement, that perſons of ſuch different metals ſhould ever

agree to ſwim together down the ſtream of politicks; as they muſt run the ſame hazard with the earthen pot, and braſs kettle in the fable, and cannot joſtle without bulging, and breaking each other to pieces. The dinner, I am told, is to be emblematical, and, amongſt other rarities, to conſiſt of the following diſhes:

Bonny clabber, made after the very beſt receipt, by Edmund Burke, Iriſhman. N. B. This is a very dainty diſh in his own country.

Scotch croudy, by Alexander Wedderburn; a moſt excellent thing for a diſh, as I am informed; but I was never ſo fortunate as to taſte thereof.

True Boulogna ſauſages, ſent as a preſent from the college of Jeſuits, to the earl of S——e. N. B. he reſerves a few, *properly medicated*, for the miniſtry.

Apple dumplings, made of the very beſt red-ſtreak, by Mr. Dowdeſwell, who was once very near being choaked, by having them cramm'd down his throat.

A portable ſoup, ſent from Italy to lord Rockingham, and given by him to Sir George Saville: it is reckoned a moſt excellent Cordial, and Reſtorative.

A large Turtle from America, ſent as a preſent to Mr. Grenville; but whether as a reward for paſt ſervices, or a bribe for future ones, is not yet abſolutely determined. N. B. It is generally believed, they wiſh every mouthful he eats may choak him.

Theſe, Sir, are a few of the diſhes which will be ſerved up at this truly Patriotic Dinner. I have a liſt ſent me of the toaſts that are to be drank: but I cannot ſo far treſpaſs upon your good nature, as to deſire you will inſert them in to-day's paper: let it be ſufficient to aſſure the public (and

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no one who is acquainted with the principles of the ſeveral gentlemen, who compoſe this meeting can doubt of it a moment) that every thing will be conducted with the greateſt HARMONY and *Decorum*.

O. S.

IT is a whimſical remark of Mr. Addiſon's, that it very much conduces to the well underſtanding of any author to make ourſelves acquainted with his perſon, who he is, and what are is principles and profeſſions. For my own part, I ſhould rather imagine that one might find out the diſpoſition and principles of an author from his writings, than to be able to elucidate his writings from a knowledge of the author; particularly if there be any truth in this common obſervation, that a man's *ſtile* is formed to his *temper*, and is either eaſy and flowing, or harſh and abrupt, as he himſelf happens to be calm and compoſed, or paſſionate and violent. I was led to theſe reflections by what I over-heard yeſterday at the Smyrna coffee-houſe, where half a dozen perſons were delivering their opinions very freely about the identity of your celebrated correſpondent JUNIUS. They ſeemed to agree in general that it muſt be ſome friend of a certain baſe, deſigning, dark, inſidious JESUITICAL PEER; as he is the *only political being* undignified hitherto by his abuſe. One perſon thought it was a raſh, headſtrong, deſperate *engineer*, who to gain any particular point would riſque the welfare of *the whole community*, with as little remorſe as he did the lives and perſons of his majeſty's ſubjects, upon *an infamous and unfortunate expedition*. Another

was

was of opinion that it muſt be an abandoned, ruined ſenator, who anſwers the deſcription which Tully gives of Piſo, *Homo ſummæ audaciæ, egens, factioſus*; a man of ſuch profligate impudence and deſperate fortunes, that he is ready for any villainy, and *armed to point* againſt every miſchance that can befall him. A *third perſon*, thought it an *Iriſh adventurer*, who paid his addreſſes to Fortune in *'Change-Alley*; but was ſo notoriouſly jilted by his fickle miſtreſs, that he was obliged to *waddle out* in diſgrace, and is now actually ſelling the only acre of freehold that was ever in his family ſince the reign of Angus the firſt. Mention was then made of a chaplain to Lord Sh—ne; but I cannot ſuppoſe, for the credit of our Holy Religion, that any man, who is a preacher of the goſpel of love and peace, can employ his talents in ſtabbing the reputation of his neighbour, and ſowing diſcord and ſedition in the minds of the people.

It appears then, that though the perſon of JUNIUS is hitherto a ſecret, about which the world is much divided; yet mankind is generally agreed as to his principles; which every page of his writings proves to be black and villainous, to the laſt extreme of profligacy. If I might be allowed to throw my conjecture into the general heap, I ſhould ſuppoſe JUNIUS to be the Great Patriot *in the King's Bench Priſon*; who has more manifeſt and cogent reaſons for publiſhing Seditious and Treaſonable Libels, than any other man in the kingdom. His popularity depends upon his being in priſon (a moſt miſerable tenure!) and the very bread that he eats upon his popularity. As the term therefore of his preſent impriſonment is near expiring, it becomes him to look out in time for proper meaſures to continue it; that he may not be *abſolutely ruined by being ſet at Liberty*. He has found by experience how far he can rely on the aſſiſtance of his friends:

friends: they will lie for him, and roar for him, as loud as his heart can wiſh: but will they take upon them his debts, and ſatisfy his importunate creditors? will they give ſecurity that the perſon of their beloved Patriot ſhall not (upon his being enlarged from his preſent confinement) be thrown into goal for debt; and there rot in ſilence and oblivion? This is the only friendſhip that would effectually ſerve him: and if he cannot depend upon them for ſo extraordinary a proof of their regard, what wonder is it that he has recourſe to his own wits, to ſave himſelf from irretrievable deſtruction?

P.

I Sincerely congratulate all true lovers of their king and country on that pleaſing proſpect of firmneſs and ſtability in goverment, which the *late inglorious* defeat of faction opens to us. I am no advocate, for the preſent Miniſtry, becauſe of any private connections that I may have; but entirely on a public plan, becauſe I look upon any change of hands, at this critical juncture, to be dangerous to the utmoſt degree, I will not ſay to the *well-being*, but to the *very being itſelf*, of the ſtate. The queſtion *now* is not whether we ſhall be governed by this or that ſet of men; but whether we will ſubmit to *any goverment at all:* the former perhaps might be matter of curious ſpeculation, and allow of much debate; but the latter is of ſo ſerious a nature, that no man of honour or property can heſitate a moment about it.

I do

I do not believe that the majority of thoſe, who have promoted petitions in different counties, wiſh *in their own hearts* for a diſſolution of parliament: but they were in hopes to intimidate the King by ſo inſolent and daring a requeſt to turn off his miniſters. I have always regarded the ſeveral petitions in this light, as the impudent demand of a ſet of ſturdy beggars, who are ready to receive your charity *with one hand*, and *with the other* knock you down, if you ſhould happen to refuſe them. Not but that there are ſome amongſt them ſo extremely deſperate and wrong-headed, as to wiſh that his majeſty would make this dangerous conceſſion to the waywardneſs of a miſguided mob, put into a ferment by the *leaven* of malice and faction. Of this number is the CELEBRATED TAYCHO, whoſe character is admirably well drawn in a little book, called *The Adventures of an Atom*. It is the trick of this *venomous creature* to lie lurking, like a *large overgrown Spider*, till the miniſters are entangled in ſome unlucky web: when out he ſallies, with all the fury of that poiſonous reptile, to glut the malevolence of his nature with their ruin. Thus it was that he *lay perdue* about four years ago, till the firſt day of the meeting of Parliament, when out he ſprung, full of miſchief, and determined if poſſible to throw every thing into confuſion. The doctrines which he *then* broached, in relation to our American affairs, every one remembers with horror; and the wretched conſequences of them will be felt, I fear, by our lateſt poſterity. The preſent criſis, ſo full of difficulty and danger, was well ſuited to the raſh and daring impetuoſity of his temper; and I was ſure that he would not let ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity of diſturbing the peace of his country. Whether it is that he envies WILKES his popularity, and wants to rival him in the affections

of

of the mob; or whether (notwithſtanding his penſion of 3000l. per annum) he *is ſo immerſed in debt*, that he would hazard every thing to extricate himſelf; or whether, as his conduct in public and private life ſeems to teſtify, he is ſo much under the dominion of fancy and paſſion, that he ought not to be looked upon as a man *in his ſober ſenſes*;—whether *any* or *all of theſe* be the caſe, I will not pretend to determine: certain it is that the part he acts muſt ruin him in the eſteem of every worthy man; and render his memory infamous and loathſome to poſterity.

There is one agreeable circumſtance in the profligacy of this PENSIONED PEER, that tho' he ſtill retains the *inclination*, he has loſt, thank God, the *power* of doing harm. His fire and ſpirit is all gone, and there remains nothing of his former ſelf, but the *mere Caput Mortuum*; or at beſt a few *vapid lees*, which ſtink under one's noſe, and make us *invert* what the fable ſays of the caſk,

——*Qualem te dicam* MALUM
Antehac fuiſſe, cum tales ſint Reliquiæ!

It is a moſt unlucky thing too for him, that he is now in a place, which is not to be blinded with the DUST OF WORDS *; where he cannot bully and ſwagger as he uſed to do formerly; but muſt confine himſelf to what he has ever hated and diſclaimed, good ſenſe, ſound reaſoning, and ſtrong argument. If he will take my advice, I would recommend it to him to *retire* with his double dealing friend (BROTHER PEER, AND BROTHER PENSIONER!) and plan a ſcheme to take off the *Tax upon Penſions*, that they may both enjoy the wages of PROSTITUTED PATRIOTISM without deduction.

H.

* His own expreſſion in the Houſe of Lords.

LORD ROCKINGHAM in ſcarce any thing has acted with greater Spirit than the improvement of the TURNIP CULTURE *by hoeing*.

Vid. Gen. Even. Poſt, Jan. the 6th.

I HAVE profeſſed myſelf for many years a very ſincere admirer of the noble Marquis above mentioned, and am now, with indefatigable ſpirit and induſtry, actually making a collection of his Lordſhip's many wonderful virtues and endowments, which I hope to compleat in about fifty volumes in folio. But I have been long perplexed and puzzled, which of his eminent qualities to give the precedence to; as they are all nearly equal, and excellent in their kind. Sometimes I have thought of celebrating him firſt of all for his *amazing abilities as a Stateſman*; particularly for that compleat knowledge of the *treaſury buſineſs*, which made a noble lord propoſe in the Houſe of Peers, that one of the clerks of the treaſury ſhould be ordered to attend conſtantly at the bar of the Houſe, doubtleſs that he might be *inſtructed by his Lordſhip* in his buſineſs. At other times I have intended to give the preference to his ſkill and adroitneſs in managing the great *county of York*; which he has got ſo entirely into his clutches, that he modeſtly calls it MY COUNTY, and uſes it with as little ceremony as if it was abſolutely his own; either ſmuggling in Members upon them, or *cramming a Petition* down their throats, juſt as he pleaſes. I know there are ſome people who think his influence in that county is chiefly owing to his being *Lord Lieutenant*; and they are all amazement that any perſon ſhould be ſuffered quietly to *employ* the *power of the Crown againſt itſelf*, in ſowing diſcord and ſedition, and alienating the minds of the ſubjects from their Sovereign. For

ſome

ſome months laſt paſt I have been inclined to applaud him for his true Chriſtian ſpirit in forgiving Mr. GRENVILLE (whom *he* and *his Party* had treated formerly with every mark of indignity) contrary to the expreſs advice of the old Italian Proverb, *never forgive the man you have injured.* I am relieved however from all difficulties, by the author of *a ſix months tour through England:* who affirms as my Motto will acquaint the reader, that lord Rockingham's *chief merit* conſiſts in *hoeing of Turnips.* I would not have any one imagine that ſuch an employment is below the dignity of ſo conſummate a ſtateſman: for was not *Cincinnatus*, the great Roman dictator, called *from the plough*, to take upon himſelf the management of affairs? And who can tell but his Lordſhip may be called up to town *from his Turnip Field*, on the ſame errand? Beſides, in theſe days of *ambiguous principle*, what ſtronger and leſs equivocal proof could he give of his true attachment to the *old Whig intereſt* than this? *Turnips*, are the natural growth of *Hanover:* they are the beſt, and almoſt only commodity which that bleſſed country produces: and it is impoſſible for a man to ſhew his regard for the Houſe of Hanover, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion better, than by cultivating this excellent plant, which without a pun may be called the very ROOT *of Whiggiſm.* Would to God that ARCH-PENSIONER, CHATHAM, had given the ſame innocent proof of his *attachment to German connections*; and had amuſed himſelf with hoeing Turnips, inſtead of laviſhing away the blood and treaſure of England, in defence of a defenceleſs country! How many thouſand brave fellows, and how many millions of money, would have been ſaved, if the deſtinies had ſpun him into a *Turnip-Hoer* inſtead of a Stateſman? But, alas! it was ordained, by way of ſcourge for our ſins, that a man

ſhould be born in this century, with the moſt profligate impudence and abandoned principles; who ſhould ſquander away FORTY THREE MILLIONS of money in ſupport of connections, which he himſelf has curſed a thouſand times over, as the bane and deſtruction of this unhappy country!

But to reurn to Lord Rockingham and his Turnips. The great uſes of *hoeing*, as the author above quoted inform us, are theſe; it *deſtroys the Weeds*, and *makes the Roots of the Plant ſtrike deeper*, and *encreaſe* conſiderably in *Magnitude*. Now as it is an old piece of advice conſtantly given to thoſe, who are to ſpeak or act in public, to look upon the *Spectators* as only ſo *many Turnips*; I cannot help recommending it to his Lordſhip to look upon his *friends in the oppoſition* in the ſame light (which he may do without any great offence to probability) and to introduce amongſt them a kind of POLITICAL HOEING, which will be of excellent ſervice. They are at preſent, God knows, very *thin:* indeed a more *ſorry Crop* of Patriots never was known: beſides, they are ſo rank and over-run with *Weeds*, that it is impoſſible they can thrive. Now if he could introduce any invention, which would *deſtroy all the Weeds*, and make the beſt Plants *ſtrike root*, and increaſe in *Magnitude*, he would deſerve the thanks of the Society for encouraging Arts and Sciences, and would particularly oblige,

O. S.

WHO-

Male Juctarum Concordia peſſima Rerum.
OVID.

WHOEVER conſiders the ſtrange and heterogeneous mixture of the preſent race of patriots, which conſiſts of men of the moſt diſcordant principles, and oppoſite intereſts, will be apt to look upon them like Nebuchadnezzar's image of iron and clay, and wonder what it is that makes them incorporate. They are not bound together by the *Golden Chain* of concord, mentioned by the Grecian poet; though, if I am not miſtaken, there is ſomething of *Gold* in the *cement*, which hinders them from tumbling to pieces. I have a particular pleaſure, in tracing effects to their cauſes; and I think I have found out, in the preſent caſe, a *Chain of dependencies*, which unites the gentlemen in oppoſition, and keeps them firmly together.

There is a certain fellow, whom, for diſtinction-ſake, I ſhall call HARPAX: he was formerly an *Agent*, and has amaſſed a princely fortune, by every kind and degree of baſeneſs, uſury, and extortion. I ſhall, ſome time or other, give you a full length character of this worthleſs, ill-bred, inſolent wretch, who is loathed by every gentleman in the army, who has had dealings with him; and lay before you ſuch a ſcene of black ingratitude to the very perſon who picked him up from his *original dung-hill*, as will move the indignation of the moſt phlegmatic of your readers. At preſent let it ſuffice to mention, that to this fellow, infamous as he is, (and Shylock himſelf could not be more ſo) two of our popular patriots ſtand indebted for monſtrous ſums, which they are utterly unable to pay. Every one pities the good-natured, unthinking, deluded MARQUIS, whom an unbound-

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ed profuſion has reduced under the agency of HARPAX, and obliged to renounce his connections, and *recant his words*, at the will of this unprincipled miſcreant. As to the PENSIONED PEER, whom paſſion, pride and oſtentation have immerſed over head and ears in debt, it is matter of doubt whether it is not as well for him to be under the agency of HARPAX, as to be left to himſelf: for I am perſuaded there is no kind of abſurdity in word or deed, nor any degree of proſtitution of principle, which could be *exacted* from him by *another*, that he would not *voluntarily* be guilty of *himſelf*. Indeed, the line of his whole life has been ſo crooked, ſo conſtantly deviating from reaſon, integrity and honour, that the only excuſe, which charity can make for him, is, that *he is* MAD; *mad with pride, vanity and paſſion.*

It is well for the publick, that HARPAX cannot procure a more ſufficient tool than TAYCHO, (whoſe edge is gone) to attack the honour of the Houſe of Commons, and ſtrike at the very root of our Excellent Conſtitution. The language that he holds upon this occaſion, is ſufficiently bold and factious, to be greedily adopted by LORD GAWKEE, whoſe life has been one continued ſcene of diſcontent, turbulence, and ſedition. I cannot help lamenting the unhappy influence which a large eſtate gives him over the GENTLE SHEPHERD; the tenor of whoſe *former* conduct has been diametrically oppoſite to the factious and levelling principles which he *now* eſpouſes. The caſe at preſent ſtands thus; HARPAX governs TAYCHO, who governs LORD GAWKEE, who governs THE GENTLE SHEPHERD; who receives the commands of this *worſe than Egyptian* taſk-maſter, with a mixture of aſtoniſhment and abhorrence; and does his work in ſuch an ungracious,

gracious, aukward, ſlovenly manner, that he is at once an object of our pity, ridicule and contempt. What a beautiful dependency is this of one patriot upon another; and how does it call to our mind the following humorous alluſion of Mr. Pope!

Patriot to patriot now affords ſupply,
As hog to hog in huts of Weſtphaly:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty, or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit not *there* confin'd,
Drops to a third, who nuzzles cloſe behind:
From tail to mouth they feed, and they carouſe,
The LAST fall fairly *gives it to* THE HOUSE.

I leave it with your readers to judge whether this be not an exact deſcription of our modern patriots; and whether it would not afford an excellent ſubject for an HUMOROUS PRINT.

H.

YOU will give me leave to anſwer the dull and laboured encomium upon Lord C—, which appeared in the front of your yeſterday's paper, ſigned ONE WHOSE OPINION SHALL NOT GO TO THE GRAVE WITH ME. Not that I am at all apprehenſive that ſuch an injudicious advocate, and deſpicable writer as your correſpondent appears, can miſlead the judgment of the ſimpleſt of your readers: but my indignation has long been moved by the *duplicity* of the noble perſon, whom he defends,

and

and I cannot refrain any longer from expreſſing it.

There is not in the whole circle of politics, a more deſpicable character than that of a *double-minded* man, who endeavours to trim between *duty* and *intereſt*, and make his *conſcience* bow down to the ſhrine of *Mammon*. I will venture to maintain that it argues a leſs degree of profligacy to be a mere *Court Tool*, or *Implement of State*, ready for any job that the miniſter may require, than to *waver alternately* between *two* parties, as intereſt ſeems to incline, and do the dirty work of *this* or *that* faction, juſt as it happens to ſuit the preſent immediate occaſion. The *former* may be *pitied* as a poor hireling, who ſells himſelf to the miniſter *by wholeſale*; and does every thing *blindfold*, without knowing any more what he is about, than an ax, or a ſaw knows what it is cutting: but we muſt *deteſt* the *latter* as a ſordid, mercenary, profligate wretch, who never ſtirs a foot but in *plain daylight*, and if he does amiſs, does it againſt the ſtrongeſt checks of his conſcience, and the fulleſt conviction of his underſtanding. Whether the noble Lord above-mentioned has not acted in this manner, will appear but too plainly from the following particulars, which I ſhall lay before the public, and leave to the deciſion of their impartial judgment. Every one remembers the univerſal approbation which he met with for his conduct in condemning General Warrants as unconſtitutional and illegal; and if he had never ſwerved from theſe patriotic principles, he ſhould at this moment have received the tribute of my grateful acknowlegdment, inſtead of that ſevere cenſure which he juſtly deſerves. But when I heard the ſame man vindicate a moſt dangerous and arbitrary * exertion of the prerogative up-

* The proclamation to prohibit the exportation of corn, which the two PENSIONED PEERS juſtified.

on

on the ſame abſurd doctrine of *State Neceſſity*, which in the caſe of General Warrants he himſelf had ridiculed and exploded, what could I think of him? Muſt I not imagine that his former patriotiſm was all a farce, and that he made uſe of *that* opportunity of *condemning General Warrants*, merely to ingratiate himſelf with the mob, that he might ride upon their backs to preferment? Either this was the caſe, or he was an apoſtate to his principles, and, againſt his conſcience, betrayed the rights of the people, to ſupport himſelf in the frail and feveriſh poſſeſſion of place and power.

But let us examine his conduct in relation to the Middleſex election, and ſee whether he ſtands clear of the ſame duplicity and proſtitution of principle. I ſhall not make uſe of the argument, which was urged with much force and ingenuity, that as the *writ of election* was *iſſued* out *of his office*, he ought not to have ſet his hand to it, if he *thought it illegal*: but come to the point directly, and aſk him whether he has not, both in his public and private converſation, approved of the meaſure, which he now ſo vehemently condemns? Was he not in Council when the affair was deliberated; and did remonſtrate againſt it? If he *did*, and his remonſtrances were diſregarded, why did he not inſtantly reſign his office, and throw the ſeals at their feet? A truly honeſt man would have ſcorned to be of councils, which he could not approve; and like *Mutius Scævola* would have burnt off his right hand ſooner than ſign an inſtrument that he thought inexpedient and illegal. The truth is, the late Chancellor *did* approve of the meaſure, while his friend TYCHO was wrapped up in flannel, and there was no proſpect of his coming forth to diſturb and throw every thing into confuſion: but as ſoon as that factious and peſtilent man had formed his opinion, and declared his intention of delivering it,

though he was carried to the houſe in a horſe-litter, the very conſiſtent and conſcientious Ch—nc---ll-r changed his tone, and did every thing in his power to thwart, perplex, and confound government. I have been all amazement at the patience, ſhall I call it? or rather remiſſneſs of the Miniſtry, in ſuffering this REMORA to ſtick ſo long to the keel, and retard the ſhip: they have now happily flung him off; and I moſt heartily wiſh them fair weather, and a ſafe voyage. If there are any others of their crew, who are quarrelſome and mutinous, I hope they have ſpirit enough to throw them overboard, and let them plunge if they pleaſe over head and ears in the black abyſs of Faction. It is impoſſible that they can get any credit with the people from an oppoſition to Goverment, as the principles of the whole party are univerſally deteſted; and their deſperate endeavours to *raiſe an inſurrection*, beheld with an equal mixture of contempt, indignation, and abhorrence.

A Lover of CONSISTENCY.

To Sir GEORGE S—— LE, *Colonel* B—— E, *Serjeant* G—— N, EDMUND B—— E, *&c.*

My dear CHILDREN,

WHILE you have been nobly employed *within doors*, in throwing out the boldeſt invectives againſt Government, and *daring* it to revenge the inſults which you offer, it has been *my* buſineſs *without*, to blow up the ſparks of Diſcontent, amongſt the people, in hopes of kindling ſuch a general flame, as might afford an opportunity to my

my beſt friends of *robbing* and *plundering*, while others are employed in *extinguiſhing the fire.* Sorry am I to tell you that my endeavours have been attended with little ſucceſs; and that notwithſtanding all the arts I have uſed, of miſrepreſentation, invective, and falſehood, the party we can raiſe in our favour is too contemptible either to be courted or feared.

The diſmiſſion of lord C. who uniformly betted our cauſe, and did his utmoſt to take off the wheels from the chariot of Government, *that they might drive heavily*, was a ſevere ſtroke upon our party; and as misfortunes are ſaid never to come alone, this has been doubled, by the unexpected manner in which his ſucceſſor accepted the ſeals; without any conditions of a *reverſion of a tellerſhip of the exchequer* for his ſon, or of a *penſion*, fixed or *floating* for himſelf. Indeed, I could not believe that any man in his ſenſes would act in ſuch a patriotic manner, (particularly at this *criſis*, when government is ſo weakened by Party and Faction that he had nothing to do but to propoſe his own terms) and accordingly I conſidered the conditions upon which a MAN OF OUR OWN would have accepted the Seals, and I ventured to publiſh theſe as the very terms, Mr. YORKE had made. They were generally looked upon as pretty moderate, *every thing conſidered*; and conſiſted only of the reverſion of a *Tellerſhip of the Exchequer*, a penſion of *three thouſand pounds a year* (juſt what my favourite CHATHAM enjoys) and a peerage. How was I amazed, how thunder-ſtruck, to find that on his part no terms were propoſed at all; and that he accepted of the ſeals (to the great joy of the *Long Robe*, as well as of every man of property in the kingdom) with a full intent of doing his duty in that exalted ſtation, without the leaſt attachment to any party whatever! The ſtability, which the acquiſiton of ſo

able and upright a man would have given to Government, is now blaſted by his UNTIMELY DEATH; a misfortune, which will be ſeverely felt, and lamented by the Public, as long as politeneſs, good-nature, conſummate abilities, and unblemiſhed integrity, claim the leaſt ſhare of their reverence and reſpect! As for you, my friends, moderate if poſſible, your joy, and let not that inhuman Miſcreant JUNIUS draw his ſavage pen to aggravate the feelings of the widow and fatherleſs upon this mournful occaſion. Nay, I would even have *you give yourſelves the lie*, and publickly contradict that *infamous paragraph*, which you have inſerted in the public papers, that *Mr. Yorke made terms with the Miniſtry before he would accept of the Seals.* Such a recantation is but common juſtice to his aſhes, and will beget in mankind a good opinion of your candour and ingenuity. In other reſpects purſue the plan which you have nobly laid down: revile the K--G; impede Government; inſult the Houſe of Commons; bully the Miniſtry, and brave them to do ſomething, in vindication of their honour as men and ſenators, which may inflame the mob to pull the Houſe about their ears. In ſhort, be factious, be turbulent, be deſperate; and while ye meet with the curſes of all honeſt and good men, ye ſhall be applauded to the ſkies as conſummate Patriots and Advocates for Liberty by

Your moſt indulgent Parent,

F

FEW

FEW perſons have ever any real obligations to writers of panegyric; becauſe few chracters are without a reverſe; and the publiſhing any man's praiſes is a ſure way of having his merit called in queſtion, and of publiſhing his bad qualities to the world; which might otherwiſe have continued covered by the friendly veil of obſcurity.

Numberleſs inſtances have we had of late of theſe injudicious friends, who have been the means of hanging up thoſe whom they admire, to become the objects of popular ſcorn and deriſion. I am convinced that if Sir W. Draper had never written the praiſes of a perſon who ſhall be nameleſs, JUNIUS would never have pointed his malice ſo as to ſtab his Idol to the heart.

But of all panegyriſts thoſe are the moſt imprudent, who bring a character forth which they know is in many inſtances faulty and indefenſible; and are weak enough to ſuppoſe that their palliations can foreſtall the argument, and prevent the impending attack. I have not the leaſt doubt but that when Sir William Draper firſt wrote, he was perſuaded his hero was as white as ſnow: but can the writer who ſtiles himſelf ONE WHOSE OPINION SHALL NOT GO TO THE GRAVE WITH ME, ſay that he really believes the perſon, whoſe encomium he ſounds forth, is that unambitious, diſintereſted, ſteady Patriot he repreſents him to be? And does he think he is doing him a ſervice, when he lays his conduct before the eyes of the public, who will judge impartially, and of courſe paſs ſentence againſt his favourite?

In his long letter, in your paper of Saturday laſt, he gives a very pompous account of an opinion that was given by the *then Attorney General*, that a commiſſion for an army contract, as it was firſt planned, was contrary to law. His merit then in this is *merely Negative*; for the writer only ſays

ſays he was not a raſcal; becauſe all he pretends is, that he who is the proper and ordinary council to the crown, in all new patents and commiſſions, and takes an oath to perform his duty according to his conſcience, did *not* ſign a certificate contrary to his real ſentiments. I will therefore give him the fulleſt reward, which he has the leaſt pretence to claim, in that line of Horace,

Non furtum feci—non paſces in cruce corvos.—

This excellent and judicious friend goes further in the next argument, which he labours (for I ſhall not follow him in thoſe that he ſlightly touches for reaſons beſt known to himſelf) and ſays that it was no crime in him to adviſe Mr. Pitt to make a liberal uſe of General Warrants. It is unneceſſary for me to ſay whether iſſuing General Warrants was or was not a crime: but I am ſure it was a crime to adviſe the exertion of that power in *any inſtance*, and afterwards to ſtep forth as one of the principal magiſtrates in the kingdom, and declare that every execution of that authority was contrary to the law of the land. But this ingenious writer ſays further, that Lord CHATHAM's eye was ſo very penetrating, that he perceived at one glance, without any ſort of proof, that Count St. Germain *was a Spy*; and that in conſequence of this OCULAR SCRUTINY it was highly meritorious in the great lawyer and great ſtateſman to iſſue out a General Warrant, and drive the poor culprit out of the kingdom. What rules theſe two able legiſlators might have laid down as moſt beneficial to this country, I am at a loſs to determine: but I can eaſily conceive that their panegyriſts ought to inculcate very ſtrongly the *doctrine of intuition*, and that thoſe they ſcowl upon, with an unfavourable aſpect, ought to be *interdicti ab aqua et igne*. It is, I believe, the only chance

chance they have of impoſing any longer upon this too eaſy and too much deluded people; nor will they be likely to get rid of a troubleſome Majority *in* and *out* of parliament, unleſs they can eſtabliſh the rule laid down by your correſpondent *with the long name*, that whoever is examined by Lord Chatham, by this new kind of Ordeal, A TRIAL BY INTUITION, and found guilty, is to be conſidered like Count St. Germon as a dangerous perſon, and an enemy to this excellent conſtitution.

As to the diſcuſſion of the next point, namely, the famous, or rather INFAMOUS declaration (ſqueezed out from him * like a *Harlot's tear*, when ſhe has nothing to ſay for herſelf) that if the meaſure he had ſupported in council was tyranny, it was ONLY a tyranny of *forty days*, my indignation riſes at the very mention of the queſtion, and I will ſay for the preſent, that if once the parliament of England ſhall allow the crown, *upon any pretence whatever*, to exerciſe a tyranny of forty days, forty hours, forty minutes, or *forty ſeconds*, a prince, who aims at arbitrary power, will be very weak if on thoſe grounds he does not eſtabliſh a tyranny of forty years, and ſo on *ad infinitum*.

I have now gone through every thing that deſerves notice, and is mentioned in the letter alluded to, relative to the *public conduct* of this great Lord. I ſhould take up too much room in your paper, if I was to follow this laborious panegyriſt in the other parts of his letter; I ſhall therefore reſerve my anſwer to what remains behind, till you will give me a place in a ſubſequent paper: but allow me to hint to you, that as long as that gentleman *chuſes* to write, I am *determined* to anſwer, and I will therefore leave it to his choice whether the controverſy ſhall continue. H.

* Una falſa Lachrumula, quam Oculos *miſere terendo, vix Vi* expreſſerit. TERENCE.

It

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore VOCABULA.

HOR.

IT has long been ſeriouſly lamented by thoſe, who have the honour and intereſt of their country at heart, that there is no ſtandard found out to *fix our language* with preciſion and accuracy; but it undergoes a variety of changes and innovations every day, which render it *impoſſible for a ſtranger*, and *very difficult for a native*, to find out the exact meaning of many words. I muſt beg leave to produce a few inſtances to confirm the truth of what I am now advancing. Whoever conſults *Johnſon's Dictionary*, which is a moſt uſeful and excellent work, about the meaning of the word PENSION, will find that it is underſtood by that learned Philologiſt to ſignify *pay given to a* STATE HIRELING for TREASON TO HIS COUNTRY. Now this might be a very exact definition in the laſt reign, under the corrupt adminiſtration of the late DUKE OF NEWCASTLE; but I appeal to the common ſenſe of mankind, whether it conveys a true, adequate idea of the word NOW. No!—Might I be allowed to fix the exact meaning of the word PENSION, as it is underſtood at preſent, I ſhould call it PAY, given by a *weak* or *profligate* miniſter to his wicked and profligate friends, for *accepting* of the *higheſt offices* in the State, in point of *truſt*, *profit*, and *honour*. Let us now *try on* this definition, and ſee whether it does not *fit* the word exactly: thus, for inſtance, that very weak miniſter, Lord Rockingham, ſettled upon his friend, Lord Camden, a penſion of fifteen hundred pounds a year, for *accepting* of the *very honourable* and lucrative *poſt of Lord Chancellor*. I am aware that there are ſome ſort of *Gratuities*, *very*

very like Penſions, which do not quadrate exactly with my definition; but ſeem to agree much better with that of Dr. Johnſon's. Thus the *reverſion of a Tellerſhip of the Exchequer* (it was a mercy it was not the *reverſion* of the *Archbiſhop of Canterbury*) which Mr. George Grenville procured for his LITTLE BOY GEORGY, ſeems to be PAY, given to a State-hireling for the *ſervice* he did his country, in *ſeizing our perſons by General Warrants, extending the Laws of Exciſe, laying grievous embargoes upon trade, and alienating the Colonies from their allegiance and affection to the Mother Country.* Of the ſame nature are thoſe *Gratuities* beſtowed upon Lord Chatham; which I ſhall briefly ſum up, and ſhew how *poorly* he has been requited for the immenſe pains he took in *getting rid of* about Forty-three Millions of public money, and ſending many thouſand ſturdy fellows (who might ſometime or other have been a burden to this country) to be knocked o' the head in Germany: all which he compleated with the greateſt diſpatch imaginable! His account ſtands thus:

	£.
An Earldom - - - - - - - - -	20,000
A Penſion of 3000l. per Annum, which at 14 Years Purchaſe, amounts to	42,000
A Penſion of 1000l. per Annum to his ſiſter Mrs. Ann Pitt, at the ſame valuation - - - - - - - - -	14,000
Mrs. Joanna Pitt, another ſiſter, MATRON *to Chelſea* HOSPITAL, worth	3000
	79,000

What a paultry ſum is Seventy-nine Thouſand pounds, when weighed againſt the obligations which we owe him for plunging us ten times

deeper into a German war, than any *other man dared* to do; for prevailing upon the King of Pruſſia to accept of a ſubſidy; and upon Prince Ferdinand to lead and conduct our armies; beſides the utter loſs of character and honour, which though he himſelf has never brought to account, another man might think invaluable.

Having thus diſpatched the word *Penſion*, let us ſee whether Dr. Johnſon's definition of the term *Penſioner* be not liable to exception. He calls a Penſioner "a ſlave of State, hired by a "Stipend to *obey* his maſter." Now with ſubmiſſion to the learned Doctor, I think it ſhould rather have been put thus, "a diſcarded Stateſ-"man, hired by a Stipend to ABUSE his maſter." This ſeems to be the only condition, which our modern *Penſioners* think themſelves obliged to perform; and they do it with ſo much heart and good-will, that it is amazing they ſhould *take any Pay* for it. For my own part, was I of the ſame vain, inſolent, factious diſpoſition with PENSIONER TAYCHO, I ſhould be perfectly ſatisfied, both in honour and conſcience, with the privilege of reviling the ſacred perſon of the K—, inſulting the patience of *one Houſe* with florid, declamatory nonſenſe, and the dignity *of the other* with groundleſs accuſations and impudent invectives, without being PAID for ſo doing. But theſe are not times when *Virtue* is beloved and embraced for her own intrinſic worth and excellence: No! ſhe may wander up and down, like a fair Virgin without a portion, and though every one admires her beauty, no one is hardy and diſintereſted enough to eſpouſe her.

O. S.

IN

IN your paper of Thurſday laſt, I gave you my definition of the words PENSION AND PENSIONER, in oppoſition to that of Dr. Johnſon's: I ſhall now conſider the *modern* meaning of the terms PATRIOTISM and PATRIOT, and define them with as much accuracy and conciſeneſs, as the very complex idea, which they convey, will allow. Before I begin, you will ſuffer me to premiſe, that the characters of PATRIOT and PENSIONER, were formerly incompatible, and never pretended to by the ſame perſon: the former was ſtampt upon ſterling gold, which paſſed current in the world, from its own intrinſic worth; whereas, the latter was the mere image of the prince, ſtampt upon leather, which had before no merit of its own, but acquired by this means an accidental, temporary value. We now ſee theſe two characters happily united, and the ſame piece of *braſs*, or *copper*, wearing both impreſſions: thus look at *Lord Chatham*, and *Lord Camden*, on the *fair Side*, and you will ſee, in flaming characters, PATRIOTS; turn them over, and the reverſe is PENSIONERS. But to come to the definition: look into Johnſon's Dictionary, and you will find *Patriotiſm* deſcribed to be the *Love of one's Country*; and *Patriot*, one *who loves his Country*. This perhaps, might be the true meaning of the words in ancient times of ſimplicity and innocence; before luxury had tainted our morals, and curruption undermined the very foundations of public virtue. But, by this deſcription, a man might go, like the philoſopher with his lanthern at noon day, *in ſearch of a Patriot*, and not be able to find one in town or country. Is Sir George S——, the very flower of the opoſition, a real Patriot *in this ſenſe?* Can a man *love his Country*, and do every thing in his power to retard government, and promote the in-

tereſts of a baſe and deſperate Faction? Would he endeavour to inflame the minds of the people with ſeditious harangues, fraught with imaginary grievances, and fictitious apprehenſions? Would he inſtruct the mob to trample under foot the authority of parliament, by inſulting the H. of C. with the moſt petulent expreſſions of acrimony, as unjuſt as they were indecent? A man *who loves his Country*, could not act in this prepoſterus manner; and therefore if Sir George be a Patriot, we muſt look out for ſome other meaning of the word, which will better account for his conduct. A Patriot then, in my opinion, ſignifies a man who LOVES HIMSELF, and *courts the good opinion of the Multitude, to gratify his darling Paſſion, be it what it will.* Thus, is a man puffed up with vanity, and greedy of popular applauſe? We ſhall hear him declaim, with all the virulence of a Roman Tribune, againſt thoſe who are ſeated at the helm: there is no term ſo opprobrious, no expreſſion ſo factious, and bordering upon Treaſon, which he will not throw out, in hopes of ingratiating himſelf with the mob: the ſame *principle of vanity* (which, in his country quarters, makes him attach himſelf to ſome innocent unthinking maid, who liſtens with fond credulity to his tale, and hears him profeſs himſelf her eternal admirer, with all the paſſion of a lover, and the purity of a Platoniſt; and then, when ſhe expects to be *introduced into the world*, is deſerted by her faithleſs ſwain, who had no *paſſion*, but to *make himſelf admired*, at the expence, perhaps, of *her peace.*) I ſay, the ſame *principle of vanity*, which in his *private attachments* gets the better of truth and honour, makes him ſacrifice in *public life* the intereſts of his country, to the prophane ambition of being idolized by the mob.

We ſee from this one inſtance that a *Patriot* is a man who LOVES HIMSELF, and not as Johnſon has

has it, *who loves his Country*. The JESUIT MALAGRIDA is a *Patriot*; and does HE *love his Country?* Can this pure flame impregnate a boſom, which *hides*, like *his*, *a dark ſoul and foul thoughts?* Hear him wiſh, in the frenzy of Faction and diſappointed Ambition, that not a man may be *found to accept the Seals*; and will you ſay, that he *loves his Country?* No! he LOVES HIMSELF; and to gratify this ſordid paſſion would turn Traitor or Parricide, and aim his poignard at the very heart of the Conſtitution. TAYCHO is *another Patriot*;—and does HE *love his Country?* Was I a *Coloniſt* I might revere him as my beſt patron and advocate: but as a friend to the conſtitution of this kingdom I condemn him; as one *over-loaded* with taxes, by his deſperate raſhneſs and profuſion, I abhor and deteſt him. He has done more eſſential miſchief to his country, than the life of Neſtor, employed in acts of the moſt exalted Patriotiſm, would be able to redeem: he has uniformly weakened Government, degraded the Legiſlature, and unhinged the Conſtitution; and at this very inſtant countenances, by his words and actions, a ſpirit of Riot, Tumult, and Inſurrection. Lord GAWKEE and Mr. WILKES are two other *Patriots*; but do theſe men *love their Country?* Is not one of them factious and turbulent *by nature*, and the other through indigence and neceſſity? And is there any kind or degree of wretchedneſs, which they would either of them be aſhamed or afraid to bring upon their country, if it would forward their iniquitous views and purpoſes? I ſhall not mention the numerous herd of *Patriots* at the *London Tavern*, as they are Dii Minorum Gentium, and follow, like ſilly ſheep, where the great bell-weathers go before: all I mean is to convince your readers that Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken in his definition of the word Patriot, and that it ſignifies only a perſon who "LOVES HIMSELF, and courts the

good opinion of the multitude, to gratify his darling paſſion, be it what it will, whether Avarice, Ambition, or Revenge."

O. S

"Monday a Woman was found murdered under the MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM'S WALL."

All the Public Papers.

THE frequent accounts which we meet with of murders, and other flagrant enormities, committed in the public ſtreets almoſt every day, muſt give ſtrangers a very unfavourable impreſſion either of the licentiouſneſs of our morals, or the badneſs of our police. Indeed, the ſpirit of the times is ſo daring and lawleſs, and the hand of magiſtracy ſo weak, trembling and palſy'd, that I am almoſt afraid to ſtir from my lodgings, leſt ſomething brutal ſhould ſhock my humanity. You will not wonder that I am determined, for the future, to keep myſelf a *ſtill cloſer Priſoner* at home, when I inform you, that I happened to paſs by, ſoon after the abovementioned barbarous act was committed; and ſure a more affecting ſcene than this never before preſented itſelf to man. The poor creature, though in the very agonies of death, gave me the following ſhort account of herſelf, which I ſhall ſubjoin for the ſatisfaction of your readers, after giving them a faint deſcription of her perſon, which ſtruck me extremely: ſhe ſeemed to be rather in the decline of life, though ſtill a handſome, comely matron; her

her features were remarkably pleaſing, and regular; and the proportion of her whole body ſo admirably conſtructed, that ſhe would certainly have enjoyed a good green old age, if it had not been for this untimely accident: indeed, her frame was ſo apparently ſtrong and perfect, and modelled with ſuch nice exactneſs, that it ſeemed to carry with it ſomething of immortality, as if it had been almoſt exempt from decay and diſeaſes, thoſe ſad and conſtant appendages of human nature. She reclined her head, in a languiſhing manner, upon her arm, and as I drew near, ſpake to me in the following words: 'You ſee, Sir, an unfortunate 'woman weltering in her blood, and breathing 'out her ſoul in anguiſh, without a ſingle friend 'to perform for her the laſt kind offices of humanity. Miſerable wretch that I am, to be reduced to this deplorable ſituation by the barbarity of *my own Children!* Nay, Sir, do not ſtart—they were my own ruffian-children, who thirſted for my blood, and plunged their poignards into my boſom.

'But it will be neceſſary to acquaint you who 'I am, that you may underſtand my wrongs the 'better. You muſt know, then, that I am a 'woman of a very ancient and honourable family, 'poſſeſſed of a large eſtate, which is ſurrounded 'entirely *by a Moat*; and thus ſecured from the 'attacks of all foreign thieves and robbers. 'Would to God that I had been equally ſafe 'from my *own Children!* but ſome of them are 'of tempers ſo extremely violent and cruel, that 'they hate me for my very mildneſs and indulgence to them: others have reduced themſelves, 'by their extravagance in pampering their vanity 'and vices to ſuch an indigent condition, that 'nothing but my death can repair their ſhattered 'fortunes: others, again, are diſſatisfied with the

'ſervants

'ſervants in my family, particularly with MY 'STEWARD, becauſe he happened to turn a very 'worthleſs profligate fellow out of a Freehold Eſ-'tate of mine, and put another tenant into his 'farm. For theſe, and other cauſes, many of 'my children are ſo incenſed againſt me, that 'they have done nothing but create diſturbances 'and confuſion in my family: ſome of them have 'raiſed mobs to throw dirt in my face, and inſult 'my *huſband*, who is one of the kindeſt, worthieſt, 'beſt men in the world. It was but the other 'day, one of my ſons (who was called, by way 'of diſtinction, GEORGE CIVIL, and reckoned a 'very good-natured, mannerly Boy, till he kept 'company with a pack of *Iriſhmen*, JESUITS, *and* 'Blackguards) inſiſted upon kicking every ſervant, 'man, woman, and child out of my family; and 'upon my expoſtulating with him, he called me 'an abandoned *proſtitute*, and gave me a deſperate 'blow in the ſtomach. I was ready to forgive 'him, *hoping he was in a paſſion*; but he ſwore 'bitterly that he was as *cool as when he left his* 'pillow, and ready to repeat it; upon which I 'was adviſed to charge the Conſtable with him, 'but did not chuſe ſuch a violent meaſure, as it 'might have provoked the mob to be guilty of 'outrages, which we all might have repented to 'the laſt moment of our lives.

'I ſhould weary you, Sir, was I to repeat one 'tenth part of the injuries which I have met 'with from theſe wayward and unnatural chil-'dren: ſuffice it to inform you, that I was this 'day wheedled *hither* under a pretence that all 'differences ſhould be accommodated, and every 'thing amicably ſettled in the family. When 'I came I found them at high words, diſpoſing 'of my effects, juſt as if I had been dead: one 'would have *this* thing, and another *that*; my

'ſervants

'ſervants ſhould all be ſent a packing, and my 'poor *Huſband*, GEORGE, *confined a cloſe priſoner* 'the remainder of his days. Upon my interfering, 'they fell upon me all at once, and ſtabbed me 'in more places than the ruffians did POWELL. 'Look here, ſays ſhe, diſplaying her boſom,

——"Ran TAYCHO's dagger thro'!
"See what a wound the GENTLE SHEPHERD gave!
"'Twas here the well-beloved S—V—LE ſtabb'd!
"Mark what a gaſh inſidious C—MD—N made!"

I was ſo exceedingly ſhocked at the ſight of ſo many ghaſtly wounds, that my blood ran cold with horror, and I vowed earneſtly to bring the ruffians *to public Juſtice:* for which purpoſe I requeſted the favour of her name; when, with a low and languid voice, that ſounded like the faint echo of a diſtant valley, ſhe juſt breathed out BRITANNIA, and expired!

O. S.

THE moſt trifling occurrences of human life may be converted by a man of curioſity and ſpeculation, either to entertainment or uſe. As a proof of this I ſend you the following paper, the contents of it were brought me this morning with a *pennyworth of butter* from the *Chandler's Shop.* It is my humour to read every detached piece of learning that I may happen to meet with; and I have been frequently edified by peruſing the *lining of a hat-caſe* or the *bottom of a mutton-pye.* Many are the *Patriotic-ſpeeches,* which I have received in a

very *greaſy condition*, either with my butter in a morning, or my cheeſe at night; and all that I could collect, after reading them in the moſt careful manner, was, that the authors themſelves *wanted greaſing*. As to the following character, the original of which I ſhall keep as a curioſity, I ſuppoſe it was written about the beginning of the *laſt century*, when this kind of writing was much in faſhion. It is called THE GRAND METAMORPHOSIS, or the *undeſerving* FAVOURITE turned PATRIOT, and begins in the following manner:

HE is vain and fooliſh enough to glory in the antiquity and nobility of his family, though his grandfather was no better *than a coachman*: his paternal eſtate was trifling and inconſiderable, in compariſon of his preſent poſſeſſions, which he acquired by marrying the coheireſs of one of the greateſt families in the kingdom. Upon HER *pretenſions* he was a candidate for honours; which he *thus* acquired *by chance*, and not by the laborious way of *merit* and *deſert*. He *now* looks upon every man in the ſtate of knighthood, or plain gentility, to be a poor, pitiful, creeping animal; and wonders how he could *endure himſelf* when but of that rank. His honours however ſit upon him in a very aukward manner, and his nobility is rather a *tumour* than real *greatneſs*. He has no pretenſions to the high Title which he poſſeſſes, but only the King's Patent to go by the name; and this appears at the back of his coach, in the ſhape of a *Ducal Coronet*, which his footmen ſet their bums againſt, to the great diſparagement of the wooden Repreſentative. His vanity met with ſeveral repulſes before he acquired a blue ſtring, which he was at laſt obliged to purchaſe of the Counteſs of Y——th for ſeven thouſand pounds. You may now ſee it hung croſs his ſhoulder; and he ſtruts

ſtruts with it as ſtiff and ſtately as if he had been dipt in petrifying water, and turned into his own ſtatue.

To aggrandize *himſelf* and his *family*, he married his ſon to a daughter of the * DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S, the King's great favourite: ſince which time he has enjoyed a conſiderable ſhare of his Majeſty's countenance and eſteem. As a mark of it, he procured his ſon to be put over the heads of above *a hundred and fifty Lieutenant Colonels*; and we now ſee the little dapper gentleman ſtrutting, like a bantam cock, before his regiment, which was given him for the amazing good he did his country, in ſerving one ſingle campaign in Germany, *as Aid du Camp to a General Officer*.

It is difficult to account for the part he now acts, in flying in the face of the King, who has been to him the kindeſt and moſt indulgent maſter. Some perſons think he countenances the preſent deſperate and abandoned faction *out of policy*, to conceal the emptineſs of his head, and paſs for a man of much wiſdom and penetration: for he who is diſſatisfied with the management of ſtate-affairs, without knowing any thing of the matter, muſt needs paſs for a wiſer man, than one who ſees into them thoroughly; becauſe any man can judge who underſtands the reaſons for what he does; but few know how to judge *mechanically* without underſtanding the reaſons *why* or *wherefore*. Others are of opinion that it is out of vanity, and a deſire of ingratiating himſelf with the *mob*, that aſſembly of States-General convened together from their ſeveral ſhops, ſtalls, and garrets. Indeed, vanity has been the ruling paſſion of his life; and it has coſt him God knows how much in *paying for paragraphs*

* This circumſtance ſhews plainly that the foregoing character was written in the time of James the Firſt—SCRIBLERUS.

to *puff himſelf* in the PUBLIC PAPERS. There are ſome who think he aids and abets faction, out of a ſpirit of ambition, and a thirſt for power: but this is not probable; as he before poſſeſſed the favour of his ſovereign, and had every degree of influence which a modeſt man and a good ſubject would wiſh to acquire. For my own part, I look upon him as a ſilly, vain, ungrateful man, who gives up ſolid advantages, and the eſteem of every worthy perſon for the nauſeous breath of the rabble, which is as diſguſtful to good ſenſe and delicacy as the ſteam of a dunghill, where all ſorts of dirty humours meet, ſtink, and ferment together.

Such, were the contents of that ſcrap of greaſy paper, which was brought me fromthe chandler's ſhop this morning: if you think it will entertain your readers, you have my free leave to publiſh it.

O. S.

LAST Tueſday, when the drooping ſpirits of faction were raiſed to a delirium of joy, by the dereliction of the Premier, it was matter of pleaſantry, to obſerve the ſharp, keen, hungry faces of the oppoſition, who had whet their fangs, and were *ready to fall to*, almoſt without bidding. I met the half ſtarved Iriſh orator, E——D B—E, and his looks were ſo voracious, that he put me in mind of a ſtory of a poor hungry taylor, who thruſt himſelf into company where a ſet of gentlemen were dining; and upon their whiſpering one with another,

other, *Who is this? —Do you know the Fellow?— What can he want?*—He turned quick upon them, EAT, *did you ſay*, gentlemen? Aye marry, that I will, and thank you too: upon which he ſat down without ceremony; and my friend, Patrick O' Blunder told me, it was as good as *lip ſalve* for ſore *eyes*, to ſee how he twiſted it down. I cannot help pitying the preſent hungry race of patriots (though I abhor the cauſe in which they are engaged) when I reflect upon the grievous diſappointment they have lately met with, in having the meat ſnatched, as it were, out of their mouths. For my part, I was apprehenſive leſt they ſhould *fall one upon another*; which I verily believe would have been the caſe if a COOK's SHOP had not been opened at the ſign of the *Temple Spectacles in Pall-mall*, for diſcarded Stateſmen, Peers, Penſioners, and Patriots. I happened to ſtep in the other day, and ſaw a long, lank, meagre figure, more like a ſpectre than a man, dreſt in a white frock, with a green apron. I ſtarted back, and could hardly help crying out, *Speak to it, Horatio!* when, upon a nearer inſpection, I found it was my old Friend 'SQUIRE GAWKEE, who was thus equipt to accomodate his good cuſtomers. He has always been fond of *ruling the Roaſt*; and as he cannot do it now in a political way, he is content to be *Prime Miniſter* in his own kitchen, and makes his brother GEORGE the turnſpit.

The noble ſcience of Eating was firſt of all reduced to a ſyſtem; and applied to political affairs, by Sir Robert Walpole: but it was for a long time a ſtate-device, practiſed ſolely by the Miniſter, who took that method of keeping people in good humour, and of *ſtopping their Mouths*. It has now changed hands (for I do not find that our preſent miniſters deal much in good Cheer) and is a trick of the oppoſition, either to ſatisfy the *craving appetites*

petites of their friends, or to keep them *firm*, and *ſteady* to their party. In whichever light it is viewed, I am ſure our modern Patriots (as ſome of their friends are very *hungry*, and others very apt to *flinch*) have reaſon to cry out, with Sancho Panca, *Bleſſings on his head that firſt invented eating!* Indeed, there is ſo much comfort in a good dinner, that I am ready to turn Patriot myſelf, when I read in the Public Papers, "On Sunday laſt the following noblemen and gentlemen dined with Earl T——e, at his houſe in Pall-Mall." There is only one objection to my changing ſides immediately, which is, that I have never *yet had a place*; and you will ſee, by the following liſt, that all the noblemen and gentlemen invited to dine with that honourable perſon, are diſcarded Stateſmen, and Patriots out of place.

Dukes of M——ch——r, *late* Lord of the Bedchamber,

P---l---d, *late* Lord Chamberlain,

R---m---d, *late* Secretary of State,

N----------d, *late* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; *though once only plain Sir Hugh S——, he is now poſſeſſed of a Dukedom, and the Garter; his ſon has a Regiment, and his wife is Lady of the Bedchamber.* BRAVO!

Marquis of R--k- -ham, *late* Firſt Lord of the Treaſury. *Credite Poſteri!*

G---by, *late* Commander in Chief, and *late* Maſter of the Ordnance.

Earls of B--b----h, *late* Poſt-Maſter General.

B---h-----ham, *late* Lord of the Bedchamber.

C-------try, *late* Ditto.

S---b-----h, *late* Cofferer.

S---b--ne, *late* Secretary of State.

L--d H-----de, *late* Poſt-Maſter General.

And Mr. G----e G------le, *late* every Thing, and now—*Nothing at all!*

What a truly illuſtrious company is this, and how much pleaſure, profit, and honour might one not expect from being admitted into ſuch ſociety! There is only one diſagreeable circumſtance attending it; and that is, the difficulty, or rather *impoſſibility* of ſtarting *any* political ſubject, which will not give offence to ſome of the company. Whether you ſpeak for or againſt *General Warrants*, for or againſt *Jack Wilkes*, for or againſt *the Americans*, for or againſt *the Favourite*, for or againſt the *Cyder Act*; in ſhort, for or againſt *any one political Point*, ſomebody will certainly be hurt, and the *galled* horſe will *wince*. I ſhall recommend, therefore, to any one, who may be admitted to dine with theſe gentlemen, the following good old proverbs:—*Let your meat ſtop your mouth*—*Eat your pudding, and hold your tongue*—and let them find out your *meaning* by your *mumping*.

O. S.

THE political demiſe of the Duke of G—— muſt undoubtedly have robbed you of many of your correſpondents; ſome of whom, out of gratitude for favours received, and others in expectation of favours to come, drew their pens in defence of their patron. I am ſorry to ſay, that when a Miniſter *departs* from his *power*, or his power departs from him, the former generally look upon all obligations to be cancelled, as the latter do upon all their hopes to be blaſted; and the *literary exiſtence* of theſe gentlemen is juſt of the ſame date with the *political life* of the Miniſter. I profeſs myſelf a writer of a *different ſtamp*; and muſt

muſt beg leave to *continue* my correſpondence with you, as I am attached to *Meaſures*, and not to *Men*; and will not change my opinion, let *who will be Miniſter*, ſo long as government is conducted upon the preſent equitable plan, and oppoſed by the preſent iniquitous junto. I am happy to find that there is a conſiderable majority *in both H*—— of my way of thinking; and the obligations, which they have laid upon their King and Country, by the conſiſtency of their conduct, will be remembered to their eternal honour. What a reproachful æra would this have been in the Engliſh Hiſtory, and how certainly would the ruin of the ſtate, and the loſs of all order and government, have enſued, had the preſent ill-connected and diſcordant Faction forced themſelves into office, by the violent and unprecedented meaſures which they have taken? To provoke the rabble with a diſplay of falſe and imaginary grievances; to degrade the honour of parliament, and render its authority ridiculous and contemptible; to bellow out wild and paſſionate harangues, without connection, argument, or truth, and calculated ſolely to deceive and inflame; to inſult, vilify, and intimidate the ſacredneſs of Majeſty itſelf;—if theſe be the means of acquiring power, and the reins of government are thus to be ſeized by force;—adieu for ever hereafter to all peace and order! Riot, uproar, and confuſion muſt be the certain, miſerable conſequence.

All former parties, however enraged at each other, have ſet particular bounds to their fury, which they have not dared to tranſgreſs. However ſeverely the *Miniſter* may have been handled, every branch of the *Legiſlature* has been deemed *ſacred* from inſult and reproach. How blind and indiſcriminating is the rage of the preſent deſperate

rate faction? Have we not heard *one* of the three eſtates of the realm impudently inſulted and accuſed of *betraying the rights of the people?* Has not *another* been publicly *menaced*, and treated with all the inſolence of ſatire, ridicule, and reproach? Have not the people been loudly excited to inſurrection, and called upon to *do themſelves juſtice?* Juſtice, for what? becauſe TAYCHO, the GENTLE SHEPHERD, the MARQUIS OF FRANCA VILLA, with MALAGRIDA, LORD GAWKEE, and two or three others, are not entruſted with the management of affairs. This is all the grievance I know of; and was this remedied, we ſhould riſe in an inſtant from the depth of miſery to the ſummit of happineſs. There would be no occaſion *then* for a diſſolution of parliament: the *Bankruptcy* of the Miniſtry would *white-waſh* the Houſe of Commons, and inſtead of being the *betrayers*, they would become the *bulwark* of our liberties. TAYCHO would be enabled to pay off ſome of his debts; HARPAX would be made a Peer; and Lord G—y might vote *according to his Conſcience.*

The time would fail me to recount all the bleſſedneſs which would accrue from the leaders of the preſent oppoſition forcing themſelves into power, by a violence of behaviour bordering upon treaſon itſelf. The only misfortune (and THEY would not think it a very great one) is, that England would be governed without a K——. Inſtead of continuing, as JUNIUS inſolently called him *the creature of the Conſtitution*, he would become the SLAVE *of his own ſervants*, and live in a condition little better than Thraldom itſelf. It is an axiom in Politics, ſtrong and clear as any in Philoſophy, that THE PRINCE WHO LETS FACTION PREVAIL, LOSES HIS POWER, AND CANNOT HOPE TO BE EITHER OBEYED OR FEARED. His COUNTE-

NANCE, which is one of the chief parts of his *Prerogative*, and would carry his ſervants through all their meaſures, will loſe its efficacy, when they find that it cannot be depended upon. There is a great deal of truth in the following remark of the *Marquis of Halifax*, who was one of the greateſt men of the age in which he lived: "A wiſe "Prince, ſays he, may gain ſuch an influence, "by firmneſs and reſolution, that his *countenance* "will be the laſt appeal: where it is not ſo in "*ſome* degree, his authority is precarious; when "it is not ſo in *any degree*, his very Crown may "be in danger."

H.

DENNIS, the dunce of immortal memory, bore a natural antipathy to every thing that had the leaſt appearance of wit or humour. He would much ſooner have cracked a commandment, than a joke; and he publiſhed a book, entitled, God's Judgment *againſt Punning*. He was never known to draw his lips higher than a ſmiling ſneer; and was exceedingly angry to ſee other men merry, wondering with himſelf what they could find to laugh at. If I was at all diſpoſed to believe in the Tranſmigration of Souls, I ſhould think that the gloomy ſpirit of Dennis impregnates at this moment the dead, lumpiſh clay of the *Jeſuit* MALAGRIDA. He has the ſame propenſity to dulneſs, and the ſame antipathy to good-humour, which diſtinguiſhed this old, waſpiſh cynic: he looks upon mirth to be downright prophaneneſs, and laughter little better than blaſphemy. If you was to ſmile at an old ballad-woman twanging through her noſe, 'Sir George Civil's 'ſpeech to both Houſes of Parliament,' he would

ſwear

ſwear that you was capable of turning the moſt ſacred things into farce and mockery The other day at a Coffee-houſe, a gentleman, whoſe features are not like Malagrida's, caſt in lead, happened to admit of the intruſion of a ſmile; upon which he ſtarted up in a monſtrous paſſion, and after accuſing him of turning the moſt ſerious things into ridicule, enquired what he laughed at? forgetting that he himſelf was *holding forth* at the ſame time, in a more ſtupid, factious, impertinent, declamatory manner, than ever *Fanatic* did at a conventicle. For my part, I ſincerely hope there is no great ſin in *laughing*; as the preſent oppoſition is ſo extremely *ridiculous*, that it is impoſſible even to think of it, and keep ones's countenance. There never ſure was ſuch an abſurd, motley, pyebald ſet of Patriots, whoſe principles are of a hundred different colours, and put one in mind of a Jack-pudding's Coat, where,

——————*Unus et Alter*
Aſſuitur Pannus———

I do not know who it is that acts as *Botcher* to the party, and ſtitches them together; but he certainly does his work in a very ſlight and ſlovenly manner: the *rents* are all darned with different coloured materials; ſome of the patches are ſowed together with *gold thread*, bought of HARPAX, and others juſt tacked on with *beggar's inkle*, from the King's-Bench Priſon. Nor are their views and intereſts leſs oppoſite and diſcordant than their principles: ſome of them aim only at popularity, and ſtrive to rival Wilkes in the affections of the mob: others are hungry and neceſſitous, and turn *Patriots*, in hopes of getting *bread to eat*, and *raiment to put on:* ſome are a ſort of political Tinkers, and pretend to mend every flaw in the conſtitution, but like the botchers of old Pans and Kettles, while they attempt

to ſtop up *one* hole, they are ſure to make *two*: others, again, are ambitious of power, and think it a ſufficient reaſon to quarrel with the adminiſtration of affairs, becauſe they have no hand in it themſelves: laſtly, there are ſome of them, like LORD GAWKEE, factious and turbulent by nature, who delight in civil commotions, and, like porpoiſes, play always before a ſtorm. Under one or other of theſe claſſes all our *pretended Patriots* may be ranked: I own it hurts me extremely to reflect, that many of our nobles (ſome of whom are indebted to his preſent Majeſty for the honours they enjoy) fall under this laſt and worſt claſs of Patriots. Amazing, that men who have no ſecurity for the titles and eſtates which they poſſeſs, but the permanency of the preſent eſtabliſhment ſhould co-operate with a ſet of Levellers and Republicans; with perſons, who are declared enemies to all diſtinction and ſubordination; and would no more tolerate the pomp and pride of a Patrician than they would the pageantry of a King! How infatuated muſt they be not to reflect, that nobility flows from royalty, and that if the fountain fail, the ſtreams muſt of courſe dry up that are fed by it? I do not know what to compare ſuch prepoſterous behaviour to, unleſs it be the abſurdity of a mad fellow in one of Hogarth's prints, who is ſitting croſe a Sign-poſt, with the King's Arms upon it, quite at the extremity, and ſawing it down with all his might, not reflecting that *he himſelf* muſt infallibly *tumble with it*. I wiſh our nobility would conſider this as an emblem of their own ſituation; and I am ſure that, in this caſe, though the *Zeal of their Houſe* might not eat *them* up, yet it would certainly *conſume a good deal of their Patriotiſm and public Spirit.*

I Have been ſo entirely employed ever ſince the meeting of Parliament, in working upon the hopes of one, and the fears of another; in the feeding vanity of this man, the avarice of that, and the pique and reſentment of a third; in amuſing the credulous, bribing the ſordid, and aſſiſting the indigent; in ſhort, in making Amendments, Speeches, Motions, and Proteſts, that I have not had it in my power to continue my correſpondence with you. I am ſo elated however with a recent occurrence, the homage of *more than forty Lords*, proſtrate at my throne, and PROTESTING eternal zeal and fidelity in my ſervice, that I cannot ſtifle the honeſt exultation of my heart. I have had my votaries, in former times, two of whom I ſhall introduce to your acquaintance in the words of GRAINGER, *the hiſtorical biographer*: 'Iſaac Pennington, ſays he, the FACTIOUS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, was a very 'different character from the Town-Clerk, or 'Mayor of Epheſus, as he was the greateſt *raiſer* 'of Tumults in this reign. In the year 1640, he '*preſented a Petition*, ſigned by fifteen thouſand 'perſons: he preſented another Petition againſt 'making *Peace with the King*. He was one of 'the Aldermen, who perſonally proclaimed the 'Act *for aboliſhing kingly Government*.' The other character is that of *John Lilburne*, commonly called *Freeborn Jack*, who according to Grainger, 'was the moſt hardened and refractory of all the 'SEDITIOUS LIBELLERS of his time. Dungeons, 'Pillories, and Scourges ſeem to have had no 'effect upon him: he was ſtill contumacious, and 'continued to be the ſame *turbulent incendiary* 'that he was at firſt. He dared to oppoſe every 'Government under which he lived, and thought 'he had as good a right to LIBERTY in its *largeſt extent*, as he had to the element that he 'breathed.'

'breathed.' These were my faithful adherents in former times; but what are men in such a low and humble situation in life, when compared with those great and elevated personages, who *now* pay their obeisance to me? What may not I expect from the support of such illustrious Patricians who are ready to step forth in my cause to the very *verge of treason itself?* Surely their influence will be sufficient to carry every point that my heart can wish; to bring about a change of the Ministry; and a dissolution of the present hateful Parliament. Methinks even now I can foresee *a new Parliament met together*, of the very kidney that I could desire: they set off in a truly patriotic manner with stigmatizing the *late* Ministers, and *late* House of Commons as tyrants and traitors to their country. But that I may give your readers a juster idea of their proceedings, I have thrown a few of them together in the form of a *paper of votes*:

'*Ordered*,

'That a bill be brought in for abolishing his 'Majesty's Privy Council, and abridging the power of the two Houses of Parliament; and that 'there shall be erected in their stead, a great 'Council of the Nation, assembling at the *London* 'Tavern, under the name of *Supporters of the Bill* 'of Rights; and that no public measure be hereafter carried into execution, which does not receive the sanction of their approbation.

'A petition of John Wilkes, esq; in behalf of 'himself and many hundred others, some of whom 'are persons of rank and distinction, desiring 'that leave may be given to bring in a bill for 'qualifying all atrocious offenders, such as *blasphemers of their God* and *libellers of their King*, 'to sit in this House, as also to serve their country in any employment, ecclesiastical or civil.

'*Ordered*,

'*Ordered*,

'That leave be given to bring in a Bill according to the prayer of the ſaid petition, and that Sir George Civil and Mr. Dodwell do prepare, and bring in the ſame.'

'*Ordered*,

'That a Bill be brought in for limiting the prerogative, and allotting certain appartments at Windſor to his Majeſty; and that he be deſired to continue there till Lords GAWKEE, TAYCHO, MALAGRIDA, and others conſent to his being brought back.'

'*Reſolved*,

'That lord PRATEWELL was a moſt honeſt, upright, and ſelf-conſiſtent counſellor; and that he never did affirm that the Sheriff of London ought to be ſent to the Tower for returning Mr. Wilkes, after he had been expelled the Houſe; and that whoever preſumes to ſay he did ſhall be judged guilty of *high treaſon* againſt the *Junto*.'

'*Reſolved*,

'That an *addition* of eight hundred pounds a year to his *Penſion*, which was before only fifteen hundred a year, was but a poor equivalent for his ſervices; and that he did his Majeſty great honour in accepting of ſuch a trifle.'

'*Reſolved*,

'That the government of this nation, which has hitherto been in the hands of the King, ſhall for the future be committed *to a Junto*, ſubject to the controul of Lord TAYCHO, who ſhall be created *dictator* for life.'

Reſolved,

'That the Biſhop of B—— is temperate, ſober, and abſtinent as any hermit; and the Biſhop of E—— learned, ingenious, meek, and humble'.

Reſolved,

'*Reſolved*,

'That the following paſſages in the Bible 'are a manifeſt interpolation, and that they be 'for the future expunged, NOT GIVEN TO WINE, 'NO STRIKER.'

Theſe, are ſome of the Patriot-acts and reſolutions which I ſhall expect to ſee paſſed when the preſent Parliament is diſſolved and a new one called together. I am in earneſt expectation that ſuch an event will ſpeedily be accompliſhed; and I will venture to foretel that it will certainly be productive of rough reformation both in Church and State.

F.

THERE are a ſet of ill-natured ſplenetic people in the world, who accuſtom themſelves to look at every thing in the worſt light, and are never ſo happy as when they have an opportunity of finding fault, and giving vent to the rancour and malevolence of their minds. Happily for myſelf I am of a different diſpoſition, and love to view the fair ſide of things, and to give the moſt favourable character I can of thoſe people who fall under my notice. I dare ſay your readers are before hand with me in recollecting how I praiſed Lord R——— for his great ſpirit and ſkill IN HOEING OF TURNIPS; and I ſhould be very happy to have any other exellencies of his Lordſhip pointed out to me, that I might make the Public acquainted with them. It gives me a very ſincere pleaſure to find, that the report of a * *Gan-*

* See the Public Advertiſer of Feb. 13, 1770.

grene

grene in his leg, owing to his ATTENDANCE UPON PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS, was without foundation. While *other Patriots* poſtpone the good of the Nation to the paltry pleaſure of dancing at Dr. Beckford's hop, how muſt it exalt his lordſhip's character to reflect, that he ſacrifices the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings, health itſelf, to an unwearied attention to the public welfare? I am out of patience with his friends, that they ſhould prevail upon him to *ſtand up* ſo *often*, as they do; though to be ſure the ſafety of the Nation depends upon it. For my own part, I never in my life ſaw *his lordſhip upon his legs*, but it put me in the greateſt pain imaginable; and the other day, when he ſtood humming and hawing, blowing his noſe with diſcretion, and groping his breeches, in expectation of Lord TAYCHO's coming in, I could have boxed the proud Demagogue for keeping him ſo long in that uncomfortable poſture. It is forgot, ſure, that his lordſhip does not think himſelf at all obliged to the zeal of his party, in thus forcing him againſt the grain to *ſtand upon his legs*; which is as diſagreeable to him, as it would be to ſtand in the pillory, or upon the picket. I could not help looking upon the report of his having an inflammation in that part, to be a mere artifice, invented by way of apology to his friends, that they might not teize *him to get upon his legs again*. But upon ſecond thoughts, I found that this ſhift would not do, as they would certainly have inſiſted upon his practiſing the HORIZONTAL POSTURE, which, for many *private* reaſons, he has a particular averſion to, upon *any* occaſion whatever: and I will venture to ſay, if his friends ſhould compel him to make the experiment, that his lordſhip cannot *perform* better in the HORIZONTAL POSTURE, than he does in the natural way *ſtanding*. The truth is, that *ſpeaking* is not his talent; and therefore it is

very well that it is not his favourite paſſion, and that he can content himſelf with *hoeing turnips*, and other rural employments. I wiſh my friend CHARLES RICHWORLD, who has juſt as poor a knack at ſpeaking as the Marquis, had as little inclination to it as he. But the miſchief of it is, that he is *upon his l gs for ever*; and when he has once got a man by the ear, he ſhakes him as unmercifully as a dog does a poor pig, and keeps faſt hold 'till he has wearied both himſelf and his patient. I heard him ſpeak the other day for above an hour and a half: and may all the Gods and Goddeſſes deliver me from another of his ſpeeches! The ſituation I was in brought to my mind Horace's ſimile of the aſs,

Demitto Auriculas ut iniquæ mentis Aſellus,
Cum gravius Dorſo ſubiit Onus.

There was one part of his ſpeech which entertained me very very much, as it had a good deal of fancy and imagination in it; and that was when he affirmed, that the ſenſe of the Petitions was the *ſenſe of nine-tenths of the Nation*: whereas I will venture to maintain, and would ſtake my head upon the iſſue, that if a juſt calculation be made, *nine-tenths* of the Nation are *aga nſt Petitioning*, and look upon the promoters of ſo factious a meaſure to be a ſet of turbulent, deſperate, wicked wretches, who would move earth and hell to get into office. But it is the common language of the Oppoſition to call *their own ſenſe* the *ſenſe* of the *Nation* (which, by the bye, is paying the Nation a veryſcurvy compliment) and to exclaim againſt the wickedneſs and corruption of the times, becauſe, forſooth, the *Minority* does not *govern* the *Majority*. Such conduct as this may at firſt, perhaps, appear highly abſurd and prepoſterous; but we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at

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it when we reflect, that persons, by keeping no other company, are apt to forget insensibly that there is any body in the world but themselves.

O. S.

I HAVE just read the last production of that wicked, atrocious, and abandoned incendiary, JUNIUS; and sure such a rhapsody of nonsense, vanity, and falsehood, never before affronted the reason and patience of the Public. His performance is as destitute of argument, as it is of decency, and bespeaks at the same time, a weak head and a flagitious heart. If you rub off the tinsel of the words, you will find it underneath the poorest thread-bare stuff that ever was put together. He talks in the *true spirit of the bathos* of * misery and distress; and in the *true spirit of an assassin* of the *dignity of revenge.* I have always thought with the Roman Poet, that revenge is the pleasure of weak and little souls; and I have been confirmed in my opinion, by the dark, mean, cowardly, insidious part, which JUNIUS and his friends have acted.

I shall not follow JUNIUS through the flowery paths of declamation, as I cannot turn *school-boy* again, nor imitate him in his falsehood and scurrility, as I would not for the world turn common *lyar* and *libeller:* but in those parts of his letter (and they are very few) where there is a little appearance of argument, I shall unravel the flimzy web, that the ignorant and unwary may not be caught by his sophistry.

* A strange anticlimax.

He very decently finds fault with the King for taking no notice of the Petitions received from the ENGLISH NATION; and as every thing good and praiſeworthy muſt needs be hateful to JUNIUS, he aims a ſarcaſtic ſtroke at the Piety of our *truly* RELIGIOUS AND AMIABLE SOVEREIGN. I am glad that JUNIUS makes this plain and direct attack upon religion, as I have always been of opinion, that a man ſo profligately wicked as he, is leſs dangerouſly a *Devil* than a *Saint*. But what right has he to call the Petitions, which every man of common ſenſe knows were fomented by a few factious, turbulent, diſcarded Stateſmen (who ſet up their ſtandard, and called together the weak, the wicked, and the deſperate) the *Petitions of the Engliſh Nation?* I will be bold to affirm, that they are *not* the Petitions of even a *tenth part of the Engliſh Nation*; and though JUNIUS inſolently tells the King, that a *Sovereign ſhould* BE TAUGHT to attend to his Subjects, they were treated with that neglect and contempt which the inſolence of faction, and rudeneſs of clamour juſtly deſerved.

He then inveighs againſt the Duke of Grafton, becauſe Lord Granby happened to have *private* connections, which would not allow him to vote with the Miniſtry, but *cruelly* obliged him to *recant his words*; in conſequence of which double dealing he very properly reſigned. And does JUNIUS really think the Adminiſtration any worſe in being deprived of a man whom *he himſelf* has treated in the moſt contemptuous and reproachful manner? Has he forgot all the ſneering, ſarcaſtical, bitter things he ſaid laſt Summer of the *Marquis?* But, perhaps, JUNIUS does not chuſe that any one ſhould make free with that noble perſon except himſelf: I promiſe him that I will not invade his prerogative; nor, though I diſapprove of the Marquis's conduct, will I ſpeak harſhly of him,

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but leave him to the abuſe of JUNIUS; or if there be any thing ſtill more infamous and dreadful, to his praiſe and adulation.

I ſhall not obſerve the ſame moderation towards the diſcarded Chancellor, who, according to JUNIUS, was forced out of his office, *not for want of abilities, not for want of integrity, or attention in his duty, but for delivering his honeſt opinion in parliament.* What! can there be an HONEST opinion on *both ſides* of the queſtion? It is notorious, that *he* has given *his* opinion *point-blank on both ſides.* Which, then, was the *honeſt* opinion, for they were diametrically oppoſite? Why, to be ſure, ſay they, that on JUNIUS's ſide: but have not I the ſame right to ſay, that the *other* was the *honeſt* opinion: and that it is the part of an *honeſt* man to *abide by his opinion* and not to give it up either out of fear or favour? I muſt beg leave to inform JUNIUS, that the Chancellor was turned out for giving *two honeſt* opinions—perhaps both *equally honeſt*, if we conſider the *intention*, which was to *ſerve* the *preſent moment.* It was a reproach to government, that a man of *his principles* ſhould be *continued ſo long* in office: one, who ſubmits himſelf to the guidance of a bold, declamatory, raſh, ambitious Demagogue, whoſe very name will be execrated by poſterity: one who is himſelf of talents ſomewhat congenial, florid, lively, enterprizing and factious: one who has, all his life-time, ſhewn ſuch intemperate fondneſs for popular applauſe, that he is not under the direction of reaſon and ſobriety, when *this* is in queſtion: in ſhort, one who, to oblige his *turbulent Patron*, oppoſed government, countenanced a factious oppoſition, and rendered it impoſſible for the Miniſtry to draw with him any longer. Was this a proper man to fill the higheſt and moſt honourable office in the State? or could

it

it be a crime to pluck off ſuch a *Remora* from the keel of government, particularly when it was declared, *by the Demagogue himſelf*, that though he had *not* acquainted his *brother Miniſter* with his opinion, he had opened himſelf explicitly to HIM ſome months ago?

What immediately follows this fulſome vindication of the late Chancellor, I muſt beg leave to paſs over with that reſpectful ſilence which is due to the beſt and moſt elevated character: it proves that JUNIUS, and his crew, are driven to deſperation, when they have no other way of attracting the notice of the public, but by aiming their envenomed ſhafts at Majeſty itſelf: and I cannot account for the madneſs, as well as the malevolence of ſuch a proceeding, except from the truth of the following obſervation: 'That he who has 'loſt all good himſelf, is loath to find it in an-'other.'

I ſhall not treſpaſs upon the patience of my readers, in taking notice of the perſonal abuſe with which JUNIUS ſo plentifully loads the Duke of Grafton, or the handſome compliments he is pleaſed to beſtow on the moral character of *honeſt* Samuel Vaughan: the world, I am perſuaded, will pay an equal degree of credit both to the one and the other; and as they have long applauded his ſkill in drawing fantaſtic pictures of the *Devil*, not a trait of which has the leaſt foundation in truth, they will like to ſee him try his hand at a SAINT, whether the ſubject be the Broker Vaughan, or the Jeſuit Malagrida, and will no doubt admire this *new Creature of his Imagination*. Equally impertinent would it be to take up your paper in divining the reaſons of the Duke of Grafton's precipitate retreat from the helm: whatever they were, JUNIUS ſure is the laſt man in the world to find fault with them, as they opened the

the door, and gave his friends a chance (which out of regard to my King and Country I ſincerely hope they will never have again) of forcing themſelves into office. It is the cruel diſappointment they have met with, in being thruſt back again to their places, that like a thunder-ſtorm ſours the tempers of the whole party, and turns all the ſweet muſt, which JUNIUS had collected for libations to his patrons, into vinegar, which he ſpurts into the eyes of the Miniſtry. As a private individual, I am inclined to pity him, and make ſome allowances for the aſperity of his language. It is ſeriouſly a ſad thing to have a craving ſtomach, and nothing to eat: hunger you know is ſaid to break thro' ſtone-walls; and it may well be allowed to tranſgreſs the bounds of good manners, decency, and diſcretion. Unhappy JUNIUS, driven by poverty out of his native country, where his *life* was a *daily invention*, and each *meal* a new ſtratagem! why did he quit the *ſublime* and *beautiful* employment of a Hackney Writer; in which he was ſure of a decent ſubſiſtence, as it is the rule of the trade, *good hand, good hire?* Unthinking man, to enter into a party, and betake himſelf to the precarious buſineſs of politics, in which he is a mere *Tenant at Will* to Fortune, and liable to be *turned out of his happineſs* at a moment's warning! But I forget myſelf: JUNIUS had nothing originally to loſe, and therefore ventured nothing: he has the bleſſing of Hudibras on his ſide, and may cry out, with that doughty champion for Sedition,

I never was in Fortune's power,
He that is *down*, can be no *lower*.

If the ſpirit, abilities, and reſolution of Lord North ſhould give permanency to the preſent ſyſtem

(an

(an event which every man who loves his country moſt earneſtly deſires) JUNIUS can betake himſelf to his *old Trade of Book-making*; which is more than can be ſaid of many of his aſſociates, who are capable of turning their hands to nothing but ſedition, ſcurrility and treaſon. Whereas JUNIUS is juſt as good as when he ſet up in the world firſt of all as an author; unleſs indeed the calm moments of ſtudy and reflection ſhould be rendered intolerable by remorſe of conſcience, and compunctions of ſorrow, for that inſolent abuſe of the BEST OF SOVEREIGNS, and thoſe malicious calumnies and falſehoods, which he has publiſhed from time to time in the Public Papers.

H.

A Benevolent mind muſt be overpowered with delight to obſerve how perſons of every rank and denomination lay aſide all little private regards for their own intereſt, and ſtudy only how they can promote the general good and happineſs of their fellow creatures. The Public Papers of laſt week furniſh us with two remarkable inſtances of this diſpoſition to Philanthropy; one in Dr. BECKFORD, the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, and the other in Dr. DOMINICETTI, the no leſs celebrated Fumigator at Chelſea. The former of theſe gentlemen (whoſe temper is ſweeter than his own ſugar-canes, and yet warmer and more ſpirited than his beſt rum) has appointed a committee for *rebuilding Newgate*; and with a propriety

propriety peculiar to himſelf given the care and ſuperintendence of this great work to Mr. Alderman *Townſend*. I wonder none of your correſpondents have taken notice of the prudence and ſagacity of our chief magiſtrate in this judicious appointment; who could not in the whole circle of his friends have found out ſo proper a perſon as the abovementioned gentleman. There is no doubt but the preſent dark, dirty, comfortleſs appearance of Newgate has reſtrained many of the *Sons of Liberty*, from giving that unbounded ſcope to their free and generous ſpirits, which they might otherwiſe have done. Who would like to be cooped up in ſuch a naſty, filthy place, which is excluded from the chearful light of the ſun, and the viſitation of the free air? Whereas when Alderman Townſend *has done with Newgate*, which for the ſake of his numerous friends he will make as commodious and comfortable as poſſible, every man of *ſpirit* will be ambitious of getting lodgings there, and it will become in time the Head Quarters of Patriotiſm. We ſhall find it crouded with Baronets and Knights of the Bath, inſtead of Knights of the Poſt: there will be Sir Joſeph Hogſlard and Sir Robert Noſebud, and Sir Francis De la Fool, and a world of good company. Indeed before it has been rebuilt a month, I ſhall expect to ſee half the Oppoſition there: ſome out of compliment to Mr. Alderman Townſend's taſte for building; others to curry favour with the mob, who think *one* Patriot *in Priſon* worth a dozen *out*; others again to get rid of the importunity of their creditors; and laſtly a few *Iriſh Adventurers* will take up their reſidence there, out of a ſpirit of œconomy, and a *ſublime and beautiful* idea of ſaving the *expence of lodgings*.

There is but one thing ſtaggers me, and that is the vulgarity of the name NEWGATE, which has

hitherto been looked upon as the common receptacle of Debtors, Pickpockets, Freebooters, Traitors and Aſſaſſins; under none of which denominations we can poſſibly reduce any of our modern Patriots. But, as Shakeſpeare ſays, "What's in a *Name?*" As the place is to be rebuilt, I do not ſee why it may not be re-chriſtened, and inſtead of plain Newgate, be called the CASTLE OF LIBERTY, or the PATRIOTS HOTEL. I would humbly propoſe too, that the preſent *ordinary* may be diſmiſſed upon a penſion; and that parſons Horne, Green, and Wilſon, the three great Patriot Clerks, may preach a ſermon upon the following text, "Uſing your Liberty for a Cloak of Maliciouſneſs;" and that he who has the beſt knack at Sedition, and ſays the ſevereſt thing of the K—, and the handſomeſt thing of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, ſhall be elected in the room of the preſent gentleman.

A difficulty may ariſe how a penſion is to be obtained for the preſent Ordinary of Newgate; but Lord Pratewell, who had the cunning to get an addition of eight hundred pounds a year to his own penſion, after he was turned out, will eaſily ſettle this matter. At worſt his ſtipend may be paid by a ſmall tax upon our preſent Patriot penſioners, or rather penſion'd Patriots,

	£.
Thus one hundredth part of Lord Taycho's penſion is — — — — —	30
The ſame proportion of Lord Pratewell's	23
Ditto of Maſter Georgy Stampem's ſalary	30

Theſe put together amount to eighty-three pounds a year; which I dare ſay the preſent Ordinary will think a handſome proviſion. His ſucceſſor will be amply paid by the ſupporters of the Bill of Rights, who are glad to encourage Patriotiſm, wherever they find it, even in a Scotchman himſelf. They have

have ſent, I am told, two hundred pounds to Mungo Campbell, as a reward for the ſervice he did his country in ſhooting an earl; and I ſhall not wonder if they advertiſe premiums for the noble exerciſe of PEER-SHOOTING at ſo much per head.

I have already treſpaſſed ſo much upon your paper, in ſhewing how highly we are indebted to Dr. Beckford's Philanthropy, in appointing Mr. Townſend to ſuperintend the rebuilding of Newgate, that I have not vanity enough to expect you will favour me with room at preſent for my remarks upon Dr. Dominicetti. I muſt beg leave therefore to reſerve them to ſome future opportunity.

O. S.

MY laſt letter was entirely taken up in celebrating the philanthropy of Dr. Beckford, the very learned, wiſe, and ſagacious Lord Mayor of London: I ſhall now make your readers acquainted with the philanthropy of Dr. Dominicetti, the no leſs, learned, wiſe, and ſagacious fumigator of Chelſea. It ſeems, from the Doctor's Advertiſement in the Public Ledger of Friday laſt, that he has invented "vaporous ſtoves, "and fumigating machines, to convey the vola-"tile effluvia of vegetables and minerals to any "part of the body." By this means he cures almoſt every diſorder incident to the human frame: ſuch as ſcurvy, apoplexy, palſy, indigeſtion, giddineſs, and pains in the head, ſlow fevers, with every kind of weakneſs and relaxation of the

nervous ſyſtem. He produces a variety of caſes to prove the excellence of his medicines; one of which I muſt beg leave to object to, as it is neither new nor extraordinary: it is caſe the 7th of a *Clergyman* who was *cured* of a languor by the Doctor's *Fumigations*. Now this, Sir, is no *new invention*, for it has been the method of practice time out of mind to *ſmoke the Parſons*; and I have ſeen it performed myſelf with very great ſucceſs more than once. As to the other caſes, which he enumerates, I have nothing to ſay againſt them; nor do I mean to prejudice the Doctor in the opinion of the public, by rendering his method of practice ridiculous. So far from it, that I really admire and applaud his ſkill in curing many of the patients, whom he has had under his care; particularly the following, whoſe deplorable ſituation he minutely deſcribes: "A "lady who for ſeven years had been afflicted "with an univerſal weakneſs of the nervous "ſyſtem, attended with terrors, fits of crying, "and an incapacity of bearing the leaſt noiſe, "and a diſinclination for all kinds of amuſe-"ment." I know a caſe very much ſimilar to this, which I ſhall propoſe to the Doctor's conſideration; and if he thinks he can effect a radical cure, he ſhall receive a very handſome gratuity, as well as my warmeſt acknowledgements. But before I enter into a deſcription of the lady's caſe, it may not be improper to give the Doctor a little ſketch of her hiſtory as far as it relates to her conſtitution. Her name is Albion, and the family phyſician, who attended her ſome years ago, was Dr. MATTHEW MUG, a very good-natured, chattering fellow, who was always in a hurry and a buſtle, though he never *did* any thing in his life; for as to his ſkill in phyſic, he was very little better than an old woman. He had a

few

few *Family Noſtrums*, which he applied upon every occaſion, whether ſhe was too much elevated with joy, or depreſſed with ſpleen; whether ſhe had a pain in her tooth, or in her toe; or laſtly, whether ſhe was diſordered in her head, her ſtomach, or her bowels. By a long courſe of injudicious, blundering practice, in which he adminiſtered little beſides *opiates*, he reduced her to a moſt deplorable ſtate of weakneſs, dejection, and melancholy: in conſequence of which, he was turned off, and Dr. TAYCHO was employed in his room. TAYCHO was not looked upon as a regular bred phyſician, but a deſperate enterpriſing quack, who would daſh at every thing, right or wrong. He uſed to practiſe upon a ſtage in Weſtminſter; and by the help of a moſt conſummate aſſurance, and wonderful volubility of tongue, he ſo far ingratiated himſelf with the mob, that they ſwore he was the cleverest fellow in the world. It was the daily cuſtom of TAYCHO to ridicule the practice of Dr. MUG, whom he repreſented as a doating old fool and a ſcoundrel; becauſe he uſed to indulge Mrs. *Albion* in drinking *German Spa Water*, which ſhe was particularly fond of, though it was bad for her conſtitution. However, when TAYCHO was employed in the family, he altered his tone, and to oblige his patient allowed her as much *German Spa* as ſhe pleaſed, ſwearing at the ſame time that Dr. MUG was a blockhead, and had not let her have *half enough:* that they were like the waters of Helicon, of which, according to Pope, you muſt drink deep, or taſte not. He then gave her ſome ſtrong intoxicating cordials, and clapt her on half a dozen bliſters; all which raiſed her ſpirits to ſuch a wonderful degree, that ſhe danced, and laughed, and ſung, and capered, and thought herſelf the happieſt woman upon earth. Juſt at this interval

her laſt huſband died; and ſhe married her preſent good man, who deſervedly bore a moſt amiable and excellent character, and had the warmeſt and moſt ſincere affection for her imaginable. He ſoon ſaw what an unprincipled, double-dealing knave TAYCHO was; that he was exhauſting the ſtrength and conſtitution of his wife by hot, ſtimulating, CHALYBEATE medicines; and that the poor woman miſtook an unnatural fever, which preyed upon her vitals, for a true genial warmth and vigour of conſtitution. I need not tell you, Sir, that Dr. Taycho was diſmiſſed, but not before he had contrived to *filch out* of her family a monſtrous large bag of money, and a piece of handſome gilt plate, which upon certain days he is abandoned enough to wear upon his head, as the Knight of La Mancha did the helmet of Malbrino.

It would be tireſome to mention all the different phyſicians who have been called in ſince the diſmiſſion of this impudent quack; who did more real harm to the conſtitution of Mrs. *Albion* than I am afraid can ever be repaired. It is a ſad misfortune that the ſeveral phyſicians, who have ſucceeded one another in the family, have not ſet about conſidering the real caſe of their patient; but have done no one earthly thing, except abuſe the practice of their predeceſſors, and preſcribe a direct contrary method. The only one, who was likely to do her any good, was Dr. *Greenfield*; a dull, heavy, ſolemn, plodding, prolix fellow, of no parts, but wonderful patience; who found out what he called a GRAND, RESTORATIVE, GOLDEN ELIXIR FROM AMERICA. With this noſtrum, and a certain new kind of *pippin Water*, which he invented, he boaſted that he ſhould perform wonders; and I verily believe he would have done his

patient

patient ſome ſervice, if he had not been untimely diſmiſſed, only becauſe Dr. *Taycho* ſwore bitterly that he did not *come honeſtly* by his *Elixir*. The next perſon, who was called in was Dr. *Watſon*, the weakeſt, ſillieſt, pooreſt creature that ever pretended to dabble in phyſic; without abilities, or experienc enough for an apothecary's journeyman. He had never been bred to the profeſſion, and did not know how to put one foot before another, till he was adviſed by Dr. TAYCHO to give Mrs. *Albion* a *ſtrong Emetic*, and make her *bring up* both the *Elixir* and *pippin Water*, which ſhe had juſt ſwallowed. The conſequence of this was, that her ſtomach and digeſtion were greatly weakened, and ſhe has ever ſince been in a declining way. She has frequently been troubled with violent *Fits of the Mother*, ſpaſms, convulſions, and tremors; owing to the great weakneſs and relaxation of the whole nervous ſyſtem. She has been for ſome time afraid too of falling into the hands of her *old Phyſicians*; who are caballing againſt her, and think by abuſing every other practitioner on one hand, and repreſenting her caſe as deſperate on the other, to force themſelves into her family. But there is no fear of this at preſent, as they have diſagreed about the method of practice, and are fallen together by the ears. Dr. *Greenfield* is always hinting at the *excellence of his Elixir*; and Dr *Watſon* as conſtantly ſtops his mouth with expatiating on the powerfulneſs of *his Emetic:* Dr. *Richworld*, who is only an apothecary, preſumed the other day to write a *Preſcription*; which Dr. TAYCHO ſwore was not worth a farthing, and he would have nothing to ſay to it. In ſhort, they are divided more amongſt themſelves than the doctors and licentiates of the Royal College of phyſicians were ſome years ago: from which this fortunate circumſtance ariſes, that Dr. NORTH, who is a very able and honeſt man, is likely

likely to be continued phyſician in the family, and will do his utmoſt to relieve his weak and afflicted patient. However, Sir, if Dr. Dominicitti thinks that he can effect a cure, Dr. North is ready to retire, as he is too upright to deprive Mrs. Albion, for the ſake of his own private advantage, of the aſſiſtance of any honeſt and experienced practitioner.

O. S.

THERE are no two arts in the whole circle of politics of more conſtant and eſſential ſervice than the art of *political laughing* and *political lying*. The former of theſe *uſed* to belong, by a kind of preſcriptive right, to the oppoſition; who made themſelves merry at the expence of the Miniſter, and laughed heartily at the vanity or vices of the man, while they ridiculed the miſtakes and blunders of his adminiſtration. The latter was always claimed by the Miniſter as his own ſole prerogative; and it has often ſtood him in greater ſtead than all his other political excellencies put together. Every thing at preſent, particularly in the political world, ſeems to be turned topſy-turvy; and among other viciſſitudes and alterations, theſe two arts have changed ſides. I do not find that the Members of the preſent oppoſition have any thing to do with wit and humour, either in their ſpeeches or writings; which are the direct reverſe to the merry fat Knight of Shakeſpear, and are not only dull themſelves, but the occaſion of dullneſs in other people. I profeſs ſeriouſly I

never heard Lord *Franca Villa*, *Gawkee*, *Malagrida*, *Richworld*, or the *Gentle Shepherd* ſpeak, but it had a more ſtupifying effect upon my Senſes,

——than Poppy or Mandragora,
Or all the drouſy Syrups of the Eaſt.

The truth is, all the *ridicule of character* is on *their* ſide; and they cannot deviate into humour, but by laughing at one another; nay, ſome of them have been ſo hard put to it for a little mirth, that they have even condeſcended to laugh at themſelves. It was diverting enough the other day to hear Lord *Gawkee* cutting jokes upon himſelf, and making merry with his own figure, which to be ſure was intended by nature to be laughed at. He would fain too have perſuaded MALAGRIDA to the ſame innocent paſtime; but of all perſons in the world MALAGRIDA hates laughing, particularly when he himſelf is the ſubject. I do not believe, by the bye, that Lord GAWKEE's mirth was very ſincere and cordial, notwithſtanding the eaſy and unconcerned air which he put on. His laughter appeared to me of the true ſardonic kind; like that which the Philoſopher Poſidonius aſſumed in a violent fit of the gout; or Tityus, while the vulture was preying upon his liver;

——Tityuſq; *Vultu*
Riſit *invito*.——

But if the members of the preſent factious oppoſition are ſadly deficient in the noble ſcience of *political laughing*, we muſt all agree that they are perfect adepts in the art of *political lying*. Indeed, a *political lye* ſeems to be as naturally generated in

the brain of a diſcarded ſtateſman, as worms and maggots are in carrion. If a perſon had the faculty of *ſecond ſight* for *ſeeing Lyes*, as they are ſaid to have in Scotland for ſeeing *Spirits*, it would be highly entertaining to obſerve the different ſhapes, ſizes, and colours of thoſe ſwarms of lyes, which are hatched in the heads of our *corrupt* Patriots, and buz about every corner of this great metropolis. Some of them are perfectly harmleſs, and die away almoſt as ſoon as they are born: others are of a very troubleſome and venomous nature, and would live for a conſiderable time, and do no little miſchief, if they were not knocked o' the head. I ſhall beg leave to give you a few ſpecimens of both theſe ſorts of lyes, and leave you to judge from them of the prolific talents of the preſent faction. How often have they puffed of late in the public papers, that they were joined by ſuch and ſuch great Commoners and noble Lords; and with what unembarraſſed confidence have they affirmed that they ſhould ſoon become the *majority?* Their late total defeat has effectually quaſhed this falſehood; and they will ſcarce endeavour to impoſe it again upon the public, till they can convince the world that 174 is a larger number than 243.

Another *innocent lye* which they have bandied backwards and forwards, is that the Petitions, which have been preſented to the King, contain the ſenſe of the majority of the Nation; a propoſition ſo manifeſtly untrue, that it will not be believed for the future even by credulity itſelf. I wiſh all their falſehoods had been thus harmleſs and inſignificant; but many of them are of the moſt dangerous tendency, and want only to be firmly believed, and they would throw every thing into confuſion. Such is that ſhameleſs aſſertion,

that

that the expulſion of Mr. Wilkes was an infringement of the rights of the people, and a breach of the conſtitution: *a lye* which was born in *Priſon*, and thence delivered to be nurſed and dandled by the *rabble*; who have not grown ſo fond of the bantling as might reaſonably have been expected, but have cruelly left it to ſtarve and pine away for want of nouriſhment. Of the ſame dangerous nature is the report invented and propagated by TAYCHO, that we are upon the eve of a war with France: a falſehood calculated to beget fears and apprehenſions in the minds of the people, and to ſhake the baſis of public credit.

While the oppoſition are thus laudably employed in the art of *political lying*, it ſhall be my buſineſs to *laugh* at them myſelf, and to hold them out three times a week in your Paper to the laughter of the public. There is ſo much contradiction, abſurdity, and ridicule in their characters, that they will ſupply me with a perpetual fund of entertainment; and if there be any truth in this remark of my couſin Triſtram, that every time a man laughs he adds ſomething to the fragment of life, I ſhall not only benefit my own conſtitution, but hope to contribute likewiſe to the longevity of your readers.

O. S.

VELUT SOREX. *Ter.*

THE writers of Natural Hiſtory give us very ſurprizing accounts of the ſagacity of Rats: how they will leave a houſe when it is likely to tum-

ble, and a ſhip before ſhe ſinks; how like the barbarous nations of the North, when they have been overpeopled, they have made regular migrations from pariſh to pariſh, and formed themſelves into bands under certain leaders, whom they implicitly obeyed. I dare ſay moſt of your readers have heard, that there are a ſet of men remarkable for their prudence in providing for their own ſafety, who have been diſtinguiſhed time out of mind, by the name of *political Rats*; and I think the appellation well choſen and admirably deſcriptive. You will give me leave to purſue the idea, and point out a few particulars in which they imitate the conduct of theſe ſagacious animals: Firſt, When the ſhip of Government is in danger of ſinking, they are ſure to quit it with the utmoſt precipitation: thus it was that the notorious *City Rat*, NOSEBIT, ran away from the ſhip about three weeks ago, becauſe he thought ſhe could not weather the gale that was then blowing: a LISBON-*Rat* too ſcreamed out in a monſtrous fright, and applied to a YOUNG *Rat* for a hole to creep out at: but he very prudently did not quit the ſhip juſt at the moment, though he threatened to do it, and is now in poſſeſſion of the warm ſnug box which the YOUNG *Rat* had juſt deſerted. Commend me to this ſagacious animal, who is a *Maſter-Rat* indeed; for he did not only *foreſee* the *danger*, but he *knew* too when it was *over*, which is a ſtroke of policy not generally practiſed. How happy would it have been for a certain great *Law*-RAT, if he had had a little of the ſame inſtinct? I am perſuaded that he would not then have left the ſhip as he did, nor would he have been caught by any of the baits which that notified *Rat-catcher* TAYCHO flung before him.

Another particular, in which the *Political Rats* imitate the ſagacity of the natural ones, is in forming them-

themſelves into regular bands and parties, under certain leaders. Thus the large grey *Hanover Rats* (which for many years laſt paſt have overſpread the whole kingdom, and almoſt extirpated the ſmaller ſort that are native) are at preſent ranged under two leaders, one of them a little, thin, ſpare, ſhabby-looking black Rat, *without any tail*, having had the misfortune to get it *burnt* off in a ſkirmiſh with a cook maid in *Italy*; the other, a long, lank, gawking figure, worn to the very bone by peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; with a grey beard and a grizzly countenance, and a ſet of limbs that look as though they were hung on at the joints by wires. Under theſe two leaders are marſhalled the preſent race of *Hanover Rats*, who, thank heaven, begin to decreaſe in number every day. I am told, in all the excurſions which they have lately made, their leaders have found it one of the moſt difficult things in the world to keep them firmly united together in a body: though they are crammed up to the throat with dinner after dinner, the leaſt ſcent of food, be it only a cheeſe-paring, or an old mouldy cruſt, draws them aſide, and makes them ſtraggle from their party. The object of their political manœuvres is a large corn-warehouſe at the bottom of Pall Mall; which they were formerly in poſſeſſion of, but were driven out for their rapine and depredations: it is at preſent occupied by a Colony of much more reaſonable and moderate Rats, who take care to do no miſchief, and content themſelves with a bare livelihood. Now, to eject the preſent tenants, and to get poſſeſſion of the premiſes themſelves, is the great points which the others have in view; and as this cannot be compaſſed without encreaſing *their own* forces, and diminiſhing *thoſe of the enemy*, various are the expedients that have been thought of for this purpoſe. There is a fellow whoſe name is HARPAX, one of

of the moſt worthleſs, inſolent, unprincipled wretches that ever lived: He was originally, it is ſaid, a Foundling, and was ſold to a ſet of * gypſies, who initiated him in the arts of lying, canting, thieving, and picking pockets; in all which he was a moſt admirable proficient: he ſtrolled about for ſome time in their company, when he was taken notice of by a gentleman, who thought he ſaw a degree of cleverneſs in him, and appointed him as an *agent* or overſeer in a large fowl-yard. Here he ſcraped together a good ſum of money, by cheating the poultry of their corn, and by letting out ſome of the beſt cocks to be thrown at on a Shrove-Tueſday. When he had feathered his neſt pretty well he flew in the face of his benefactor, whom he abuſed in the groſſeſt and moſt ſhocking manner—thus adding the blackeſt ingratitude to his other vices, for fear the catalogue ſhould not be compleat. This fellow, HARPAX, is now turned *Rat-catcher*, and was employed to ſeduce a weak, ſilly, *bald-pated Rat* out of the warehouſe, which he effected by the following eaſy method: he put ſeventy-five thouſand guineas into a large canvas bag, and rattled it well at a hole which the Rat frequented. Now all your Political Rats are known to be drawn as eaſily by the chink of gold, as bees are by the ſound of a braſs frying-pan: and thus it happened with the bald-pated hero, who directly bolted to the crevice, and tried *to get out*; but he himſelf was ſo large, and the *hole ſo very ſmall*, that he did not know cleverly how to effect it; upon which *he fairly turned tail*, and ſuffered HARPAX to pull him thro' backwards way; ſince which he has declared publickly, that it was the happieſt operation he ever went thro' in his life, and that he would adviſe all Rats for the future to be retrograde,

* He was put 'prentice as a ſhoe-cleaner to an Attorney.

like

like crab-fiſh, in their motions. And I am perſuaded the reſpectable fraternity will all take his advice, *except when they can get more by going ſtraight forwards.*

Another perſon employed as Rat-catcher by the Hanover Party, is the notified TAYCHO, juſt ſuch another inſolent and unprincipled fellow as HARPAX, tho' not quite ſo *mercenary.* His method of catching them is ſomething ſimilar to the famous *Piper's of Hamlin*, as he does it *intirely by ſound:* but whether *his pipe is now damaged*, or he has bamboozled the Rats ſo often, that they are aware of him, he has had very little ſucceſs in his late practice: though he has tried all his old tricks, of wrapping himſelf in a large *flannel bag*, and thus diſguiſed *piping* to them as loud as he could, he has not caught above two or three the whole ſeaſon: one is the great LAW RAT above mentioned, whom he has at the word of command, and makes him jump over a ſtick, *backwards and forwards*, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators; another is an ugly Ghaunt-Rat, of the true Creolian breed, brought over hither in a ſugar hogſhead—a moſt deſpicable, dull, ſtupid animal, whom TAYCHO cannot teach any tricks at all; and therefore he uſes him only as a *torch-cul*, and ſwears that his ſkin is more warm, ſoft, and comfortable than Rabelais' gooſe-neck.

I have quite filled my paper, though I have not half exhauſted my ſubject; I muſt therefore reſerve an account of ſome other Rats, with the baits made uſe of to catch them, till another opportunity.

O. S.

IT is the duty of an affectionate parent to comfort her children in their diſtreſſes, and by every proof of regard and tenderneſs to endeavour to alleviate their misfortunes. It is therefore incumbent upon me, at this moment of conſternation, to do my utmoſt to collect our ſcattered forces, and to point out to them, that their late defeat is not ſo deciſive, nor their caſe ſo deſperate as, from public appearances, one would imagine it to be.

It is true, that 243 is a much larger number than 174; and it is to be feared that it will be difficult for us to gain belief if we aſſert, that this glorious Minority will, before the winter is over, be ſwelled into a Majority: but we may perhaps gain credit when we ſay, that our leaders are not diſmayed, but are become more deſperate, and conſequently more than ever devoted to my cauſe. They have now no hopes of forcing their way into government, and therefore can have no incitement to deſert from the banners of Faction; and I have not the leaſt doubt but that they will be ready to come forth at my call, and at *mine only*, whenever my intereſts require their appearance.

Contemplate a little the conduct of my darling ſon *Charley*——has he not acted upon this principle, ever ſince he publickly threw off the maſk, and declared himſelf my adherent? How noble was it in him to ſhew, that he would give no council, nor declare his opinion to his colleagues in office; but at the ſame time would open his heart, and reveal all his ſecrets to his elder brother? And what a farther proof does he give of his ſteady perſeverance in my meaſures, when he ſhews himſelf upon every occaſion, *where he is ſummoned by me* to attend, but will not condeſcend to the pitiful office of aſſiſting the deciſions on matters of

 property,

property, which are concerns greatly below his notice? What the world falsely calls doing good to mankind, is inconsistent with the dignity of a son of Faction; and therefore those who steadily adhere to my precepts, like this my most amiable child, will never so debase themselves as to appear but when my measures immediately require their countenance.

As to my son *Billy*, he will be always ready at my call; and I can venture to promise, that his ill health will never detain him in his retirement, unless any of my younger children should have the presumption to think themselves entitled to take the lead; and then it will be highly proper to assert the dignity of an elder brother, and to prove, by his absence, that when confusion is the object, it is he, and he only, that ought to direct the storm.

What I have now said sufficiently proves, that our cause is not abandoned by those in whom we principally confide. As to the inferior class of adherents, they will always follow the general cry, when the leaders of the pack have once opened their throats. The *Northern Baronet* will be ready to imitate the great example in the King's Bench, by wishing for a prison; and will, whenever I request it, abuse the constitution of the country he lives in, in hopes of his being hallooed by the populace in his progress to the Tower. The *Optician* in Pall-Mall will still declare to all mankind, that his glasses enable him to see thro' the palace walls, and that, by their assistance, he perceives, he is to be SENT for before the month is ended: he will add, that he defies even Xerxes himself, and is determined to disband his guards the moment he gets possession of the palace. Our friend *Stampem* MUST follow his dic-

tates, and, in conſequence of his orders, will appear on the 18th of April, at the door of the King's-Bench Priſon, to uſher our dear friend into open day-light, and to make the *amende honorable* on that very ſpot, for his error in having directed the perſecution of that moral and reſpectable Patriot. As to my weak and ricketty Offſpring, born in the decline of my life, and who of courſe inherits none of the elaſticity of the produce of my youth, *he* will ſtill ſupply the place allotted to him; will make *attempts to harangue*, and will give great entertainments, and publiſh the names of his gueſts in the enſuing news-paper.

This conduct will, upon the word and honour of Faction, be ſteadily purſued by the leaders of our truſty bands: nor can I give more comfortable aſſurances to my adherents in general; for, from the ſame principles, and the ſame conduct in theſe very perſons, has our glorious cauſe been worked up to ſuch pitch, as to throw confuſion into every part of this Government; to make the common people, who fooliſhly imagined themſelves free, happy, and proſperous, be perſuaded that they are enſlaved, wretched, and oppreſt; and to enable us with impunity to *tell the firſt Magiſtrate* of the ſtate, that if he does not act according to *our dictates*, we ſhall find means to drive him from his ſeat, according to ſome former precedents, which have been repeatedly pointed out to his attention.

Theſe, my children, muſt convey to you a very pleaſing proſpect: the repeated blows you have lately received may have ſtunned you a little: but it will be utter puſilanimity to ſink beneath the ſtroke. Keep yourſelves united, and wait with patience;—perhaps Government may be ſo elated with their victory, that they may think

think of forming ſome new plan for the good of the public:—*then* will be the time to burſt from your retreat——*then* you may ſound the alarm, and caution the people againſt innovations, and aſſure them, that nothing in this country ought to be changed, but the adminiſtration, and one of the members for the County of Middleſex.

F.

IN my laſt letter I gave you an account of the principles and practices of a few *political Rats*; —the very worſt vermin that can infeſt the ſtate, having no idea of honour or integrity, nor the leaſt regard for any thing but themſelves. I ſhall now, Sir, introduce a few more of theſe gentry to your notice, and point out the motives of their conduct, and the *Baits* with which they have been ſeverally taken. Sorry am I to ſay, that there are *Rats* of every rank and condition in life, noble and plebeian, eccleſiaſtical, civil and military. Pray, look at that Rat with the ducal coronet!—did you ever ſee a finer, ſleeker animal in your life? He was bred originally in a * Coach-houſe, but contrived to climb up like a monkey, by the *help of his tail*, to the eminence where he now is. This was, for ſome years laſt paſt, the *Pet-Rat* at court, as you may gueſs by the blue collar round his neck, during which time he obtained every thing that his heart could deſire; he provided for him-

* His Grandfather was a Coachman.

ſelf, his relations and dependants; not a *ratling* in the family, *though no bigger than a mouſe*, but he had a regiment given him, over the heads of five hundred better men than himſelf. You will be amazed to hear that this ungrateful animal has forſaken his kind and generous maſter, and gone over to his enemies: but ſo it is;—with a true genuine *rat-like diſpoſition*, as ſoon as ever the ſhip was in danger, he forſook it and fled. I am at a loſs to find out the motives for ſuch prepoſterous conduct; whether it was pride or pique, a love of power or a thirſt for popularity; or whether it was only an opinion that the Rats in oppoſition were ſtronger than thoſe in office, and would ſtorm *the warehouſe*, and carry it by force; whatever his motives were, he ſhall ſtand chronicled *(ſi quid mea carmina poſſint)* to the end of time, as a RAT *of the firſt* MAGNITUDE.

Here, is another Rat of the ſame illuſtrious order: examine him, Sir, he is a very extraordinary animal indeed: he has a particular paſſion for wind-muſic, and had ſet his heart upon *the Poſtmaſter's horn at Wincheſter*; ſo, becauſe he was not allowed to blow it when he pleaſed, and diſturb all the neighbourhood, he took pet, and went over to the enemy.

I am ſorry for the accident which befel a very courtly, civil, ſwarthy Rat, of *rather an inferior* ordef, who ran away *into the country* with a large piece of cheeſe in his mouth, which he hoped to have munched in a comfortable ſnug way by himſelf: but he was unluckily caught in a ſteel-trap, and obliged in anguiſh to drop the cheeſe, which was immediatly picked up; and there is no proſpect of his ever getting ſuch another good morſel again, as long as he lives.

I ſhould tire your patience, Sir, was I to give you a particular account of all the ſeveral Rats that have

have deſerted the warehouſe, and the different baits by which they have been caught. I ſhall not mention therefore, how a certain *mitred Rat* was inveigled away by the ſcent of an old *hogſhead of claret*; and when a hue and cry was raiſed, What was become of him? he was found chirping and carouſing it with the *bald-pated Rat*, both of them as merry as grigs, up to the chin in good liquor. They are a pair of right congenial ſouls, honeſt jolly topers, made, one would think, of the ſtone ASBESTOS, which philoſophers tell us, is *unquenchable*. It would do your heart good to hear them roar out the following duet:

Bacchus drinking joys reveals;
Drinking is the biſhop's / ſoldier's pleaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure, rich the treaſure,
Sweet is drinking after meals.

But peace to all ſuch!—Let me rather take notice of an extraordinary Rat of the *military order*, who, without family, fortune, or abilities of any kind, has riſen, by fortuitous circumſtances, to a ſituation much higher than Nature every intended him for. Endowed with all the phlegm of a *Dutchman*, and the keen avidity of a *hungry North Briton*, he is at once a miracle of dullneſs and greedineſs; graſping at every preferment, as if it was his own by ſuperlative deſert, tho' I never heard of his merit, except at *match-making*: he would be one day Vice-Admiral of Scotland, and the next Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen; and becauſe he was neither one nor the other, he flung away the *feather* which he had in his cap, and turned *Rat*; giving intelligence to LORD GAWKEE, that he would be ſent for to be *Rat-catcher general* to the warehouſe; an event which I earneſtly hope, for the good of my country, will never take place.

But

But beſides the Rats already mentioned, there are others of an inferior order, who belong to the *London Tavern*, and are kept partly for diverſion, and partly for miſchief. One of them, a thin, black, HORNED Rat, is retained for the following purpoſe; they rub his back (as I have ſeen boys do at ſchool) with oil of turpentine, or other inflammable matter, which they ſet fire to, and away he runs up and down the country, to the great terror of all the farmers in the neighbourhood, who are in pain for their barns, hay-ſtacks, and houſes. I have not heard that he has hitherto done much miſchief; for ſome body or other generally gets hold of the poor devil, and puts out the fire, after the ſame manner that Gulliver extinguiſhed the Queen's-palace at Lilliput.

There is a *notable Rat* kept up in a box for the ſame purpoſe, which is to be let out upon the 18th of April, and it is earneſtly expected, by every *Patriot* in the kingdom, that he will ſet all London on fire: for my own part, I have not the ſame formidable opinion of him, but rather think that he will prove a mere *Ignis fatuus*, or JACK *o' the Lantern*, and that, as ſoon as he is let looſe, away he'll run, and never be heard of more.

O. S.

SEEING a croud of people the other day at the door of a Conventicle, not far from the metropolis, curioſity (of which, thank my ſtars, I have a comfortable ſhare) led me to try if I could not make my way in. After a good deal of joſtling and ſqueezing, and by the help of

of a long, rueful, ſanctified viſage, for which I am rather indebted to Nature than to Grace, I at laſt accompliſhed my point, and, to my utter aſtoniſhment, heard the Preacher boaſting to the audience, that he had been guilty of every ſin, except murder. "I have been (ſaid he) a moſt "notorious lyar, drunkard, ſabbath-breaker, "ſwearer, blaſphemer, fornicator, and adulterer: "I have committed grand and petty larceny, "high treaſon, and petty treaſon, rapes, inceſt, "&c."—I was extremely ſhocked with the recital of this black catalogue of vices, and ſtill more ſurprized that it was received by the audience with a groan of approbation. Upon enquiry, I found that it was a fundamental maxim laid down by this ſect, and eſtabliſhed into an article of their creed, that a *ſwinging ſinner makes the beſt ſaint*; as if the converſe of the old rule *(Corruptio optimi fit peſſima)* were true, and we might ſay with equal juſtice, *Converſio peſſimi fit optima.*

I cannot help looking upon the preſent gang of patriots as a ſort of political methodiſts, who have adopted the ſame article into their belief; and as the religious enthuſiaſts think the greateſt ſinner makes the beſt ſaint, ſo they hold that the greateſt ſinner makes the beſt Patriot. It would be well if they could convince the world of the truth of this propoſition; as it would then be univerſally acknowledged, that they are the beſt qualified for Patriots of any men upon earth. From *freeborn John* in King's Bench Priſon, who is the head of the ſect, to *baſeborn Harpax* in Sackville-ſtreet, who is the *tail* of it, they may cry out with the methodiſt preacher, that they have been guilty of every ſin except murder; for it cannot be called murder to whip a Negro or two to death, or to ſhoot a poor *madman* upon Hounſlow-Heath. By the bye, this laſt action

was

was perfectly agreeable to the ſpirit of the ancient Welch, who thought according to * Dr. Robertſon, that madmen, ſtrangers, and lepers might be killed with impunity.

Another point, in which political and religious methodiſts entirely agree, is the abſurd doctrine of faith without works. They believe that they are the only men whoſe abilities and integrity are to ſave the nation, and yet I never heard of any one great or good action that they have atchieved: but what they want in works they make out in faith, for there is nothing ſo abſurd and impoſſible which they cannot *believe*. I ſhall mention a few inſtances in which their credulity is wonderful. Thus they *believe*, or at leaſt appear to do ſo, that the nation is ruined, ruined for ever, by the expulſion of Mr. Wilkes. They *believe* too that the whole kingdom is of the ſame opinion, tho' not a tenth part has thought a moment about it. They *believe* that they are the only fit perſons to conduct the affairs of the nation, and would fain have his Majeſty *believe* ſo too. For this purpoſe they have endeavoured, like Mahomet, to propagate their faith by terror, and to impoſe their viſions and reveries upon mankind by force and violence. I ſhall now juſt hint at a circumſtance or two, in which their faith has proved erroneous. Thus they *believed* that they ſhould be able to bully and intimidate the King to change his Miniſters. They *believed* that they ſhould be able to provoke his Miniſters by the moſt rude, indecent, and ſeditious ſpeeches, to commit ſome act of violence, which might exaſperate the people to inſurrection and madneſs. They *believed* that they ſhould have a majority in parliament, and that they ſhould enter into preſent pay and good quarters. All theſe articles of their belief have

* Vide Hiſtory of Charles the Fifth, Vol. I. page 328.

turned out to be visionary and baseless, and prove nothing but the strength of their faith, and the weakness of their understandings. I do not know how I can fill up this paper better than by presenting your readers with the political Creed of the whole party, which they may find glazed and framed at the London Tavern, with the King's Arms reversed at the head of it. It runs thus:

" I *believe* that Lord *Gawkee* is one of the " greatest orators, politicians, and patriots, that " this kingdom ever produced; and that his fac- " tious and turbulent behaviour, as it is falsely " called, is not owing to a discontented and am- " bitious mind, but to a reverential zeal for the " honour of the King, and a generous and disin- " terested love for the community.

" Item, I *believe* that his brother the *Gentle* " *Shepherd* has always had the same high opi- " nion of Lord *Gawkee*'s abilities and integrity, " even at times when they did not speak to each " other, and when his Lordship used to abuse " him as one of the dullest and most unprincipled " scoundrels upon earth.

" Item, I *believe* that the reversion of Lord " *Gawkee*'s estate has no influence upon the con- " duct of *the Gentle Shepherd*, nor *Harpax*'s money " the least weight with *Taycho*, or the *bald-pated* " *General.*

" Item, I *believe* that the *Gentle Shepherd* is " heartily sorry for his having employed Gene- " ral Warrants, persecuted John Wilkes, stamp- " ed upon the Americans, and extended the laws " of excise; and that he sincerely wishes the good " people of England and America would please " to take a nap in Trophonius's cave, and forget " his misdemeanors.

" Item, I *believe* that orator *Taycho* is not " crack-brained thro' passion, pride, and discon-

" tent, but perfectly cool, temperate, and ration-
" al; that all his ſpeeches exceed thoſe of Cicero
" and Demoſthenes, particularly in the *ſublimity*
" *of the ſubject*, which is conſtantly *himſelf*;

" Himſelf the Hero of each little Tale."

" Item, I *believe* that the ſaid *Taycho* is a con-
" jurer, and can make the Devil appear in the
" ſhape of Lord Bute at a minute's warning.

" Item, I *believe* that the *Marquis* of *Franca*
" *Villa* poſſeſſes every qualification of a conſum-
" mate ſtateſman, except oratory; which he may
" eaſily attain by purchaſing a good voice, a few
" ideas, of which he is wholly deſtitute at pre-
" ſent, and a competent collection of words, par-
" ticularly if he will throw away his handkerchief,
" and have the waiſtband of his breeches taken
" in.

" Item, I *believe* that *Old Slyboots* ought to be
" hanged for laughing at the preſent oppoſition,
" which conſiſts of the moſt reſpectable charac-
" ters in the kingdom."

This is the true patriot faith, which, unleſs a man believe ſtedfaſtly, he cannot be admitted to any of the dinners which are ſo often advertiſed in the Public Papers, nor become a member of the Bill of Rights, which, conſidering the illuſtrious perſons of which it conſiſts, is ſurely the greateſt honour that human nature can arrive at.

O. S.

To

To Lord NORTH.

My Lord,

IT is the remark of a very wiſe man, *Savile, Marquis of Halifax*, that there are few things ſo *criminal* as a *place*. Now, if this poſition be true, (and the pride, malevolence, envy, and diſcontent of mankind combine to confirm it) it follows, undeniably, that *the more eminent* the *place*, the *greater* is the *criminality*. How ought we then to condole with your lordſhip, who are placed, by the favour of your Sovereign, in the moſt exalted ſituation in the kingdom; and, conſequently, are looked upon as the greateſt criminal in it? That you begin already to be conſidered in this light, is plain, from thoſe cargoes of dirt and ſcurrility, with which the News-papers are conſtantly freighted; and you muſt expect, my Lord, that they will come laden, every day more and more, with this vile commodity. The wind of faction, and party malice, is ſure to *ſet in* ſtrong againſt the Miniſter; and calumny, falſhood, and miſrepreſentation, are the ſtaple articles which it brings in: it is as certain and regular as the *Trade Winds*, that follow the courſe of the ſun, and blow invariably againſt that climate, which he warms, and chears, with his influence. I am happy, however, to obſerve, that the accuſations, hitherto alledged againſt your Lordſhip, are too falſe and frivolous to deſerve any notice. The appointment of one of the propereſt men in the kingdom, to the office of a judge, and the return of a northern baronet to his duty in Parliament, (from which, it is well known, he abſented himſelf, out of picque to the late Premier) are ſuch abſurd, and groundleſs matters of complaint, that it would be an affront to common ſenſe to anſwer them. I ſincerely wiſh

every future charge againſt your Lordſhip may be equally fooliſh and frivolous: you will then continue to deride the impotent malice of the preſent deſperate Faction, let them hoot, and bark, as owls, and dogs do at the moon, with unmeaning clamour, and ceaſeleſs impertinence. Innocence, my Lord, is a magic circle, more ſafe and impregnable than any recorded in days of romance and incantation: whoever keeps within That, may defy the malice of his enemies:—Their fury cannot hurt him;—every ſhaft, which they aim at him, will fall ſhort of the mark; and, like the javelin, thrown by the nerveleſs arm of Priam,

---------- *Telum imbelle ſine Ictu*
Concidet.——

But at a criſis ſo big with difficulty and danger as the preſent, innocence is not the only requiſite: it may be ſufficient to juſtify a man to himſelf, and to conciliate the ſilent approbation of his own conſcience; but it will not command the applauſe of grateful citizens, without ſpirit, intrepidity, and firmneſs. When licentiouſneſs overleaps the bounds of the conſtitution, and inſolently attacks the peace of the King, and the province of the Legiſlature, it is high time, my Lord, to make a reſolute ſtand, or uproar and confuſion muſt be the certain, miſerable conſequence. The eyes of the whole nation are at preſent fixed upon your Lordſhip, in expectation how you will treat the late audacious inſult, which has been offered to the Throne, and the Houſe of Commons. Let me remind you, my Lord, that there is no one inſtance in hiſtory, where *Conceſſions*, extorted by fear, have quieted the ravenous cravings of Sedition; which will ſtill cry out, like the daughters of the horſeleach, GIVE, GIVE! But there are innumerable

ex-

examples to prove, that ſtates have been overturned, and princes ruined, by timid compliances with wayward and unruly Factions. Indeed the utmoſt that can be expected, from ſuch weak and undeciſive meaſures, is to poſtpone and to palliate: and where a wound is ulcerous, palliatives are ever dangerous to the conſtitution, as they only ſkin and film it over; while, as the poet ſays,

—Rank Corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen.——

No! the ſeveral *Sinuſes* muſt be laid open, and the *proud fleſh* removed, before a perfect cure can be effected.

In all popular tumults, THE MANY, who are eaſily caught by any thing, which carries the appearance of bravery and boldneſs, deſerve compaſſion: it is the movers and leaders only that merit puniſhment. Who theſe are in the preſent inſtance, every one knows: a merchant, who is more intereſted in the welfare of America than of England, a flaming Republican, a Zany, and a Madman, are the four puppets in the hand of the Lord M——, himſelf the *Archpuppet of* TAYCHO. All the reſt are little more than bare ſpectators called in to ſee the ſhew; who think it *very fine*, and ſet down their names to give credit to the ſhewman's bill. How muſt we bewail the relaxation of government, when a wretch, deſtitute of all principle of honour and integrity, whoſe very tone of voice proclaims the vulgarity of his ſoul, born to tyrannize over ſlaves, himſelf the ſervile ſlave of a diſcontented, factious, diſtempered lunatic, ſhall dare to inſult the throne, with menaces equally unmerited and audacious? I own I loſe my good humour, when I think upon the ſubject, and all the *ſplendid Bile* in my nature turns

turns black and acrid: I hope, however, to recover it; when your Lordſhip's wiſdom, ſpirit, and reſolution ſhall have baffled the villainous attempts of thoſe peſts of their country, who would involve the kingdom in the worſt of all calamities, the *Horrors of a civil War*. The preſent poſture of affairs is too ſerious, and alarming, to admit of ridicule: but I truſt I ſhall ſoon be enabled to laugh again at the oppoſition, whom I now execrate, and who deſerve the indignation and abhorrence of all honeſt men, and good citizens.

O. S.

I LOVE to do juſtice even to an enemy; and, amongſt the number of falſhoods and miſrepreſentations with which the *laſt Letter of Junius* abounds, I cannot help acknowledging, that there is much truth in the following remark of his, "*Injuries* may be atoned for, and forgiven; but *Inſults* admit of no compenſation." This is undoubtedly true upon the whole; but like all general rules, it admits of many exceptions. I ſhall beg leave to point out a few of theſe to your notice, which JUNIUS, I dare ſay, very well remembers, though he may chuſe, for private reaſons, that they ſhould be forgot by the public. The firſt, and moſt remarkable, is, the cordiality which ſubſiſts at preſent between *the three Brothers*, who are of principles more diametrically oppoſite than Peter, Jack, and Martin, in the Tale of a Tub, and I believe have quarrelled as often, and abuſed one-another as heartily. I do not like to repeat

repeat grievances, except when it is abſolutely neceſſary; and it is with reluctance that I recall to your readers minds all thoſe bitter, girding, ſatyrical expreſſions, which TAYCHO has ſo often thrown out in the Houſe of Commons againſt the GENTLE SHEPHERD; particularly on that memorable day, when he ſtood God-father, and chriſtened him in full ſenate, by that ridiculous appellation. It almoſt ſhocks my humanity to recollect every injurious epithet, which he has ſo liberally beſtowed upon him: how he has repreſented him as dull, heavy, plodding, prolix, muliſh, ſordid; with abilities too confined even for a common exciſeman; and a family-ſoul of the narroweſt and meaneſt caſt, which he was unable to enlarge a ſingle inch, in order to make it ſuit the bigger compaſs of a whole kingdom. Hence he ridiculed all his meaſures as little and contracted; ſpringing from a reſtrained and dirty frugality, and not from a ſpirit of *liberal Oeconomy*, which ought to influence the miniſter of a great, though exhauſted nation.

Nor has the GENTLE SHEPHERD met with leſs ſeverity from his brother GAWKEE, who has occaſionally treated him and TAYCHO with the utmoſt inſolence and acrimony imaginable. In ſhort, there are no three men in the kingdom, who have taken more pains to abuſe, inſult and vilify each other, than *the three Brothers*; notwithſtanding which they are now *boſom Friends*, and we may apply to them the remark that was made on the primitive Chriſtians; "Behold how theſe Patriots love one another!" All their ill-will, which aroſe from repeated inſults, ſeems to have gone off by *inſenſible tranſpiration*, and has left nothing behind but the pure eſſence of friendſhip and patriotiſm.

Another exception to the general rule, that inſults admit of no accommodation, is the apparent cordiality that ſubſiſts between TAYCHO, and the Mar-

Marquis of FRANCA VILLA. Who would have thought that the *proud Demagogue* would ever have forgiven the *Marquis* the inſult he put upon him in Groſvenor Square, when he would not admit him into his houſe, nor have the leaſt dealings or converſation with him? This was a kind of cavalier treatment which I could never have imagined the haughty ſtomach of TAYCHO would have digeſted: and yet we ſee

——— Quod Divûm promittere Nemo
Auderet, volvenda Dies en attulit ultro.

They are now ſuch boſom friends, that the MARQUIS cannot make a motion, but TAYCHO muſt hold him out: and if TAYCHO happens not to be there, the motion is deferred out of compliment to the diſcontented, and diſtempered Demagogue.

I might inſtance ſtill further the friendſhip which ſubſiſts between *Pratewell* and the *Gentle Shepherd*, as well as between *h m* and the *Marquis*; whoſe adminiſtration was employed in nothing elſe but unravelling the web which the former had woven. In ſhort, the preſent oppoſition challenges our higheſt reſpect and reverence, as it is built upon the ſame foundation with the Chriſtian religion, namely, Charity, and the forgiveneſs of Injuries. I am aware, indeed, of an objection, which ſome incredulous perſons have urged, that the apparent friendſhip between them is inſincere and hypocritical: that the injuries they have received ſtill rankle and feſter inwardly, and will break out the very firſt opportunity: that the union, which ſubſiſts between them, is of the ſame nature with that eſtabliſhed amongſt a number of banditti, who are ſure to quarrel when they come to divide the plunder. But this objection is falſe and futile:

for

for who can imagine that ſuch honourable men as they, are only united in the cauſe of Faction; that they lend their joint endeavours to intimidate and diſtreſs the King; to render the authority of parliament ſuſpected, and deſpicable; to ſpirit up the people to acts of violence and inſurrection, by letting looſe the Lord Mayor amonſt the mob, like a bull tied about with ſquibs and crackers;—Who, I ſay, can imagine that they are capable of ſuch horrid miſchief, merely with the view of driving the preſent Miniſters from the helm, and getting poſſeſſion of their places? If this be the ſole aim of their friendſhip, they are acting the part of the moſt unnatural parricides, in combining againſt their common mother; and their memories will certainly be execrated to the lateſt poſterity.

H.

To the CITIZENS OF LONDON.

Gentlemen,

WHOEVER conſiders the various advantages, comforts, and bleſſings which Trade brings along with it to every nation, but more particularly to a kingdom, circumſtanced as ours is at preſent, the very exiſtence of which as a ſtate depends upon the flouriſhing continuance of our manufactures and commerce; whoever, I ſay, conſiders this, with the ſmalleſt degree of attention, will look upon thoſe perſons, by whom the Trade of the nation is conducted in a truly reſpectable light. There is not an honeſt induſtrious me-

chanic, in the very loweſt branch of buſineſs; there is not a poor itinerant pedlar, who hawks about the meaneſt commodities, but in the eye of political wiſdom he is of more uſe to the community than the richeſt titled drone in the three kingdoms. For this reaſon I can never believe that any Miniſter, or any man of common ſenſe, could ſtigmatize the Citizens of this great and opulent metropolis, by the appellation of *the Scum of the Earth*; and it is with indignant concern that I hear the opprobrious words echoed to and fro by Faction, in hopes of inflaming your minds, and provoking you to acts of tumult and ſedition. If at an incautious moment of debate or reſentment, ſuch injurious words unwarily eſcaped, I will tell you, gentlemen, at whom they were levelled, and who the wretches are that deſerve the infamous diſtinction. It is not the ſober, induſtrious, orderly Citizen, who falls under the deſcription;—he is an ornament to the community of which he is a member; but the ſons of turbulence, of faction and diſorder, thoſe peſts of ſociety, who, to gratify their wayward paſſions, and gain their ſiniſter ends, would overturn the conſtitution of their country, and plunge us in the horrors of a civil war. Theſe are truly and properly ſpeaking *the Scum of the Earth*, let the ſacredneſs of their office, or the eminence of their rank be ever ſo conſpicuous; whether like *Wilſon*, *Gre n* and *Horne*, they preach ſedition from the pulpit, or bellow it out, like *Taycho* in the Houſe of Lords.

From men of theſe dangerous and deteſtable principles, and not from the ſober order of citizens, proceed all thoſe violent and tumultuous meaſures which threaten the ruin of the ſtate. It muſt be confeſſed indeed that a few of the latter, perſons of leſs underſtanding than integrity, have been inveigled by a diſplay of imaginary grievances to enliſt

liſt under the banner of ſedition. But the number of theſe is inconſiderable, both in point of property and conſequence, compared with thoſe truly reſpectable characters, who look upon the late violent proceedings with deteſtation and horror. And yet we find they are all indiſcriminately huddled together under the name of *Citizens*: and the Remonſtrance of a Factious Lord M—r, and two worthleſs Sheriffs, lifts up its bold front, and lies in the moſt ſhameleſs manner; being called the Remonſtrance of the *Lord Mayor*, ALDERMEN, *Common-council*, and *Livery of the City of London.*

It requires no great degree of penetration to find out the legitimate father of the Brat, which has been chriſtened by this honourable title. It was begot at Hayes by a factious, diſcontented, needy, deſperate, Miſcreant; who almoſt immediately upon its birth delivered it to be nurſed and dandled by the rabble. It was produced, as I am informed, like all the offſpring of this STATE CALIBAN, a very monſter, and was afterwards *licked* into its preſent form by the tongue of a diſcarded Chancellor. It is not however ſo far ſpoilt in the *licking* as not to betray its true father in every line and feature of its face, as well as in the frame and diſpoſition of its mind. We ſee the ſame ſhameleſs impudence in its countenance, the ſame diſregard for truth, the ſame raſhneſs of aſſertion, the ſame impatience of controul, the ſame impetuoſity of temper, for which the wretched father has been ever remarkable. What is to become of this hideous Brat is not I believe abſolutely determined: whether it is to be ſtrangled immediately, that it may not frighten children into fits, and make women miſcarry; or whether it is to be ſuffered to arrive at years of maturity, and to propagate its own ſhocking likeneſs in every part of the kingdom, I cannot pretend to deter-

mine. I wiſh ſincerely that it was left to me to decide its fate, it ſhould then be cut off without mercy as of too hideous an aſpect, and too cruel a nature to be ſuffered in civil ſociety: the diſtempered father ſhould be ſent to Bedlam, and confined from committing ſuch acts of brutality for the future; and all thoſe who have dandled the little monſter, and for private ends exhibited it to the public, ſhould be whipped at the cart's tail as impoſtors and vagabonds: I ſincerely think, and hope you, Gentlemen, are of the ſame opinion, that the Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs, with the City Remembrancer (who wanted to intrude into the cloſet, where he had not the leaſt ſhadow of right to enter) richly deſerve ſuch exemplary and ignominious puniſhment.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt humble Servant,

H.

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COULD a man entirely diveſt himſelf of all regard for his country, it would be matter of amuſement to him to obſerve the different effect which the approach of Mr. Wilkes's enlargement out of priſon has upon different people. The needy and the deſperate, who have nothing to fear, and every thing to hope for, from a civil commotion, wait with impatience for the happy moment, and expect that he will put himſelf at the head of the mob, as *Nicholas Rienzo* (a man of the ſame popular talents, and enterprizing ambition) did at Rome, and drive all the nobility out of the city, eſtabliſh a democratical form of govern-

ment, and cauſe himſelf to be elected tribune of the people. Others, who have made uſe of Mr. Wilkes merely as a puppet, and played him off occaſionally, to promote their own views of intereſt and ambition, are afraid when they get him home, that he will loſe all his entertaining qualities; and prove like Punch, which an honeſt Iriſhman purchaſed at a Puppet-ſhew for his wit and humour, a mere piece of lumber, *ficulnus, et inutile Lignum.* There are others, who are jealous and envious of his popularity, and are afraid that he will make too triumphant an entry into the city, on the ſhoulders of the greaſy rabble. Of this temper is TAYCHO, the very Quixot of modern politicians, who eyes him aſkance, with all the anxiety of a ſuſpicious rival, engaged in the ſame enterprize, and devoted to the ſame miſtreſs. All his ſpeeches breathe the genuine ſpirit of romantic daring, and prove what dangers and difficulties he is ready to undergo, to vindicate his claim to the obdurate fair one. The other day in a large aſſembly he flung down his gauntlet, and thus in the true language of romance, proclaimed the praiſes of his miſtreſs, and his own attachment and loyalty to her:

" I DON TAYCHO FURIOSO DEL PYNSENTO, " am ready to maintain againſt all oppoſers, that " POPULARITY, of whom I profeſs myſelf the " true and faithful knight, is the only idol wor- " thy to be adored; for whoſe ſake I am ready " to revile the King, inſult the legiſlature, ſpirit " up the people to rebellion, and ſtrike the dag- " ger to the heart of my mother country: for her " ſake too I will encounter more perils than John " Wilkes, or any other valorous knight has hi- " therto done. I ſhall glory to have my ears nail- " ed to the pillory, to be ſhut up in an enchanted " caſtle, or to have my head ſevered from my bo-

" dy:

" dy: I ſhall"——here his brother GAWKEE pull-ed him down, and ſo put an end to a ſpeech which filled the whole houſe with aſtoniſhment and indignation. Some perſons thought him ſtark-ſtaring mad, fitter for a ſtraight waiſtcoat and a dark room, than the illuſtrious aſſemby, which he inſulted with his wild, ſeditious, declamatory non-ſenſe. Others were of opinion that pride, paſſion, and poverty, had driven him to deſperation; and that he was reſolved to puſh matters to the laſt extremity, in hopes of repairing his ſhattered fi-nances. There is undoubtedly much truth in this conjecture, and it accounts in ſome meaſure for his conduct, which muſt otherwiſe appear as ab-ſurd and prepoſterous, as it is confeſſedly baſe and wicked. He has no means of forcing himſelf into office, but by raiſing a popular cry in his favour, which cannot be done any way ſo certainly as by following the direction of the Roman ſatiriſt, *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum.*

Accordingly we hear him maintaining doctrines of the moſt dangerous nature to ſociety, and de-ſtructive of all order and government, in hopes of provoking the miniſtry to ſend him to priſon. He ſeems to court *Perſecution* with as much zeal as Jack *in the Tale of a Tub*, who ran up and down beſeeching every perſon he met to treat him ill; *pray, good Chriſtians, tweak me by the noſe---for God's ſake lay a comfortable thwack upon theſe poor ſhoulders*—and when he had thus got himſelf ſound-ly beaten, away he ran to his party, ſniveling and complaining what he was *forced* to endure for the *good of the cauſe.*——

It is impoſſible for the ingenuity of the devil himſelf to contrive any thing more diſtreſſing to adminiſtration than this unfair and iniquitous be-haviour of TAYCHO. If they reſent the inſolence

and

and acrimony of his language, which borders upon treaſon itſelf, and ſend him to the Tower, it is the very thing in the world that he wiſhes: he has no other way of tripping up Wilkes's heels, and outſtripping him in the favour of the mob. May I add too, that he has no other chance of getting his debts paid, and of being once more in an eaſy and comfortable ſituation? – On the other hand, if they take no notice of his factious and turbulent humour, it will encourage him to proceed from bad to worſe; and like a hardened malefactor, who has been unexpectedly reprieved from the gallows, he will become more eager to commit the ſame, and perhaps greater enormities. In ſhort, I look upon TAYCHO in the ſame light with a deſperate gameſter, who has loſt every ſhilling he was worth in the world; and with a raſhneſs, unknown to the moſt barbarous nations, who only *ſ t* their wives and children, he is ready to *ſtake his very ſkin*, and to *ſet his head and four quarters to the hangman*, if he ſhould happen to *throw out* once more.

O. S.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite.

POPE.

MY couſin, *Triſtram Shandy*, intended, if he had lived, to have obliged the world with a treatiſe upon kiſſing, in four books; allotting a book to each kind of kiſs, which he comprized under the following heads: the kiſs of love, the kiſs of friendſhip, the kiſs of charity, and the kiſs of

of reconciliation. The loſs which the public has met with, in the death of that facetious clerk, who, by all accounts, was a *perfect maſter* of his *ſubject*, is ſo much the more to be lamented, as I am unable to repair it, having very little or no turn *that way*; indeed, the TURNIP-HOER himſelf cannot care much leſs for kiſſing than I do. However, to make a little amends, I ſhall beg leave to mention a kind of kiſs, which *Triſtram Shandy* has omitted; perhaps, becauſe he had too good an opinion of mankind, to ſuppoſe that it was ever practiſed *now-a-days*. The KISS I mean is of a very ancient date, having been invented about Seventeen Hundred and Seventy years ago, by one JUDAS, a man of notable memory: ſince which time it has ſeldom been made uſe of till the other day, when it was performed in public by the *Lord Mayor*, *two Sheriffs*, *two Aldermen*, *and ſeveral of the Common Council*, *and Livery of the City of London*. But to underſtand the nature of this kiſs thoroughly, it is neceſſary to enter a little into the *hiſtory* of JUDAS, as we find it written in an obſolete book, called the Bible:—— A book which has long been expelled the cabinets of the learned and ingenious, and is ſcarce ever read, except by a few muſty old gentlemen in black; who, for the moſt part, mumble it out in a ſtrange ſlovenly manner, as if they neither underſtood it themſelves, nor wiſhed that it ſhould be underſtood by any one elſe.

We do not find in this book any mention made of the parentage and education of JUDAS: but it appears, from the concurrent teſtimony of various * hiſtorians, that he was not a native of Judæa, but born in one of thoſe iſlands, which were appointed for the reception of exiled criminals.

* *Theophylact*, *Jerom*, *Polycarp*, *Irenæus*, *Athenagoras*, *Joſephus*, &c. &c.

His

His mother moſt probably was tranſported thither for theft, and his father for murder, or treaſon; as the ſon was ſtrongly tinctured with theſe vices. It is generally agreed, that he was extremely *ignorant and illiterate*, as well as addicted to cruelty and luſt; having whipt two ſlaves to death, and living for many years in a courſe of notorious adultery. As to his perſon, if I may be allowed to conjecture, from a print of him in my family-bible, he was tall, raw-boned, and ghaunt, of a pale ſallow complexion, with a moſt diabolical look with his eyes, that denoted a ſoul capable of nothing but *treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils.*

This fellow JUDAS was employed as a *tool* by a factious, turbulent intereſted party, to betray his maſter; which he did, under the maſk of friendſhip, with a *kiſs:* ſince which time, all thoſe who have made a ſhew of kindneſs and eſteem, while malice rankled in the heart, have been called by the name of this arch-traitor; and their fawning and ſlavering has been compared to Judas's kiſs, HAIL, MASTER! Never, I believe, was this kiſs of diſſimulation practiſed with greater effrontery than by the late junto, who preſented the City Remonſtrance. Amazing, that a ſet of men, who were going to inſult the throne with one of the falſeſt and moſt ſeditious libels that ever ſprang from the brain of diſcontented ambition, ſhould requeſt the honour of kiſſing his majeſty's hand, as a mark of the affection and duty of loyal ſubjects! The only perſon amongſt them, of the leaſt modeſty, was the City Serjeant, who was ſo exceedingly ſhocked at the inſolence and ſcurrility of the paper, which he was required to read, that he turned pale, his knees trembled, his hands were palſied, his tongue ſtammered, and he was unable to go through with it. Indeed, the poor devil looked very piteouſly, as if he fully expected

to be hanged; and if the authors and promoters of ſo inſolent and ſeditious a meaſure, do not meet with condign puniſhment, it will be leſs owing to a *defect* of demerit in themſelves, than to an *exceſs* of mercy in the King.

It is the cuſtom of our popular writers to cry up the *reign of Queen Elizabeth*, as the very æra when Britiſh liberty flouriſhed in full ſtrength and vigour. This partiality is owing to the praiſes beſtowed upon that illuſtrious Princeſs, by *Mr. Wilkes*, in his introduction to the Hiſtory of England: *he ſets* the pſalm, and all his party ſing *after him*; or rather, they creep into his mouth, as young ſnakes are ſaid to do into the old ones, and he defends them with all the oratory of which he is maſter. I would recommend it, however, both to him and them, before they have exhauſted all their adulation, juſt to turn to *Rymer's Foedera*, where they will find a letter from Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Thomas Wyllford, Knight, appointing him her Provoſt Marſhal, and giving him authority to execute *Martial Law* upon ſeditious and incorrigible offenders (with which it ſeems the City of London at that time abounded) and to hang them up, without any formal trial, upon the gallows and gibbet openly. I would not puzzle our ignorant and illiterate Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, by ſending them to ſeek a *ſmall letter* in a work of *Twenty Folio Volumes*, which is like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; but inform them, that they will meet with it in the 279th page of the ſixteenth volume. At the ſame time, I am too warm an advocate for Liberty (tho' I abhor the ſpirit of Licentiouſneſs) to mean, in the moſt diſtant manner, to recommend this precedent to the imitation of our preſent moſt gracious, mild, and benevolent Sovereign.

O. S.

The

The following Letter is publiſhed as a Proof of the Genius, Moderation, Wit, and Humour of the Writers in Oppoſition.

Crimine ab uno diſce omnes.

OF all the abandoned crew of miniſterial hirelings, who live by the pilfered wages of proſtitution, the ſaucieſt and moſt impudent varlet is the Scotch *Hortenſius*. The rancour and virulence of his abuſe againſt Lord Ch—t—m, is to be equalled by nothing but the inſolence of his condeſcenſion and courtſhip to the city in the ſame nauſeous letter. As if a fellow, who in all probability is by birth no better than the loweſt tradeſmen he addreſſes, and by being a hireling ſcribbler is infinitely beneath him, could ſuppoſe the citizens of London would be flattered by ſuch a driveling, fulſome panegyric. *Hortenſius*, who is the ſcum even of corruption, ſteps in with a pert and ridiculous air of conſequence, to wipe off the appellation of ſcum from that great, opulent, and honourable city. A cobler, drunk with porter, would ſneer at the folly and impudence of ſuch a ſycophant. Yet, my fellow-citizes, don't be vain upon this condeſcenſion: *Hortenſius* tells you, he only means to give his countenance and praiſe to the court party, and leave the reſt, ſcum, as he found them. A pleaſant ſort of a fellow this! I ſuppoſe one of that ſtiff, phlegmatic figures we ſee about this town ſmiling as in ſcorn, whom Lord Ch——m ſcraped up the laſt war in the Highlands, and put into fine coats. I ſuſpect this from the gratitude he ſhews to that great patron of Scotch merit, whom his vulgar countryman Smollet, without wit, humour, ſenſe, or good-manners, has new-chriſtened by the name of Taycho. I ſhould eaſily gueſs he had been

much their friend on ſome former occaſion, by the load of dirt and abuſe they now throw at him from every quarter. They flattered themſelves age and the gout had quite broken and ſubdued that noble ſpirit, which ſlaves of every country hate as much as they fear. But now they ſee him riſing out of his flannels, as it were from the dead, to oppoſe the career of arbitrary power, and fight the battles of Liberty and the people; how great their diſappointment is, and their chagrin at this alarming event, let the language of *Hortenſius* declare, who does not ſcruple to call this great man, whom all Europe reveres, a Miſcreant. Such is the aſtoniſhing inſolence of a beggarly tool, and infamous pandar to knaves in office. It is to he hoped, that nothing but the concealment under which this preſumptuous writer lies preſerves him from exemplary puniſhment. Could he and all the other envenomed champions of arbitrary power be found, they would be treated juſtly, if the injured and indignant Public would ſend them over Tweed with halters about their necks, or plunge them headlong from a precipice, as they are labouring to do by the laws and freedom of this country. Another of theſe poiſonous incendiaries, called *Curio*, in a fine gaſconade, ſings a kind of te deum over vanquiſhed Liberty, and hails the approach of Deſpotiſm in much ſuch a ſtile and manner as that which the white-livered loon *Modeſtus* formerly ſung upon his victory over *Junius*; and I make no doubt but it proceeds from the ſame ridiculous quarter. But fair and ſoftly, worthy gentlemen, I beſeech you. You are not yet out of the wood, and may find your ſhins curſedly ſcratched by brambles. There are alſo in your way ſome Hearts of Oak, who may chance to make as free with your ſconces. I think ſome of you very likely to ſwing at your own garret-

ret-doors, and others at a more public place, which is a fate that every honeſt Engliſhman ſincerely and devoutly wiſhes may be the portion of you all, and I ſay Amen.

Your old friend,

OLD NOLL.

THOUGH I look upon altercation, whether between two fiſhwomen, who ſcold for themſelves, or two political writers, who ſcold for others, to be exceedingly vain, and unprofitable, (particularly if it conſiſt of nothing but hard names, and hard epithets, ſuch as 'Abandoned Hireling, Saucieſt and moſt Impudent Varlet, Scum of Corruption, Beggarly Tool, Infamous Pandar, Invenomed Champion, Poiſonous Incendiary, White-liver'd Loon,' and many others, which you will meet with in the letter of your correſpondent, OLD NOLL) yet, when any thing happens to drop, in the unguarded vehemence of abuſe, which either betrays the principles of the Party, or affords me a ſubject to enlarge upon, I ſhall not fail to dignify the writer with my notice. It is upon both theſe accounts that I requeſt a corner in your paper, for a few remarks upon the abovementioned letter of *Old Noll*, which appeared in your Advertiſer of the 20th of this month.

I ſhall not retort any of his ſcurrilities, as I think one fact, or one argument is worth all the hard names in the Scoundrel's Dictionary, which he ſeems to have at his fingers ends. A few other particulars,

particulars, however, in his letter, ſeem to be deſerving of notice, as they are rather of an extraordinary nature. Who can help ſmiling at the exultation with which he mentions Lord C—— m's 'riſing out of his flannels, as it were, from the 'dead?' For my own part, I never looked upon that quondam Patriot to be *ipſo facto* dead; but only dead to ſhame, dead to honour, dead to juſtice, and dead to all regard for his country. As to any other kind of death, Mr. Wilkes tells us expreſly in his letter, that 'he is ſaid to be ſtill alive at 'Hayes in Kent;' and I am perſuaded, that while he *is* alive, he will employ the wretched dregs of a wretched life in fomenting diſcord and ſedition, in turbulence, faction, and every evil work. He has cajoled his friend *Pratewell*, to throw up the ſeals, under a vain boaſting pretence, that he would be called upon to form a new adminiſtration: the diſappointment of his hopes, and the ſteadineſs with which the King ſupports his miniſters, have driven him to a degree of violence, bordering upon diſtraction itſelf; and I ſhall not be at all ſurpriſed, ſhould the whirlwind of paſſion continue much longer, and toſs his reaſon to and fro as it does at preſent, if he was to lay violent hands upon himſelf, and fall a martyr to pride, diſcontent, and diſappointed ambition.——

I heartily deſpiſe the menaces which *Old Noll* throws out againſt myſelf, and other writers, in favour of government. Though he is a profeſſed adherent of the party, who call themſelves *the Friends of Liberty*, he will not allow me the privilege to differ from him in opinion, but with the zeal of a perſecuting bigot, calls out for fire and faggot, and would have me burnt as a Heretic. Is this Liberty? Is this following the Chriſtian doctrine, of doing to others, what he would wiſh they ſhould do to him? He ſays nothing but the con-

cealment under which the miniſterial writers lie hid, preſerves them from the rage of the indignant Public, who would otherwiſe hang them out of hand, or plunge them down a precipice without mercy. God be thanked, our populace are more humane in their nature, than this writer, and his blood-thirſty friends; to whom I ſhall reply, in the words of a celebrated Athenian, who being told by a pragmatical orator, that whenever the people were in a *rage*, they would tear him to pieces: yes, ſaid he, and they will do the ſame to you, whenever they are in their *Wits*. I would not have *Old Noll* imagine, that I wiſh the people ſo far to recover the uſe of their ſenſes, as to exert them in puniſhing him, and his party, in this violent manner: no---I wiſh only for the peace and proſperity of my country, and would have them live to repent of the injuries which they are every day doing to ſociety. I own their principles ſhock my very nature, and are enough to put humanity in its rudeſt and moſt barbarous ſtate to the bluſh. Good God! what a deluge of blood will overwhelm this wretched nation, ſhould the mercileſs Faction, which is now ſtruggling for maſterſhip, prevail! Can we expect that, in the inſolence of triumph, they will give any quarter, or ſpare either helpleſs infancy or decrepid old age; when in cool blood, their writers talk of hanging up, at their very doors, thoſe who are honeſt and bold enough to expreſs their abhorrence of that evil ſpirit of ſedition, which is gone forth, and troubles the land? But I truſt, that over-ruling Providence, which ſilences the raging of the ſea, and ſays, here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtaid, will reſtrain the madneſs of the people, and reduce a world of order and harmony, from the preſent Chaos of diſcord and confuſion.

H.

I Obſerved in the laſt Amſterdam gazette, a copy of a circular letter, or order, from the Grand Seignior, to appoint a ſolemnity, in which a very extraordinary proceſſion is to be introduced; plainly calculated to amuſe the people, who are diſpirited by the late frequent victories of the Ruſſians, and to fill them with hopes, that the next campaign will be attended with better ſucceſs.

Our very worthy Lord Mayor has evidently copied the plan of *his brother Muſtapha*, in a late proceſſion through this metropolis, appointed, undoubtedly for the ſame reaſons which induced the Grand Turk to iſſue out his orders, namely, to keep up the ſpirits of a deſponding party, and animate them with hopes of ſucceeding better in the next parliamentary campaign, than they have done in the preſent. I muſt confeſs, however, out of juſtice to our Chief Magiſtrate, that he has adopted very few of the Turkiſh cruelties into his proceſſion; and inſtead of commanding his Liverymen to cut the throat of a Jew, and kill an aſs, at every fifth of a mile, (which are part of the Grand Seignior's orders) he contents himſelf with the innocent ſacrifice of geeſe, turkies, and pigs, and the harmleſs deſtruction of David Barclay's glaſs-windows.

By ſome unexpected accidents, particularly a real or fictitious fit of the gout, which ſeized one of the principal performers, many parts of the ceremony could not be executed, as originally intended. But I have had the good fortune to procure a copy of the inſtructions, as they were at firſt iſſued out, and ſend them to you, together with the Turkiſh orders, to be inſerted in oppoſite columns againſt each other; which will prove, that though copied from that noble original, the barbarity and lamentations are in a great meaſure omitted in this Chriſtian

an country; rioting and drunkenneſs are happily ſubſtituted inſtead of faſting and abſtinence; and nothing is aimed at but a *jolly and bloodleſs* SUBVERSION OF THE GOVERNMENT. The paper is too long to be inſerted all at once; I ſhall, therefore, ſend you the preamble only of each of the orders at preſent, and reſerve the ſeveral articles to ſome future opportunity.

O. S.

MUSTAPHA, Sultan of *the Eaſt and Weſt*, Maſter of all the Grand Seigniors, and Deſcendant of the great prophet *Mahomet*.

The Grand Seignior of the Muſſulmans having found that the Divine Being has ſtretched his arm in wrath over his ſubjects, and his empire, (inſomuch that the Chriſtians, our enemies, who have ſo often been vanquiſhed both by land and ſea, and ſpoiled of their poſſeſſions, are permitted to afflict and weaken us; which moſt probably has happened only through the too great confidence of the Muſſulmans in their own forces) *enjoins and orders*, to appeaſe the wrath of

SUGAR-CANE, Mayor, Emperor over ſome Negroes in the Weſt-Indies, Maſter of all the Blackguards in this great metropolis, and Deſcendant of a Scotch Drummer and a Camp Trull.

The Grand-Maſter of the factious and levelling Sons of Liberty, having found that the common cauſe is declining daily, (inſomuch that the Miniſters, our enemies, who have ſo often been baited, both within doors and without, are permitted to hold their places, and have reduced our numbers from 188 to 94, which probably has happened through the too great confidence of the Oppoſition in their own forces) *enjoins and orders*, to impoſe on the multitude, and gratify

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the Divine Being, and the indignation of his prophet Mahomet, that on Friday, and at every new-moon of the 5th, 6th, and 7th month, every one ſhall abſtain, in the moſt rigorous manner from eating and drinking, till the ſtars ſhall ſhew themſelves in the firmament. The Mufti, and all other eccleſiaſtics, ſhall be dreſſed that day as penitents, with ropes about their waiſts, their eyes fixed on the ground, their beards uncombed, and uttering melancholy ſounds. They ſhall pronounce in the public ſquares, and in the moſques, the plaintive ſong, *Open the doors of mercy!*

In the iſle of Mecca, the ſepulchral urn of Mahomet ſhall be publickly carried on a ſilver

the turbulence and ambition of our leader *Taycho* the Great, that on Thurſday the 22d inſt. on the 18th of April, and other days of public feſtival, every one ſhall feaſt in the moſt luxurious manner, at the *Faction houſe*, and ſhall remain drinking ſeditious healths, as long as the ſtars ſhall ſhew themſelves in the firmament. Thoſe worthy Eccleſiaſticks, *Wilſon*, *Green*, and *Horne*, ſhall be dreſſed that day in lay-habits; one of them with a rope about his neck, partly as a mark of his having eſcaped at the Old-Bailey, and partly as a caution to his comrades to beware in time, leſt they ſhould not be ſo fortunate; and ſhall cry out inceſſantly, in all the great ſtreets, and before the gates of the churches, "Damnation to the Miniſtry, and confuſion to all decency and order."

In the *Faction-houſe*, before dinner, the *Remonſtrance* of the Livery ſhall be publicly read by the

ſtand, perfumed and filled with the bones of his ſervants and ſpies, who have been killed in battle, in order to move the prophet by *ſo great a loſs*, and engage him to appeaſe the anger of the Almighty. This ſhall be done at the three ſtated times of penitence; and the urn ſhall be expoſed in all the principal ſtreets, and in the country.

Then all the inhabitants, and the pilgrims of the moſques, and alſo all the trading companies, ſhall march ſix times round the urn, and with tears in their eyes ſhall ſing the *Song of Calamity*. There ſhall be no ſound of any inſtrument with ſtrings, no flute, nor any vocal muſic, but loud ſounds of complaint and lamentation.

the Common Serjeant, if he has yet recovered his fright; and pictures of the ghoſts of Allen and Clarke, who have been killed in our cauſe, ſhall be hung out of the windows, to move the people, by the remembrance of *ſo great a loſs*, to acts of violence and murder. This ſhall be done at all our feſtivals this year; and the *Remonſtrance* ſhall be carried by the two Sheriffs, to be copied and ſigned in the county of Middleſex.

Then all the members of Oppoſition in the two Houſes, our three *worthy* Divines, as alſo the Common council, ſhall drink twelve factious and republican toaſts, and join in the general chorus, when the Song of Sedition is ſung, which ſhall be accompanied by the beſt band of muſic that the metropolis can afford.

IN my laſt letter, I tranſlated from the Amſterdam Gazzette, part of the orders of MUSTAPHA, *Grand Seignior of the Muſſulmans*, for a public ſolemnity, to be obſerved in all the provinces of his empire, and at the ſame time preſented you with part of the orders of SUGARCANE, *Grand Maſter of all the Black-guards*, for a like ſolemnity to be obſerved in this metropolis. I ſhall now proceed to lay before you the remainder of the Sultan's circular letter, in which he appoints, and regulates a *public proceſſion*; together with SUGARCANE's Imitation of it, as it was intended to have been performed on Thurſday the twenty-ſecond inſtant. They both go on thus:

On the laſt day of the ſolemnity, there ſhall be a grand and general proceſſion, for a circuit of 25 miles, in the following order:

1ſt. Six Hundred perſons with cords about them, cloathed in bloody habits, bare-foot, and bare-headed, ſhall carry an urn filled with the bones of dead men, with broken ſcimiters and pikes, with bows un-

On the firſt day of our feſtival, there ſhall be a general proceſſion of all our adherents, from the gate of George's Palace (for the greater dignity of the inſult) through the principal ſtreets of our City, for the ſpace of two miles, in the following order:

1ſt. Six hundred of our blackguards, with cords round their waiſts (ready to hang up *Hortenſius*, *Creon*, *Modeſtus*, *Old Slyboots*, or any other writers in favour of government, whom they may happen to lay hold of

ſtrung, and unfledged arrows.

2dly. Three hundred Muſſelmans, in veſtments, defiled with blood and aſhes, ſhall follow, weeping, and ſending forth loud lamentations, and at the ſame time beating and ſtriking themſelves ſeverely.

3dly. Six hundred other men, their bodies naked from the head to the waiſt, ſhall beat their ſhoulders and breaſts with branches of thorns, 'till the blood runs in ſtreams to the ground, without being allowed to ſtaunch their wounds.

4thly. The urn of the Prophet ſhall be borne by thirty ſpahis, *without any thing on their heads*; and they ſhall be ſurrounded by thirty of) with ragged cloaths, without ſhoes, ſtockings, or hats, having broomſticks and bludgeons in their hands, ſhall clear the way, crying, no King! no Parliament! no Laws! *Wilkes*, *Taycho*, and *Sugarcane* for ever!

2dly. Three hundred creditors of Wilkes ſhall follow, weeping, and ſending forth loud lamentations, ready to beat out their brains, for having been ſuch fools as to accept of a compoſition of ſix ſhillings in the pound.

3dly. Six hundred poor freeholders of Middleſex, their bodies almoſt naked for want of cloaths, with blue cockades in their hats, ſhall kick againſt the pricks, 'till their blood boils with fury, without being allowed to force their favourite Member upon the Houſe.

4thly. The Remonſtrance of the Livery ſhall be borne upon a crimſon cuſhion, by thirty men with *nothing in their heads*, dreſt in blue gowns

pachas, with naked ſcimeters, to put every one to immediate death who ſhall dare to look with an irreverent eye upon the urn of the Prophet; and ſhall caſt their bodies immediately to be food for the dogs.

5thly. At every fifth part of a mile they ſhall cut the throat of a Jew, and kill an aſs; conſequently in the whole 125 Jews, and as many aſſes; all which ſhall be left in the road weltering in their blood.

6thly. Thirty Baſhaws of the empire ſhall march, without their purple robes, with black turbans on their heads, beſmeared with the blood of the Jews: they ſhall wear no ſcimeters, and but carry a horſewhip, which they ſhall drag along on the ground to raiſe the duſt.

gowns like Liverymen, tho' they are not of the Livery; and they ſhall be ſurrounded by thirty Clare-market butchers, with naked cleavers, to knock every one on the head who ſhall dare to look upon the Remonſtrance with an irreverend eye; and ſhall leave their bodies to be run over by the carts, coaches and chariots in the proceſſion.

5thly. At every fifth part of a hundred yards they ſhall ſtop to break windows, and knock down thoſe ſilly aſſes who preſume to remonſtrate with them upon ſuch indecent behaviour, or refuſe to join in the cry of *Wilkes, Liberty, and no Button-maker.*

6thly. Thirty-five Members of the upper Houſe, without their ſcarlet robes, ſhall march to the Faction Houſe, and endeavour to raiſe ſuch a duſt, by drinking ſeditious and republican healths, as may very likely ſmother the conſtitution, and choke themſelves.

7thly.

7thly. Theſe ſhall be followed by 300 Janiſſaries without ſwords, and only armed with clubs, which they ſhall drag behind them: every lamentation ſhall be made in a confuſed tone in theſe words, 'O God, 'my defence and my 'pardon.'

8thly. The Viſir with a blue turban, marked with blood, riding on a lame aſs, ſhall ſtrike his head with a reed, and deplore the fate of the unfortunate, crying out 'O Lord, pardon my 'ingratitude!'

9thly. Then ſhall follow a cheſt full of gold coin, to be diſtributed to the poor; but no one ſhall dare to pick up the money till the proceſſion is ended; the cheſt to be guarded by two Baſhaws, who ſhall order inſtant death to be inflicted on any one, who ſhall preſume to ſtoop for a

7thly. Theſe ſhall be followed by 94 Members of the Lower Houſe, without places, and armed with no arguments to defend their cauſe, except Club Law, ſcurrility, and invective: they ſhall make ſad lamentation, in a confuſed tone, and to this purpoſe: 'O George, turn 'out thy preſent mini-'ſtry; pardon our offen-'ces; and give us their 'employments.'

8thly. A Peer of high rank, with a blue ribband, in a chariot drawn by two lame pye-bald horſes, ſhall cry out, 'O George, I have got 'every thing my heart 'could wiſh, and now 'glory in my ingrati-'tude.'

9thly. Then ſhall follow a cheſt containing the Carolina bounty money, to be diſtributed among the populace, who lead and cloſe the proceſſion; but none ſhall dare to demand his wages till the ceremony is ended, and he has proved that our Orders have been fully executed, in knocking down

ſequin, that may happen to fall at his feet during the time of the ſolemnity.

10thly. The proceſſion ſhall be cloſed by an innumerable croud of people, among whom there ſhall be an hundred penitents, or hermits, who ſhall cut their arms and breaſts with knives, till their blood flows upon the earth; in order thereby to calm the anger of God and his prophet Mahomet: they ſhall alſo cry out at every fifth part of a mile, I call upon God in my

down our adverſaries, and breaking the windows of all unbelievers; particularly the Quakers, who love quiet and good order in defiance of our will and pleaſure, and the preſent uſage of the city: the cheſt ſhall be guarded by our two principal favourites, TAYCHO the GREAT, and the DELUDED GENERAL in a chariot driven by the noted *Harpax*, with the key of a priſon in one pocket, and a bag of money in the other, the following label coming out of his mouth, *They needs muſt go, the Devil drives.*

10thly. The proceſſion ſhall be cloſed by an innumerable croud of people, amongſt whom there ſhall be an hundred penitents, who are heartily ſorry for the part which they have taken, and cut and ſtab themſelves with the reflection, that they ſhall not eaſily calm the indignation of George, and the reſentment of his miniſters. They ſhall alſo cry out at every corner

of

distreſs that he may give me ſtrength againſt my enemies.

of a ſtreet, call upon the king in my diſtreſs, that he would give me one of the places of mine enemies.

Such were the orders for the Turkiſh proceſſion, and for that lately made in this metropolis. Whether of them was moſt agreeable to good ſenſe, decency and order, I leave your readers to judge.

O. S.

THERE is no propoſition more undeniably true than one, which has been much bandied about, that Theatrical Repreſentations have a ſtrong influence upon the taſte and manners of the Age: that they entirely regulate the temper of the preſent times, muſt appear to every one who can endure the fatigue of thinking for a ſingle moment. Ever ſince Mr. Garrick introduced the Jubilee upon the ſtage, and by a kind of enchantment peculiar to himſelf, carried the town of Stratford upon Avon into Drury-Lane Theatre, the people have been Pageant-mad:—nothing will go down but ſhews and ſpectacles:—we have have had proceſſion after proceſſion: and the rage for ſeeing is ſo violent and univerſal, that one would think the luſt of the eye had ſwallowed up all the other ſenſes. I ſhall not moralize, like a Philoſopher, upon the ſubject, nor prove to you, that this predominant paſſion, which, during the laſt Winter, has inclined the people to *pay ſo much for peeping*, is a certain mark of an indolent and diſſipated

mind, that is impatient of the leaſt fatigue, and flies for relief from itſelf to any appearance of amuſement, however light, trifling, and fantaſtical. Such diſquiſitions as theſe are too refined and ſerious for a common News-paper: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with acquainting your readers with a * *peculiar ſtroke of humour in a monkey*, which was one of the ſevereſt ſarcaſms imaginable upon thoſe perſons who are ſo fond of ſeeing ſights. This extraordinary animal is the property of the famous *Optician in Pall-Mall*, who purchaſed him originally by way of a *family-harlequin*, for his tricks of activity, that he might tumble away thoſe fits of ſpleen and diſcontent, to which he is unhappily ſubject: but finding him to be a *Monkey of parts*, he has ſince advanced him to be *private Secretary* to himſelf, and the *Gentle Shepherd*; and I am informed ſhould thoſe two Worthies come again into Adminiſtration, Pug is to be promoted to a very conſiderable Poſt in the Government. Some perſons, who are well acquainted with Pug's prudence and ſagacity, are of opinion, that he will not accept of any oſtenſible place under ſuch a ſet of bunglers; as in all probability the labouring oar will lie upon him, and beſides he will be accountable for all their blunders and miſcarriages. But I muſt beg leave to think otherwiſe; for I can never ſuppoſe that Pug will ſubmit to retire quietly upon a penſion, when I ſee how wretchedly diſcontented our preſent penſioners, *Chatham and Camden*, are in their ſituation, and that they are endeavouring to move Heaven and Earth to get into office. Perhaps Pug may have more conſcience and honour, than to diſturb the peace of ſociety for his own private advantage: however, as this point is highly problematical, I ſhall leave it in doubt, and return to my ſtory, upon the truth of

* This is a real fact, as many people are able to teſtify.

which your readers may depend, as it was told me by a perſon who was an eye-witneſs.

Laſt Thurſday ſe'nnight the curioſity of the people was ſo great to ſee the triumph and proceſſion of Faction, from the Palace gates to the Manſion-houſe, that the windows in the ſtreets through which it was to paſs, were crouded with ſpectators. At the Optician's houſe in Pall-Mall, an illuſtrious Princeſs, and others, were gazing out of the windows above ſtairs, and the ſervants gaping out below: but as the proceſſion paſſed by, the latter left the houſe and went into the ſtreet, to be nearer the ſhew: upon which the honeſt Monkey being left to himſelf, and aſhamed to ſee ſo many noble and ignoble ſimpletons, went very deliberately, and *put to the window-ſhuts*, as if he thought the proceſſion too abſurd and contemptible, to be worth looking at. As he is a native of Jamaica, ſome perſons think he did it out of private pique to his Countryman the Lord Mayor: others are of opinion, that it was meant as a general reprimand to the ſpectators, for their idle and inquiſitive curioſity; however this may be, the Monkey has given great offence to the *Supporters of the Bill of Rights*, who have voted his behaviour highly improper, unconſtitutional, and indecent; in conſequence whereof, there are at this time actually preparing an humble Addreſs, Petition, and Remonſtrance to *Lord Gawkee*, that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him from his *preſence* and *councils* for ever. Mr. *Charles Turner* has offered voluntarily to carry up the Remonſtrance, by way of ſhewing, that not the greateſt family-likeneſs, nor the ſtrongeſt preſumption of conſanguinity ſhall protect any one from due puniſhment, who ſhall preſume to offer the ſlighteſt indignity to the wiſe, loyal, and orderly Livery of London in Common-Halaſſembled. *Lord Gawkee* has been waited upon to know when he would chuſe the Remon-

ſtrance to be preſented, but as the caſe is entirely new and unprecedented, he has taken time to conſider of it. It is generally believed, that he has a ſneaking kindneſs for the Monkey, and will not allow them to preſent it at all: for though the City of London have an undoubted right to *inſult the King* whenever they *think proper*, and to inſiſt upon his *turning off his ſervants*, I do not find that they have the leaſt power, either by law or charter, to dictate to any private ſubject, or to inſiſt upon his turning away even a Lap-dog, Cat, Monkey, or Parrot.

I am in hopes of getting a ſight of the Remonſtrance as ſoon as it is finiſhed, and if there ſhould be any thing new or curious in it, you may depend upon my ſending it, for the entertainment of your readers. O. S.

AGREEABLE to the promiſe in my laſt letter, I here ſend you the proceedings of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights againſt the *poor Monkey* in Pall-Mall; for the indignity offered to the Lord Mayor, in ſhutting up the windows of Lord Gawkee's houſe when the proceſſion paſſed by.

Purſuant to an advertiſement for that purpoſe, the ſeveral members met together at the London Tavern, when Sir Robert Simus was immediately called to the chair to ſhew the impartiality and fairneſs of their proceedings. Sir Robert, as appears by the very * name, is nearly allied to the Monkey, and reſembles him very much both in features and underſtanding; with this difference, that all the tricks of Pug are witty and

* *Simos* is Greek for *flat-noſed*, from which *Simia*, the Latin word for an Ape or Monkey, is derived.—BENTLEIUS.

humorous,

humorous, whereas I never heard Sir Robert accuſed of wit or humour in my life. In other reſpects he is as like the Monkey as one egg to another, with large beetle brows, flat noſe, out mouth, and a conſiderable pouch on each ſide of his jowl. As ſoon as he was ſeated in the chair, they went to buſineſs; when Meſſrs. Martyn and Adair, the former an *honeſt* attorney, and the other *as able* a counſellor, were for proceeding againſt the Monkey at common law, by way of indictment, 'for that he, the ſaid Monkey, not 'having the fear of the Lord Mayor before his 'eyes, but by the inſtigation of the devil, did 'ſhut to, faſten, bar, put together, and occlude 'certain pieces of painted wood, or boards, made 'of oak, aſh, elm, fir, walnut, mahogany, or 'other timber, commonly called window-ſhutters, 'contrary to the pleaſure of our Sovereign Lord, 'the Mayor, and his precept in that caſe iſſued 'out and publiſhed.'

Mr. Adair was beginning to open the caſe (having had very few opportunities of ſhewing his parts that way) in a long, dull, ſtupid ſpeech; when he was interrupted by Sugarcane, who obſerved, with his uſual eloquence, that this *here* manner of proceeding againſt that *there* Monkey, was likely to be attended with delay and chicane; and therefore his opinion was, that an humble Addreſs, Remonſtrance and Petition ſhould be preſented to Lord Gawkee, requeſting him to diſmiſs the Monkey from his preſence and councils for ever. This motion was univerſally approved, only with this proviſal, that as Lord Gawkee is undoubtedly the *moſt* reſpectable perſonage in the kingdom, they ſhould addreſs him in the moſt reſpectful terms that can be deviſed: the King and his Miniſters may be attacked with all the wantonneſs of inſult; but ſo exalted a

Patriot

Patriot ought not to be approached but with the utmoſt reverence and homage. This point being carried nemine contradicente, Mr. Adair (who is never out of his way) pulled out of his pocket a Remonſtrance of his own putting together; which was read with an univerſal burſt of applauſe. The misfortune is, that the people clapt and ſhouted two or three times in the wrong place; for though a perſon was appointed to direct them, by waving his hand, when to expreſs their approbation, they could not contain their joy till he made the motion, but ſpoilt the joke, as very bad Story-tellers are apt to do by laughing out of time.

The following is an authentic Copy of the Remonſtrance:

'We, your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful and obſequious ſervants, the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, find ourſelves reduced, by the miſconduct of your Lordſhip's Monkey, to the neceſſity of breaking in upon your Lordſhip's repoſe, or of acquieſcing under an inſult ſo new and ſo exorbitant, that none but thoſe who patiently ſubmit to it can deſerve to ſuffer it.

'By ſome ſecret and unhappy influence upon the Monkey (either of pique to the Patriot Lord Mayor, or of envy that the tricks of a ſet of dull Citizens call together more gaping ſpectators than his own feats of activity) he has done a deed more opprobrious to the dignity of this great metropolis than any which the wit of man could poſſibly have invented; a deed which muſt vitiate all the future proceſſions of this City, and render them the contempt and laughing-ſtock of all the prudent, ſober, orderly part of mankind.

'We preſume, therefore, humbly to implore from your Lordſhip the only remedy, which is any way proportioned to the nature of the evil,

'that

'that you would be graciouſly pleaſed to diſmiſs
'for ever from your councils this wicked Monkey,
'who is ſo ill-ſuited by his diſpoſition to preſerve
'a proper gravity of countenance, and by his
'comical and miſchievous tricks provokes the
'riſibility of others. We find ourſelves com-
'pelled to urge, with the greateſt importunity,
'this our humble, but earneſt application to your
'Lordſhip, becauſe the day approaches for the
'enlargement of the great Patriot and popular
'Priſoner, when a ſolemn proceſſion will march
'thro' all the ſtreets of the metropolis, and ſhould
'the Monkey, by a like miſdemeanour, ridicule
'the pageantry of the ſhew, he will not only fall
'a ſacrifice himſelf to his own ill-timed jocularity,
'but will expoſe your Lordſhip's windows to the
'reſentment of the mob, whom we ſhall hire to
'preſerve peace, decency, and good order, on
'that happy occaſion.'

This is a genuine copy of the Remonſtrance, which is left at the London Tavern to be ſigned by as many as chuſe it. I have not yet heard what number of names are hitherto put down; but ſhould it meet with the ſame ſucceſs with the Weſtminſter Remonſtrance, no doubt but *Lord Gawkee* will pay all due attention to it. I wonder none of your correſpondents have ſent you a liſt of the names ſubſcribed to that truly elegant and excellent compoſition. Perhaps the Miniſtry have bribed you to ſuppreſs it, as it muſt needs add the greateſt ſtrength and honour to the cauſe, to find that it is ſupported by ſuch a number of perſons of the firſt conſequence in point of abilities, integrity, rank, and property. Who can doubt that it contains the full ſenſe of *all the Inhabitants* of Weſtminſter, when he ſees it ſubſcribed by no leſs than *twenty perſons*, whoſe names would dignify a bad cauſe, but muſt ſure

beam

beam an additional radiance and luſtre over a good one? I inſiſt upon your publiſhing the following liſt, as you value the correſpondence of

O. S.

A liſt of the names ſubſcribed to the Weſtminſter Remonſtrance:

Robert Bernard	Joſeph Lycett
Thomas Wilſon	Benj. Coates
James Adair	John Eldridge
James Connell	Geo. Harding
Will. Darling	Thomas Dicker
James Higley	James Thorley
Cha. Martyn	Sam. Longden
John Churchill	James Hogarty
J. Almon	Tho. Stockdale
Charles Green	John Jacques

WHEN I read, in your paper, a liſt of the names of thoſe who ſigned the *Weſtminſter Remonſtrance* my blood boiled with indignation, to think that ſuch a pitiful number of pitiful fellows ſhould preſume to ſtile themſelves the Inhabitants of Weſtminſter, and think they are intitled to inſult the King, with a falſe and audacious Remonſtrance. When I was informed by the public Papers, that at leaſt five thouſand perſons attended the meeting in Weſtminſter Hall, I expected to have ſeen the names of a number of gentlemen, reſpectable for their rank, fortunes, and probity: inſtead of which the Chiefs and Leaders of the Faction are a *driveling Baronet, a ſtupid Counſellor, an Iriſh Jeſuit, a broken Apothecary, a profligate*

profligate Attorney, and a prating Bookſeller. Theſe and fourteen other fellows, whoſe names were never heard of upon any other occaſion, call their own frantic and factious reveries, the collective ſenſe of the inhabitants of Weſtminſter; and with a modeſty peculiar to the party, preſume to inſult the King, and the Commons of Great Britain. Had any of theſe fellows intruded upon a private gentleman, with as little ceremony as they did upon our good and gracious Sovereign, and behaved with the ſame rudeneſs and inſolence, he would have ordered his ſervants to treat them with the indignity they deſerved; and that they eſcaped from St. James's without exemplary chaſtiſement, is a proof that Royalty is doomed to ſubmit patiently to affronts, which an humbler ſituation would proudly ſpurn at, and revenge. I hope, however, that ſuch inferior perſons will not be ſuffered to approach his Majeſty for the future, without being *previouſly ſearched and examined:* let them ſpeak daggers as often as they pleaſe; but, for God's ſake, take care that they uſe none: there can be as little harm, as there is meaning, in their words; but there may be irremediable miſchief in their deeds. Such a caution as this will not appear ill-timed or unneceſſary, if we conſider the temper, views, and complexion of the preſent factious and turbulent junto. At the beginning of the winter they were countenanced by a number of well-meaning and worthy perſons, who were deſirous to reform ſome things, which they thought amiſs in government, and to aſſiſt their friends (of whom they had formed the moſt ſanguine expectations) in recovering their places. Many of theſe gentlemen have of late deſerted the party; and it requires very little of the ſpirit of prophecy to foretel, that others will fall off every day. The well-meaning, and the worthy are not for driving matters to extremities;

and behold, with trembling and abhorrence, the lengths which the preſent faction would willingly run. They begin to ſee, with amazement, that they have already hurried on unwarily to the very brink of a precipice, and that a few ſteps further would have plunged themſelves and their country in irrecoverable ruin. For this reaſon they retreat in time, fully ſatisfied that they have carried every point which their reaſonable wiſhes could deſire; and that the ſeveral grievances, of which they complained, though not abſolutely removed (for that the very nature of them would not allow) can never be repeated, either by the preſent, or any future Miniſtry. But this is not enough to ſatisfy the frantic leaders of the Oppoſition, who, rather than fail to their ends, are determined, like Sampſon, to pull down the pillars of the ſtate, though, like him too, they themſelves periſh in the common ruin. When I conſider the dark, intriguing, and inſidious diſpoſition of MALAGRIDA, the headlong raſhneſs of TAYCHO, driven to deſperation by debts and diſeaſes; the malignity of the heart, and the craving of the ſtomach of JUNIUS, educated in the dark ſchools of *Ignatius*—every frightful, every horrid idea riſes before me! Treaſon, Murder, Aſſaſſination, Anarchy! But I forbear; and will not ſuffer my fancy to ſit brooding upon evils, which as yet exiſt only in apprehenſion and probability. I truſt, that the vigilance of his Majeſty's ſervants will protect him from the ſecret conſpiracies of his enemies: he has nothing to fear from their open violence and inſults, which are as impotent as they are indecent and ridiculous. I will venture to affirm, that there is ſcarce an inſtance in hiſtory where a party, however outrageous and deſperate, have ſucceeded againſt a government, except they have had a good handle given them: and the daily decline of the preſent faction,

faction, which conſiſts of little now but the very ſcraps and refuſe of an Oppoſition, is a clear proof that they had no firm foundation to ſtand upon, and that the grievances which they dreſſed up like ſo many ſcarecrows, to alarm the people, were compoſed of nothing but the tatters of Diſcontent and Ambition.

H.

Ornari Res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.— Hor.

OUT of juſtice to the glorious cauſe of liberty, which cannot fail to proſper, when cheriſhed in the boſom of thoſe illuſtrious gentlemen who have ſigned the Weſtminſter Remonſtrance, I think it incumbent upon me to make your readers acquainted with their rank and ſituation in life, that they may ſee the propriety of their behaviour in ſtiling themſelves the *collective body* of the inhabitants of Weſtminſter, and preſenting, in that character, their humble Addreſs, Remonſtance, and Petition to his Majeſty. It is with incredible pains and induſtry that I have been able to pick up the intelligence which I have the pleaſure to ſend you: I hope you will find it authentic; but as I declare myſelf not perfectly well *ſkilled in Heraldry*, I ſhall be very ready to aſk pardon, if I find that I have miſtaken the *ſtile and title* of any of the following truly noble and illuſtrious perſonages.

Robert Bernard, a Huntingdonſhire Baronet, remarkable for his great eloquence, diſcretion, and ſagacity.

Thomas Wilſon, the *famous* Prebendary of Weſtminſter; of whom the whole world ſpeaks ſo *worthily*, that I may well be excuſed ſaying any thing upon the ſubject.

James Adair, a counſellor learned in the Law, formerly reckoned a very ſtupid fellow; but ſince he is turned Patriot, I am told that he is a Daniel; yea a Daniel;

O Wise young Man, how do I honour thee!

James Connel, the ſon of an Iriſh Doctor, educated abroad at a College of Jeſuits: for further particulars enquire of the man himſelf, as I can find nobody elſe that knows any thing about him.

James Higley, a carpenter in little Stanhope Street.

Joſ. Lycett, an Upholſterer.

George Harding, an Apothecary in the Strand.

Ben. Coates, a Stable-keeper.

T. Dicker, Colourman.

James Thorly, *another* Carpenter.

William Darling, an Engraver in Newport-Street.

John Churchill, an Apothecary.

J. Almon, a Bookſeller.

Charles Martyn, an Attorney.

John Eldridge, a Poulterer.

Samuel Longden, a Working Jeweller.

—— Green. Q. Whether, this is not the worthy Parſon, who was tried at the Old Bailey for a rape.

James Hagarty, Chymiſt.

Thomas Stockdale, Apothecary.

James Jaques, Coachmaker in Oxford-Road.

Such are the reſpectable and worthy gentlemen, who in the name of *all the Inhabitants of Weſtminſter* have ſigned and preſented a Remonſtrance to his Majeſty; in which they take the liberty of abuſing

abuſing the Parliament, inſulting the ſacred perſon of the King, and inſiſting upon his turning off his ſervants. Their behaviour is as truly noble and high-ſpirited as that of the Barons of old; who when they thought themſelves aggrieved, would ride to the palace gates, and demand an audience, and redreſs of their wrongs; and if his Majeſty refuſed to liſten to their complaints, they would thunder out in his ears juſt ſuch menaces as we may find in the letters of JUNIUS, and threaten to pull down his palace, and tumble him from the throne. I find that ſome of the above mentioned gentlemen have been acting the ſame part at Mile-End which they performed at Weſtminſter with ſuch general *ſucceſs* and approbation. As ſoon as I hear the particulars of that Meeting, you may depend upon my acquainting you with them; and I doubt not but they will be as curious and intereſting as any which you have hitherto received from

O. S.

———*Ruiturque ſemper*
Stat (mirum!) moles.—— LUC.

AT the beginning of this laſt winter's campaign the leaders of Oppoſition erected their ſtandard with much pomp and ſolemnity, on which was written in ſable characters, *the State of the Nation*; and underneath, by way of encouragement to a lame party, there was a pair of crutches

crutches laid acroſs, with this motto *in hoc ſigno vinces*. To this ſtandard flocked a conſiderable number of *independent country gentlemen*; who notwithſtanding the ſcurrilous and malignant invectives of the *hungry Iriſh Orator*, are a truly reſpectable part of the Houſe of Commons; having as ſtrong and viſible an intereſt in the peace and proſperity of their country, as he or any other adventurer can poſſibly have in its confuſion and ruin. The chief articles, which theſe worthy Senators expected to ſee agitated, were the number of placemen and penſioners, the decline of our manufactures and commerce, the unhappy fluctuation and diviſion of our councils, and the deplorable ſituation of our affairs in America:—but when, inſtead of theſe great conſtitutional points, they found the *State of the Nation* confined to the *Middleſex Election* and *the King's Debts*; and the conſideration of theſe too poſtponed from day to day, for reaſons equally trifling and ridiculous (becauſe *Taycho* forſooth had a pain in his great toe, or my Lord Mayor gave a dinner and a ball, or there happened to be a maſquerade at Mrs. Cornelys's) they many of them withdrew their ſupport chagrined and diſguſted. For my own part, I do not think our Patriots ſo much to blame in deferring the *State of the Nation* as they have done; becauſe it is impoſſible that any thing can be more trifling and ridiculous than this queſtion, as it has hitherto been agitated. It has led conſtantly to the ſame altercation, ſcurrility and invective; and ſeems as if it was made uſe of only as a match, to ſet fire to that combuſtible matter with which our noiſy Patriots are ſo fully charged. Whatever has been the ſubject of debate, for almoſt three months together, the *Middleſex Election* has been conſtantly hooked in; and we have heard nothing but the

ſame

ſame ſeditious nonſenſical ſtuff over and over again. I am not aſhamed to confeſs that notwithſtanding the ingenuity of the gentlemen in oppoſition in varying their phraſes with the greateſt art and contrivance, I have often loſt my patience, as well as my dinner, in hearing the repetition of the ſame dull ſtory. It is now thank heaven pretty well over; and as it is notorious that our Patriots have been only acting a part, I muſt do them the juſtice to confeſs that they have been perfectly conſiſtent throughout, and have obſerved that rule of Horace, *ſervetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto proceſſerat*; having finiſhed the piece with the ſame ſpirit with which it was begun. There never I believe was a more ridiculous ſcene than what was exhibited at the cataſtrophe or breaking up of the plot: aſhamed to have the weakneſs of their party diſcovered, they refuſed to let their numbers be told: all the Houſe was diſorder and uproar, and it ſeemed for a conſiderable time as if the conteſt, which had been carried on all along with abuſe and invective, would terminate at laſt in broken pates and bloody noſes.

I muſt now beg the candid part of your readers to ſtop with me a moment, and take a ſhort review of the proceedings in Parliament this preſent ſeſſion. The Oppoſition, ſo far from propoſing themſelves any ſalutary meaſures for the good of their country, have done every thing in their power, to prevent *others* from promoting the general welfare. Influenced by the narrow prejudices and ſordid views of a particular party, they have been indefatigable in their endeavours to weaken, diſtreſs, and confound government; to diſturb the peace, and ruin the credit of the nation, by fomenting diſcord at home, and forging quarrels and hoſtilities abroad. Could *Taycho*, the

the proud Demagogue, have any other view than to create a general perplexity, and by that means force himſelf into office, when he impudently aſſerted, upon his own knowledge, that war was abſolutely commenced, and a blow had been already ſtruck? But I will not take up your paper with the wild ravings of a man driven to madneſs and deſperation by pride, by paſſion, by diſcontent, by the clamours of importunate want, and the ſtings of diſappointed ambition. Happy I am to obſerve that the temper and moderation of the Miniſtry have baffled all the plots, which the deſperate ingenuity of their enemies had contrived to diſtreſs them. It is plain that the indecent, unparliamentary, and ſeditious behaviour of certain gentlemen (whoſe expreſſions bordered upon treaſon itſelf) was intended to provoke adminiſtration to ſome violent act, either of *Expulſion* or *Impeachment*. The ſnare was ſeen, and happily avoided; and their coolneſs and prudence put me in mind of the behaviour of *King William* upon a like occaſion; who being perſuaded to impeach a perſon in Parliament, that had made uſe of ſcurrilous expreſſions, reflecting upon his government and title to the crown, deſired to know the character of the man; and upon being told that he was one of the moſt poſitive, violent, hot headed fellows in the whole kingdom, and ſo extremely wilful, that he would be heartily glad to die a martyr: *Would he ſo?* ſaid the King——*'Egad then I will be ſure to diſappoint him*, and from that moment took no more notice of the matter.

O. S.

King's Head Tavern, Tower-ſtreet.

LUNARIANS.

The members of this ſociety meet on Wedneſday next, the 4th of April.

ROBERT MORRIS, Sec.

Obſcura vera involvens. VIRG.

EVER ſince the above advertiſement appeared in your papers, I have been racking my brain, and making hourly enquiries, to find out who the members are of this extraordinary ſociety, and by what rules and orders they are governed. Unluckily I have not been able to acquire any ſatisfaction in theſe particulars; nor can I inform your readers, with the leaſt degree of certainty, whether they are a colony from *Moorfields* or the *London Tavern*, as *Robert Morris*, Eſq; is equally well qualified to be Secretary to *either*. However, this advertiſement has made ſuch an impreſſion upon my fancy, that I had laſt night the following dream; which, for any thing I know to the contrary, may contain a very genuine account of this ſingular club; particularly if dreams, as the Grecian poet affirms, are of divine original, and come from Jove himſelf.

Methought it was called the *Lunarian ſociety*, becauſe all thoſe who are members of it, have ſome connection or other with the *moon*; either being ſubject, like the weather and tide, to *lunar* influence, or having *loſt* ſomething here upon earth, which, according to an ingenious Frenchman *, is ſafely laid up in that grand repoſitory. If any one could

* Mr. Fontenelle.

make it appear, that he was extravagantly abſurd in all his words and actions; or that he had *loſt* ſomething very conſiderable, either his honour, for inſtance, or his integrity, or his fortune, or a good employment under the government, he was admitted immediately as a member. You will not wonder, that it was crouded with *Patriots* of every rank and denomination; as thoſe gentlemen fall naturally under one of thoſe heads, being either very eccentric in every thing they ſay and do, or very great *loſers* in ſome one or more of the above mentioned particulars. The club was held at the ſign of the *King's Head*, by way of teſtifying the pleaſure which many of them enjoyed, at the very thought of a *King's head* without the *body*; and in *Tower-ſtreet*, to ſhew that they were all of them willing to be ſent to the Tower, to Newgate, or any other priſon; for our modern patriots, like fleas and other kinds of vermin, are ſure to thrive beſt in a jail.

Struck with the novelty of ſuch an inſtitution as this, I was earneſtly deſirous of being admitted into the ſociety; but I found it next to impoſſible, as I did not fall under the above-mentioned deſcription; however, upon their queſtioning me, whether I had not received ſome gratuity, place, penſion, or reward for writing in favour of Government, and my aſſuring them, upon my word and honour, that I *had not*, I was admitted immediately, as it was univerſally agreed, that I muſt certainly have *loſt my wits*, or I ſhould never ſpend my time and abilities ſo fruitleſly. I thanked them for the compliment they were pleaſed to pay to my integrity at the expence of my underſtanding; but at the ſame time aſſured them, that I was amply recompenſed for my labour by the ſecret ſatisfaction I felt in ſtanding up as an advocate for the *beſt of Kings*, and *beſt of Conſtitutions*, againſt a lawleſs and deſperate Faction, who ſeemed to be bent on

the

the ruin of both. Upon this they ſet up a loud *horſe-laugh*, which I paid no manner of regard to, but followed a fat, burley Gentleman into the room; when the firſt figure that ſtruck my eye was the *Grand Maſter*, dreſſed out in the inſignia of the order, with a cap of Liberty on his head, on which was marked Number 45. Methought he was a tall, raw-boned man, with a Roman noſe, an eagle's eye, and a remarkable ſtoop in his back. He was dreſſed very fantaſtically, like *Mad Tom* in the tragedy of King Lear, only with this difference, that inſtead of having a blanket about his loins, it was wrapt round his hands and feet. He cried out, every now and then, "Who gives any thing to "poor *Taycho*, whom the foul Fiend hath led "through fire and through flame, through ford "and through whirlpool, o'er quagmire and bog?" Upon which the notified *Harpax* pulled out a purſe of *twenty-five thouſand guineas*, and flung it with much reverence at his feet. I was amazed at ſuch an act of generoſity in a wretch who had been guilty of the moſt extreme baſeneſs and rapacity in amaſſing the princely fortune of which he is poſſeſſed; but I found, upon enquiry, that the hopes of a *coronet* had *turned his brain*; and that as he had luckily eſcaped a *gibbet* †, nothing would go down now but a *diadem*.

As the buſineſs of the day was not yet begun, the Patriots amuſed themſelves, every one as he thought moſt agreeable.

Lord Gawkee was employed in waſhing the *Gentle Shepherd* clean with a greaſy diſhclout; but as he rubbed and ſcrubbed him on one ſide, Jack Wilkes came with a piece of burnt cork, and begrimed him on the other. The ſituation of the poor man, all the while was truly lamentable; he was aſhamed

† Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema. Juv.

of the ridiculous figure which he cut, and would fain have had a blow at Wilkes; but when he turned that way, ſlap went the diſhclout into his chaps. *Junius* was tilting with a wooden ſkewer, at ſeveral pictures of the Devil, which he had drawn with deſperate charcoal upon the walls. *Malagrida* ſat ſulky in a corner, ſtudying the *black art*, or the myſtery of Treaſon and Aſſaſſination in all its branches. *Orator Sugarcane* harangued a dirty mob out of the window, and told them, that if he and the two *worthy* Sheriffs had not made that there manly ſtand againſt that there Reſolution, God knows what would have been the conſequences. Jack Wilkes was penning a treatiſe upon *the Comforts of a Priſon*, or a *new* Way of paying *old* Debts, dedicated to John Horne, James Townſend, and other *wealthy* Patriots. While they were thus variouſly employed, dinner was announced in the following words of an old poet:

"The men in the moon drink claret,
"Eat powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot."

At the ſound of which upſtarted *Junius*, and half a dozen other hungry Patriots, and in their eagerneſs to get at the beef overturned the table, the noiſe of which waked me, and I found myſelf ſnug in my wicker-chair, at my lodgings in St. Giles's.

O. S.

Nil deſperandum.—— HOR.

AFTER the many ſhameful defeats which the preſent factious Oppoſition have met with, both within doors and without, it may ſeem ſtrange to the generality of your readers, what it is that ſupports their ſpirit, and hinders them from ſinking into dejection and deſpair. But *Hope* is a moſt powerful cordial; and our Patriots are men of ſuch ſanguine complexions, that they have always a large ſtock of this ready by them; ſome of it pure and genuine, but by far the greateſt part faſe and adulterated. I muſt beg leave to lay before you ſome *real* and ſome *pretended Hopes*, which they have either entertained themſelves, or thrown out to amuſe their party, for ſome months laſt paſt. During the receſs of parliament laſt ſummer, they *hoped* they ſhould be able to prevail upon every county in England to *petition:* when they found that they were diſappointed in this viſionary ſcheme, they ſtill *hoped* that the *few petitions*, which they had procured (by chicanery on one hand and violence on the other) would diſconcert the Miniſtry, and intimidate the King. Here too they reckoned without their hoſt, but ſtill they did not leave off *hoping*. The Duke of Grafton's unexpected reſignation elated them with joy; and they *hoped* that as one of the main pillars had given way, the whole fabric would tumble to pieces. When they ſaw themſelves miſtaken in this point, they changed their plan, and *hoped* that, by the moſt indecent and ſeditious language, they ſhould compel the Miniſtry to adopt ſome meaſures which might inflame and exaſperate the people: this *honeſt* project having miſcarried, they ſtill *hoped* that we might have ſome terrible loſs abroad, or a war, which

would unravel the preſent ſyſtem, and oblige his Majeſty to wind up matters upon *their* bottom. Here again they were diſappointed, notwithſtanding the lying divinations of their great prophet *Taycho*; yet ſtill they *hoped* to be able, ſome way or other, to ruin public credit, and throw the nation into uproar and confuſion: for this purpoſe they *hoped* that a number of *ſeditious Remonſtrances* might be procured; but, alas! the humour of *Remonſtrating* is, if poſſible, more ridiculed and exploded than that of *petitioning:* for the laſt * Petition was uſhered to court by no leſs than *three* reſpectable perſonages, John Calcraft, the notified agent, and his two ſatellites, Meſſ. James and Adair; whereas the laſt Remonſtrance was ſigned only by *two* perſons, Meſſ. Sawbridge and Townſend, who very modeſtly arrogated to themſelves the whole ſenſe of all the Freeholders of Middleſex.

The party in oppoſition are now ſo effectually *ruined* that I ſhould imagine even hope itſelf, the laſt kind comforter of the diſtreſſed, has forſaken them. They have been long hawking up and down the nation a kind of *Pandora's Box*, full of nothing but Complaints, Grievances, and Apprehenſions. Every time they opened the lid, ſomething dreadful flew out—a Petition, a Remonſtrance, a Junius, or the Ghoſt of a diſcarded Chancellor. Theſe phantoms have ſpread themſelves all over the kingdom, to the great terror and diſmay of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects; who have been taught to believe that evils exiſt, which they neither feel nor fear. The *Box* is at laſt happily emptied, and I am afraid that they cannot find even *Hope* at the bottom. What proſpect has *Pratewell* that he ſhall recover the ſeals; or *Taycho*, that he ſhall be enabled to pay his debts; or *Gawkee*, that he ſhall *be ſent for* to form a new adminſtration; or *Harpax*, that

* The Kentiſh Petition.

that he ſhall have a peerage; or *Junius*, and other hungry Patriots, that they ſhall fill their bellies? All theſe darling projects, for which they have taken ſuch abundant pains—for which they have ſo often, this laſt winter, eat and drank, and wrote, and rhimed, and ranted, and roared, and bullied, and bluſtered, are now over, and prove to be no better than dreams, which are fartheſt off when men are awake. From the fate of the Oppoſition, I would caution your readers, from entertaining too warm and ſanguine hopes upon any occaſion whatever: for hope is generally a wretched guide, though it is very good company by the way: it does not only conduct men to the top of the hill, but is too apt afterwards to tumble them down the precipice.

O. S.

NO one will be ſurprized at the ſtrange aſſemblage of our modern Patriots, who conſiders the different motives by which they are actuated. Some of them are ſoured by diſcontent, and others warped with paſſion and prejudice; ſome hurried down the ſtream of intereſt, and others blown away by the wind of vanity. *Taycho*, the great Father of the Faction, is acted upon by all theſe various influences, and is himſelf the epitome of the whole Oppoſition. Tho' from the humble ſituation of a Cornet of horſe he has riſen to an Earldom, with a penſion of four thouſand pounds a year, he is one of the moſt peeviſh and diſcontented mortals breathing: he quarrels with the world, becauſe men of parts are neglected, and his whole life is nothing but a perpetual ſatire and invective

vective againſt mankind: his reaſon is toſt to and fro, and frequently in danger of being ſmothered in the whirlwind of paſſion; and tho' by nature liberal and diſintereſted, his private debts oblige him to be ſordid and mercenary. But the great predominant affection, the very maſter-key of his ſoul, is vanity, and a puff of popular applauſe blows away his head as eaſily as his hat, and overſets him in a moment. There never was a man ſo determined to run all hazards to gratify this darling paſſion as *Taycho:* by This he has regulated the whole courſe of his life, with fewer deviations than could reaſonably be expected from ſo rapid and eccentric a genius: he has made it the Polar ſtar, by which he has conſtantly ſteered, without fearing either rocks or ſhoals, or caring how the fortunes of thoſe were ſhipwrecked who had truſted themſelves in his crazy bottom: for this he has patiently endured the pain of weary days, and ſleepleſs nights; has been deaf to the allurements of eaſe and pleaſure; and exerciſed with unremitting ardour, the talents of which he is poſſeſſed, a falſe tongue and a wicked cunning. How often have we ſeen him ſacrifice his principles, friends, honour and integrity, at the ſhrine of this fantaſtic idol? Nay, he has carried his paſſion for popularity to ſuch extravagant lengths, that he has made his ambition and intereſt bow down to it. Hence it was that he hurried precipitately out of office, for fear of incurring the odium of *peace making*, which is ſure to be attended with revilings and *curſes here*, whatever *bleſſings* it may entail upon us *hereafter*. After this uncommon proof of his paſſion for praiſe, need I mention that he has ſacrificed the moſt eſſential intereſts of his country to this inordinate appetite? I would venture to maintain, at the hazard of my life, that if the madneſs of a deluded people (the Civium Ardor prava

prava jubentium) had not called out for a *repeal of the Stamp-Act*, *Taycho* would never have broached thoſe dangerous doctrines which he did, nor would he have promoted ſo ruinous a meaſure; a meaſure which was attended indeed with a tranſient fit of popular applauſe, but cannot fail to draw down upon his memory the eternal hatred and execration of poſterity. We now ſee him acting a ſimilar part for a ſimilar purpoſe: and as he formerly weakened the authority of the mother country, and aſſerted the Independence of the Colonies to *pleaſe the rabble*; ſo for the ſame laudable end he is at preſent employed in ſapping the very foundation of all order and government, and encouraging the pople to Anarchy and Rebellion.

When we conſider how naturally the multitude take to any impoſtor, and what a ſtrong antipathy they have to decency and ſubordination, as being directly contrary to their original confuſion, it may ſeem ſtrange that *Taycho* is poſſeſſed of ſo little popularity, notwithſtanding the pains he takes to ingratiate himſelf in their favour. The truth is, the mob can ſeldom make room in their hearts for two favourites at once, and *Wilkes* reigns there at preſent without a rival. Alas, poor Taycho! How many reſtleſs wretched hours has he ſpent in the courſe of this laſt week, envious of the popularity of a man whom he has hitherto affected to pity and deſpiſe? What thorns have been planted upon his pillow by the reflection, that *a poor miſerable wretch* (the terms in which he has always mentioned Mr. Wilkes) is in poſſeſſion of the dear, dear miſtreſs, whom he doats upon to diſtraction? I cannot help commending the delicacy of the great Patriot *Sugarcane*, who ſaw the agony of his ſoul at the thoughts of Mr. Wilkes's triumphant releaſe, and took care in the advertiſement (which he publiſhed to preſerve

peace and good order in the City) not to hint at any thing that might increaſe the ſufferings and ſorrows of his poor unhappy friend! He does not ſo much as mention the *name of Wilkes*, nor intimate that tumults and diſorders were expected from the unbounded joy of the populace at the releaſe of their favourite priſoner; but huddles Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday promiſcuouſly together, as if nothing but the mere licentiouſneſs of a Holiday week was apprehended. The delicacy of the Weſtminſter Juſtices was not quite ſo particular; for *they* fixed upon Tueſday evening, the time of the great Patriot's enlargement, as the criſis of danger and tumult. This however is happily over, without the leaſt diſorder except breaking an honeſt Quaker's windows and Taycho's reſt. The former ſuffered becauſe he was a good ſubject, and a quiet inoffenſive man; the latter fell a prey to his own envy and diſcontent; and will never ceaſe to ſuffer while he ſees any one in poſſeſſion of that popularity, for which he is willing to forego every comfort, to throw the Nation into uproar and confuſion, and to drag out the wretched remains of a wretched life in a Goal.

O. S.

PATRIOTISM, or the love of our country, is certainly one of the moſt exalted virtues that can adorn and dignify human nature; and yet I know of no word in the Engliſh language, which has been proſtituted to ſo many baſe

baſe and bad purpoſes as this, nor ſo entirely diſtorted from it's original meaning.

A *true Patriot* muſt neceſſarily be a *good ſubject*, becauſe he will make the *laws of his country* the rule and meaſure of his actions. But his majeſty's regal title is founded upon the *laws* of the land, which expreſsly require ſubjection and obedience to his authority: he therefore who endeavours, either by ſeditious writings, or inflammatory ſpeeches, to draw off the people from their obedience, cannot be a *true Patriot*; becauſe he infringes that part of the conſtitution, and law of the land, which grants and ſecures to the crown it's privileges and authority.

Again, *a true Patriot* will not countenance any *one* particular party, nor proſcribe any *other*; becauſe the real good of the nation, which will be the ſcope of all his actions, does not conſiſt in the private, partial benefit of individuals, but in the general advantage of the public; and comprizes not the welfare of this or that party only, but of all, without diſtinction.

But if *a true Patriot* cannot be ſo narrow-minded as to circumſcribe his endeavours for the general good, within the ſcanty pale of a particular party, much leſs can he direct all his views and actions to the little point and centre of himſelf. Public ſpirit is of too great and noble a nature to inhabit a ſordid and ſelfiſh boſom; and whenever we ſee a man's aims have an immediate and manifeſt tendency to his own private intereſt, we may conclude, without the leaſt breach of charity, that his patriotiſm, notwithſtanding all his ſpecious profeſſions, is falſe and ſophiſticate. I wiſh your readers would be at the trouble of examining our *modern Patriots*, by the rules here laid down, and they will be able to form a right judgment about them. Are they, in the firſt

place, *good Subjects*, without which they cannot be *true Patriots?* Is it the part of a *good ſubject* to inſult and menace the King, to vilify the authority of parliament, and by the moſt ſeditious and inflammatory ſpeeches, to ſtimulate the people to rebellion? If it is, then are Chatham, Temple, Saville, Beckford, Wilkes, and Burke, as good and loyal ſubjects, as they are true and flaming Patriots.

Again, have our modern Patriots diveſted themſelves of the narrow views, and little prejudices of a party? Are they averſe to all *odious diſtinctions*, and eager to unite their fellow-ſubjects in one *common intereſt?* On the contrary, do they not revive the old exploded names of *Whig* and *Tory*, and endeavour to ſtigmatize thoſe who ſupport Government, with the opprobrious appellation of Jacobites, and High-flyers? I will aſk only one queſtion more upon this head, and then drop it: are they not bigotted themſelves to particular ſyſtems, and particular parties? are they not of principles ſo oppoſite and diſcordant, that nothing keeps them together but the proſpect of private advantage, which ſerves as a common centre to ſupport them from falling to pieces; but let it be once ſtruck away, and the whole arch will inſtantly tumble into ruins?

The laſt and ſtrongeſt mark of a true Patriot is, when all his actions tend manifeſtly to the *public good*, without any regard, or view to *private intereſt*. But will any one pretend that this is the caſe with the leaders of the preſent oppoſition? is Wilkes diſintereſted? is Harpax? is Taycho? Why, they themſelves would laugh in your face, if you was to aſk them the queſtion. Nor are the noiſy Patriots in the ſtreets, who roar out, *Liberty for ever!* and yet would pull down your houſe about your ears if you did *not illuminate*,

a jot

a jot leſs mercenary than the chiefs of the Faction. It is well known that Glaziers, Oilmen and Tallow-chandlers have an immediate intereſt in public illuminations; and it will be found, I believe, upon enquiry, that theſe are always the principal perſons who encourage the mob to commit outrages, againſt thoſe who are hardy enough to diſobey their mandates. In ſhort, I declare ſolemnly, that I do not know a ſingle perſon in oppoſition, who is truly *public ſpirited*, except the *Landlord at the Croſs-Keys in Wood-Street, Cheapſide*; and he, to teſtify his patriotiſm, ſold good ſound Porter, on Wedneſday laſt, at the price of Small Beer. He puts me in mind of honeſt *Jack Cade*, who was a prodigious patriot, and a mighty ſtickler for Reformation, and redreſs of grievances. *He*, indeed, carried the point a little further, and told his followers, that when he came to be King, he would make it *treaſon to drink Small Beer at all.*

H.

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On Wedneſday laſt the Earl of Chatham entertained Earl Temple, Lord Camden, John Wilkes, John Calcraft, John Trevanion, and Mr. Reynolds, Wilkes's Attorney, at dinner at Hayes, in Kent.

St. James's Chron. April 21.

SIR,

I HAVE waited, with a good dail of Impatience, in expectation of hearing from ſome of your correſpondents, who are in the ſecret, what

was

was the occaſion and event of the meeting of ſo many illuſtrious Patriots at Hayes, in Kent. Unfortunately for the public, as well as myſelf, they chuſe to be ſilent upon the ſubject, and cruelly leave the world in doubt and anxiety. I ſincerely wiſh that it was in my power to remove this diſagreeable ſolicitude and ſuſpence by any authentic information; but as I am not admitted to ſuch a degree of intimacy with any of theſe extraordinary Patriots, as to be allowed to pick up even the crumbs of their converſation, I can only ſend you my ſimple conjectures upon a point, which no doubt engages the attention of all the politicians in Europe.

No one is ignorant that Taycho beholds the popularity of Mr. Wilkes with the jaundiced eye of jealouſy, and curſes him, in the bitterneſs of his ſoul, for having rivalled him in the affections of the *only* miſtreſs to whom he ever paid the leaſt degree of attention. This envious diſpoſition in Taycho occaſions great concern to the common friends of the two Gentlemen; and I cannot help thinking, that the meeting abovementioned might very poſſibly be contrived to ſettle this important point, by eſtabliſhing a kind of *joint partnerſhip in popularity* between them. But this muſt have been a very nice and tickliſh buſineſs to manage, and attended with no little difficulty; as Mr. Wilkes is in poſſeſſion of the *whole Stock in Trade*, and Taycho is an *abſolute Bankrupt*. I could have liked very much to have been preſent at the debate, which I dare ſay was as curious as that between *Subtle* and *Face*, in the firſt ſcene of the *Alchymiſt*, where *Doll Common* acted as Umpire. For the entertainment of your readers, I have taken the liberty of throwing together, into a kind of dialogue, what I am apt to believe was the ſubſtance of the converſation.

SCENE

Scene a dining-room in Taycho's Houſe.—— On one ſide the table, Wilkes, Trevanion, Reynolds: on the other, Taycho, Gawkee, Harpax: Pratewell at the top, in the place of Doll Common, as Preſident, or Umpire.

Pratew. For God's ſake, gentlemen, be calm, be moderate——Paſſion never did buſineſs of any kind. This rage will ruin the cauſe, and expoſe all your cheats and impoſitions to the world.

Taycho. A *poor miſerable wretch!*——S'death, Sirrah! did not I not take up thy Cauſe, when it lay crawling upon the ground, and cheriſh it in my boſom, 'till it got ſtrength and vigour?—And ſhall it ſting me thus?——

Wilkes. It is not *my cauſe* that ſtings you, Taycho, but the ſcorpions of your own mind—your diſcontent, your envy.——

Taycho. Hold, Vermin!—Did not I wrap myſelf up in Flannel, and hobble to the Houſe upon two crutches, to defend thee? Slave! thou hadſt no name 'till I ſpoke thee from oblivion, and made thee Second to my own Great Self.

Wilkes. Second! I ſcorn your words; my ſufferings give me a painful pre-eminence before all others—Remember my Services to my Country—Remember General Warrants.——

Taycho. Thou talk of General Warrants! Anſwer me, Gawkee—Did not this gouty Arm, and yon poor crutch, knock on the Head the fell deteſted Monſters? By G—d they did.

Gawkee. They did, illuſtrious Brother.

Taycho. And ſhall this peaſant Slave claim the Reward? Shall he have all the popularity? Shall there be Bonfires, Illuminations, and Windows broke for him—and none for me? Ungrateful Citizens! Be, be, bo, bous.——

[*Weeps.*

Harp. I could weep too for grief and vexation:

tion: what a fool have I been to lend this old Dotard twenty-five thouſand pounds? Gad, I ſhall loſe it every farthing, if Wilkes does not communicate to him a little of his Popularity.

[*Aſide.*

Wilkes. My Lord, learn to deſerve the Applauſe of your Countrymen, as I have done, and you may then expect to meet with it:—circumſtanced as you are at preſent, to hope for it is Idiotiſm. What—has not your life been a continued ſcene of deceit and impoſition? Have you not ſo often betrayed the confidence of the people, by the moſt ſhameleſs proſtitution of principle, that they are amazed how they could ever truſt you? Do you forget?——

Taycho. Death and Damnation! Muſt I bear all this?

Wilkes. Aye, this and more; fret 'till your proud Heart break. Do you forget how you railed againſt German Connections, and then, plunged deeper into the mire, than the moſt profligate Miniſter had ever done before? Do you forget how often you have ſacrificed your deareſt friends, and neareſt connections, to views of intereſt and ambition? How often you have harangued againſt all Penſions, and are now a titled Slave, ſupported by the Wages of Corruption? Do you forget——

Taycho. Wretch! Mungrel! Villain! urge me no more—I ſhall *forget* MYSELF. Gods! am I to be catechized by a profane, blaſphemous Libeller? by one who ran away with public money? fled from his country? ſupported himſelf by fraud and cozenage? the ſcum of a brothel, the vomit of a priſon? Oh! I could eat my fleſh for madneſs—

Pratew. For heaven's ſake, Taycho, moderate your voice a little—you'll betray all to the neighbours.—

Taycho.

Taycho. Care I for neighbours? Oh!

*" I'll thunder him to pieces, I'll teach him
" How to beware to tempt a fury again,
" That carries Tempeſt in his hand and voice "

Harpax. We are loſt, ruined, undone for ever! —Why, Wilkes! Taycho! Gentlemen! — 'Zounds! what's to become of my twenty-five thouſand pounds? For goodneſs ſake conſider— will you make the Miniſtry a feaſt of laughter at your quarrels?—

Pratew. Have you no regard for your reputations? none for the good of the cauſe? --- For ſhame, gentlemen, lay aſide theſe petty animoſities, ſo ruinous to the common intereſt of us all. Do you, Wilkes, transfer a little of your Popularity to Taycho; and he, when he defends your *Cauſe* in the Houſe, with all the torrent of his Eloquence, ſhall ceaſe if poſſible to be aſhamed of your *Name:* the Cauſe and the Man ſhall henceforth be no longer ſeparated.

Wilkes and Taycho. Agreed, agreed; brother, brother, we were both in the wrong.

Here they very affectionately embrace, and like *Subtle*, *Face*, and *Doll Common* in the Alchymiſt, club together to impoſe upon mankind: and I make no doubt but their confederacy will end like that in the play, by *one* of them cheating the *reſt*.

* From the Alchymiſt.

O. S.

——*Importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.*
ADDISON.

IN all profeſſions and occupations in life, there are certain technical words or terms of art, invented to conceal ignorance, and ſtop the mouth of inquiſitive curioſity. The chymiſt talks of *occult Qualities*, the philoſopher of an *etherial Medium*, the phyſician of *animal Spirits*, and the common farrier of *Humours*. The politician himſelf is not without a certain principle, to which he has recourſe in all caſes of doubt and difficulty. Talk to him about the Arcana Imperii, the Myſteries of State, and the ſeveral Phænomena, that are apt to ſurprize us in the political world, and you will hear him account for them all, in the *plaineſt* and *cleareſt* manner, from SECRET INFLUENCE. If you aſk him what he means by SECRET INFLUENCE, he'll tell you that it is a certain ſomething—a---an appearance---no, no, not an appearance—it does not *appear*, becauſe it is *ſecret*; but in ſhort, it is a—ſomething or other that *influences*—a kind of a, ſort of a—'faith he can't exactly tell what it is, as it was never yet *ſeen*; but it has certainly been *felt*—It was felt by Taycho, by Franca Villa, by the Gentle Shepherd—they are all ready to take their corporal oath of it; but as to its ſhape, there is no ſuch thing as deſcribing it, unleſs that cunning * painter was to come again to life, who introduced into a landſcape the *inviſible* mountain of philoſophers.

I have juſt been reading a very elaborate treatiſe, written expreſsly upon the ſubject of *ſecret Influence*, though it is called *Thoughts on the Cauſe of the preſent Diſcontents*. My Bookſeller tells me

* Vid. Plin.

that

that the author is one PHELIM O'JUNIUS, a poor Iriſhman; and I cannot look upon his compoſition in any other light than as the noiſy eructation of wind, or the hypochondriac ravings of an empty ſtomach. He reſolves all our grievances (amongſt which the moſt conſiderable in my opinion are the want of obedience and ſubordination, ſo conſpicuous in all ranks of people; the licentiouſneſs of the preſs; the contempt of legal authority; the audacity of the rabble; and the headlong fury of faction) into *ſecret Influence*. I wiſh I could tell your readers what this *ſecret Influence* is, and in whoſe hands it is lodged; but after reading the abovementioned treatiſe over and over, with the moſt painful attention, all that I can find out with certainty is the writer's *ipſe dixit*, that there is ſuch a thing, and that it pervades the whole ſyſtem of government: it is like Ariſtotle's deſcription of the ſoul, *Tota in Toto, et Tota in Qualibet Parte*; or like one of the balls of the celebrated Mr. Jonas,

Eſt hic aut nuſquam; nuſquam eſt, & ubiq;

If I might be allowed to deſcribe this *Airy Nothing*, and give it a *local Habitation* and a *Shape* (juſt ſuch a one as it aſſumes when it haunts the dreams of Taycho, Junius, and other viſionary politicians) I ſhould paint it to your readers in the following manner; as a moſt horrid monſter, of a tremendous ſize, reaching from the wild mountains of Valdagnia, or the tepid waters of Bareges, to the bottom of Pall-mall: its countenance was formerly allowed, even by the chiefs of the preſent oppoſition, to be extremely pleaſing and agreeable; particularly its Eye, which was looked upon as the true Magnes Aulicus, or Court Load-ſtone, that would *attract* thoſe towards whom it was turned to honours and preferments; but its

hinder parts have a *repulsive* quality, and for that reason have been constantly abused by all parties as horridly shapeless and ill-favoured. It has for some time unfortunately *turned Tail* upon Taycho and other illustrious worthies, who out of revenge represent it as a dreadful Harpy, bent upon the ruin of this devoted country; with long sharp talons, with which it is always clawing the backs of our best Patriots: the very name of *Liberty* strikes it with horror, and it has a mortal antipathy to that identical roll of old parchment, with which our valorous Lord Mayor threatens to fight his enemies. Such is the monster, which Faction holds out to the gaping rabble, under the name of *secret Influence*. For my own part, I sincerely believe that no such prodigy exists; and that it is as fabulous and chimerical as a sphinx, centaur, or any other miscreated phantom of antiquity.

At the same time I am firmly of opinion that there is such a thing as INFLUENCE among the gentlemen in Opposition, though it is not quite so SECRET as they could wish. Who is ignorant that *Harpax* is *influenced* by the hopes of a coronet, and *Taycho* and Lord *Shallow* by Harpax's Gold? *Junius* is influenced by the prospect of a place, and the *Gentle Shepherd* by Lord *Gawkee's* Estate. The misfortune is that these several *Influences* have not been kept *secret*; and it is owing to this untoward accident that the independent and public spirit of our modern Patriots is so universally ridiculed and exploded.

O. S.

To

To JOHN WILKES, *Esq;*

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum.
JUV.

MY DEAR SON,

THOUGH I moſt cordially rejoice at your enlargement from priſon, and all the illuminations, which have been made in honour of my darling child, have beamed gladneſs into the heart of a moſt indulgent parent; yet allow me to expreſs my apprehenſions, leſt the cauſe ſhould languiſh, now your ſufferings are over. I know that it is in politicks as in religion: conſtraint is the parent of perverſe opinions, and perſecution conſtantly begets zeal. Beware how you fall into a miſtake, too common to perſons in your ſituation, that the favour of the people is founded upon the goodneſs of your cauſe, or upon ſome extraordinary merit in yourſelf: they are too fooliſh to judge of the former, and not fooliſh enough to believe the latter of theſe propoſitions. No: your ſucceſs was owing to the inveteracy and rancour with which you have been perſecuted by a ſucceſſion of miniſters; and I am afraid when you ceaſe to be the object of court reſentment, you will ceaſe likewiſe to be the object of popular favour. To prevent this worſt of all evils, allow me, my Son, to lay down a few rules for the conduct of your future life.

You are well aware, that in a limited monarchy, like this of Great Britain, Prerogative and Liberty are as ſuſpicious of each other, as any two neighbouring ſtates: for which reaſon it ought to be your firſt great care to keep up conſtant bickerings and jealouſies betwixt them. To effect this deſirable end, let it be your buſineſs, upon all public occaſions, to repreſent power as inſolent and encroaching, and liberty will never fail

fail to be ſawcy and ungovernable. Harangue with vehemence and invective, upon thoſe great popular topics, the number of placemen and penſioners; the enormous weight of our taxes; the decline of our manufactures and commerce; the miſmanagement of the public revenues; and be ſure to ſeaſon your diſcourſe with perſonal abuſe, and jumble together the vices of the man with the errors and miſconduct of the miniſter. By this means you will warm the minds of the people, and rouſe them from that ſtate of dullneſs and ſtupidity, in which they might otherwiſe ſit by unconcerned, and let their country be ruined. But remember, my Son, that the thoughts of the multitude have no certain, equal, regular motion —they ſpring out by fits and ſtarts, like flaſhes of lightning, which are over before one can ſay it lightens. Watch, then, for the critical moment, the golden opportunity—and when you ſee them heave like a volcano, full of fire and fury, ſtep forward, and mark out the channel in which they are to pour the deſtructive Lava.

This may ſerve by way of a general direction for your conduct: as to particulars, your own ſagacity will point them out to you, without my aſſiſtance. Should any public loſs or calamity, either at home or abroad, diſconcert the miniſtry, and diſquiet the people, That is a favourable moment, when their fears are all afloat, to work upon their minds, and mould them to your purpoſe. You have nothing to do but to repreſent the misfortune as owing to the miſconduct of the adminiſtration: though it be a fire, famine, peſtilence or earthquake, the rabble will believe it. What a glorious opportunity does the late riot at Boſton afford, to exaſperate the people againſt the preſent ſyſtem of government! And why do you, and your party neglect it ſo ſhamefully, and ſit down to enjoy the *glad tidings* in ſecrecy and ſilence?

lence? You ought, long before this time, to have laid it wholly to the charge of the preſent odious adminiſtration: you ſhould have expatiated upon the STREETS FLOWING with the blood of no leſs than *three* perſons laid dead upon the ſpot: you ſhould have told the people of the vaſt gigantic *broad ſword of an uncommon ſize*, which was undoubtedly ſent thither by Lord Bute for no very good purpoſe: above all, you ought to have inſinuated, that the *ſnow-balls* were carried over from England in the cartridge-boxes of the ſoldiers, on purpoſe to be given to ſome tools of government to pelt the military with, and by that means afford them a plauſible pretence for firing upon the Boſtonians. I am all aſtoniſhment that you ſhould neglect ſuch copious topics as theſe, which afforded you the faireſt handle for abuſing the government, and aſſiſting the cauſe of tumult and ſedition. But it is not yet too late to take them up, if you do it in a warm and ſpirited manner. I cannot conclude without juſt hinting to you, that you ought by no means to ſpare his M—— either in your ſpeeches or writings: for though he is certainly one of the moſt virtuous and gracious princes that ever ſat upon the throne, yet it is abſolutely neceſſary that you ſhould vilify and inſult him, for this evident reaſon, becauſe it is impoſſible that our cauſe ſhould ſucceed till you have effectually alienated the people from his perſon and government. If you obſerve theſe directions, and put into execution the ſcheme of demanding your ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, at the head of a corps of Liberty Boys, you cannot fail to immortalize your memory, to meet with the warmeſt ſupport from all true lovers of licentiouſneſs, and to recommend yourſelf to the favour and protection of your moſt indulgent parent,

F.

———*Decies repetita.*

HOR.

IT is impoſſible to conceive a more difficult employment than that of a Political Writer, engaged on the ſide of government; not becauſe the meaſures purſued by adminiſtration, are in themſelves weak and indefenſible; tho' by the bye, it muſt be confeſſed that our preſent Premier, notwithſtanding his many excellent qualities, has a ſtrange mixture of human infirmity in his compoſition. I am told, for inſtance, that he is a family-man, fond of his wife and children, and not given to the faſhionable amuſements of the age; which proves him to be a *ſad Politician*, as it is univerſally agreed (in the ſchool of Machiavel) that *private vices* are *public benefits*; from which it follows undeniably, that the more vicious a man is in *private* life, the more good he does to the *public*. Beſides this, it is allowed on all hands, that he is ignorant in the very rudiments of horſe-racing, and his greateſt admirers allow his ſkill in cards and dice to be very ſuperficial: neither is he liberal enough of the public money, as the preſent ſtate of the Lottery plainly teſtifies; for by ſaving about half a million to the nation, he has hindered I do not know how many *poor* Citizens from making up their *plumbs*. But his greateſt failing is, that he does not, at particular moments, ſufficiently keep up the grave and ſolemn dignity of the Miniſter: he is neither ſo reſerved as Lord Rockingham, nor ſo ſtiff as Mr. Grenville, nor ſo proud, inſolent, and imperious as Taycho; but is eaſy and pleaſant in private converſation, though all the weight of public affairs lies upon his ſhoulders.

Theſe,

These, it must be confessed, are heinous imperfections; but I can easily make allowances for them when I consider his spirit, firmness, and application to business, which I look upon to be the great essential qualifications of a modern minister. My difficulties, therefore, as a Political Writer, do not arise from the side of Government, but are entirely owing to the conduct of the Opposition; who will not afford me the least *fresh* matter for the entertainment of my readers, but oblige me to set them down every day to the *crambe repetita* of the *Middlesex Election*. It is incredible the pains which it has cost me to suit this old stale dish to the palate of the Public: I have tried the utmost extent of *political cookery* in dressing it different ways, and have served it up boiled, and roasted, and minced, and hashed, and stewed, and carbonado'd, and broiled, and fricaseed, and ragou'd, and baked, and grill'd, and bedevil'd: I have made use of sauces and pickles of every sort, and hope that I have not been at all wanting in salt and seasoning: notwithstanding which, I find that some of your correspondents (who are of the other side of the question) toss up their noses, and pay me for their ordinary, with nothing but a scurvy old proverb, *That God sends meat, but the Devil sends cooks.*

I was in hopes that the late *motions* of Taycho would have furnished me with a little variety; but, alas! they both turned upon the old grating hinge of the Middlesex Election. It is rather amazing that a man like him, *of Imagination all compact*, should have so little invention and ingenuity: but it seems as if one master-idea had devoured all the rest; just as Aaron's serpent swallowed up those of the magicians in Egypt. I cannot help thinking him in the same predicament with a poor country sign-painter, whom I have heard of, who could never draw any thing but a black swan; though he

would undertake every commiſſion that offered. If you applied to him for a white Lion, a green Dragon, or a red Bear, why, yes, to be ſure, he could paint them extremely well, nobody better; and down he would ſit to work, bruſhing away at a monſtrous rate: but as if his pencil was guided by ſome *ſecret influence*, or inviſible agency, depend upon it as ſure as ever the picture was finiſhed, it turned out a rare bird, *nigroque ſimillima Cygno*.

I ſhall conclude this paper, with a *verſification* of Taycho's laſt *motion*, which was much too ſublime and incomprehenſible for *plain proſe*. The intent of it, as far as I am capable of underſtanding it, was to prevail upon the houſe to *reſolve* to eat their words, and to tell the world that their Addreſs to his Majeſty, upon the City Remonſtrance, was downright Flummery from the beginning to the end. I ſincerely believe, from the bottom of my ſoul, that there is not another man but Taycho, in the three kingdoms, with impudence enough to make ſo ſhameleſs a propoſal to one of the moſt illuſtrious aſſemblies in Europe.

'Twas mov'd to reſolve,
That the Houſe have agreed,
Enlighten'd by Taycho, to alter their creed;
And are of opinion the counſel was ſiniſter,
(Inſpir'd by old Satan, or ſome wicked miniſter)
Inducing the King with ſuch ſcorn, to cry piſh on
The humble Remonſtrance, Addreſs and Petition
Of Beckford, four Aldermen, Livery and all,
With Tag-rag and Bob-tail, in full common Hall:
Whereby is endangered a bleſſing moſt great,
The right of the ſubject to ſcold and to prate;
To prate to his King of I know not what fancies,
Violation of Freedom, our ſhattered Finances,
Diſſolution of Parliament, Mal-Miniſtration,
And all the dire evils that harraſs the nation.

This

This right, which has ever been clear underſtood,
Has lately been cruelly nipt in the bud,
And, under pretence of reproving what's bad,
The whole of th' Addreſs is ſtil'd factious and mad;
'Tis cramm'd all together, ye Gods how abſurd,
In cruel CONTENTS, that compendious word.
Good lack! it would ſoften a boſom of ſtone,
To hear the poor Citizens grumble and groan,
At ſuch cruel uſage receiv'd from the Throne!
Their wrongs and complaints that, with Loyalty meet,
They humbly lay down at his Majeſty's feet;
An affront to himſelf he unhappily deems,
To Parliament highly injurious eſteems,
And oh! what is worſe than the worſt proſtitution,
A ſtab to the heart of our mild conſtitution!

O. S.

Solventur Riſu Tabulæ, Tu miſſis abibis. HOR.

IT is now above ſix months ſince my readers and I became firſt acquainted; during which period I hope they have not found me a very bad companion, conſidering the dull and unentertaining road that we have travelled together. *Mere Politics*, I know, to the generality of palates, are at beſt inſipid, and often nauſeous; for which reaſon I have endeavoured to ſeaſon them well with ridicule, and to convey them in the moſt agreeable vehicles that I could poſſibly find out:

Così àl'egro Fanciul porgiamo aſperſi
Di ſoavi licor gli orli del vaſo.

As the buſineſs of the preſent ſeſſion of Parliament is now pretty well over, I ſhall take leave of my readers for this ſummer ſeaſon; promiſing them faithfully, if I am alive and well, to meet

them again at the approach of the winter. Indeed, it is the buſineſs of every honeſt man, who loves his King and his Country, to do his utmoſt to counteract the poiſon of Sedition, which a deſperate Faction are every day infuſing with ſo much induſtry into the minds of the people; and while I am employed in this truly benevolent and upright purpoſe, I ſhall be little ſolicitous what the profligate tools of a ruined party think or ſpeak of me. Conſcious of the goodneſs of my cauſe, and the rectitude of my intentions, I have not condeſcended to take the leaſt notice of all that abuſe and ſcurrility which the popular Faction have thrown out againſt me from day to day. I know that calumny and falſhood are the conſtant refuge of bad writers; who, when they cannot reaſon, are ſure to rail. They conceal the poverty of their arguments under a black effuſion of gall; juſt as the ſcuttle-fiſh, when he is cloſely purſued, and hard put to it, is ſaid to throw out a quantity of matter like ink, and under that obſcurity eſcapes his adverſaries.

I now bid the Gentlemen in Oppoſition heartily farewel, having not the leaſt perſonal animoſity or rancour againſt any of them. I wiſh they would allow me to adviſe them ſeverally, how to diſpoſe of their time, during the receſs of Parliament this ſummer. *Tycho* would do well to employ His entirely in *penitence* and *prayers*: as he has already *one* foot *in* the grave, and the *other* upon the edge of it, he ought to lay aſide every ambitious and worldly view, and begin to make his peace with Heaven. What a long and ſad account has he to ſettle (I do not mean with *Harpax*, and his other creditors) but between God and his own conſcience! Let him try then what repentance can—what can it not?—Though his boſom is black as death, polluted with numberleſs offences againſt his King and Country, yet as the poet ſays,

"I

" Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens
" To waſh it white as ſnow."——

I would recommend it to the *Yorkſhire Marquis* not to ſpend this ſummer as he did the laſt, in fomenting diſcord and ſedition, but in hoeing turnips, planting carrots, and other honeſt country employments, for which his panegyriſts tell us he is moſt excellently qualified. There is no making a Mercury out of every Block; and it is ſome ſmall degree of comfort, that though, to be ſure, he was never calculated for a *Miniſter of State*, he is capable, nevertheleſs, of being turned into a ſpecial good *Hoeer of Turnips*.

Malagrida, no doubt, will employ himſelf in compleating the great work which he has long had in hand, entitled, " An Encomium on the Followers of *Ignatius Loyola*, with an Account of the barbarous Uſage they have met with in being expelled out of different Countries:" And JUNIUS, if he will take my advice, will hire himſelf to a Paper-ſtainer, as politics are of too hot and inflammatory a nature for ſummer digeſtion. I do not know how to employ *Lord Gawkee*, unleſs by adviſing him to keep himſelf in *conſtant readineſs to be ſent for to Court*; and I leave the *Gentle Shepherd*, heſitating between his own principles and his brother's eſtate, like the poor aſs between two bundles of hay, and expect to find him on my return next winter exactly in the ſame ſituation.

Having thus diſpoſed of all the principal characters in Oppoſition, except Mr. Wilkes (who will have work enough upon his hands to keep up in tolerable repair the ſhattered popularity of a ruined Party; which depends entirely upon him, and without *his* ſupport would have ſunk long ago into contempt and oblivion) it is incumbent upon me, in common civility, to take my leave of the Gen-

Gentlemen in Adminiſtration, wiſhing them ſucceſs in all their honeſt undertakings, and more peace and comfort than ever falls to the lot of perſons in their exalted ſituation. It is one of the curſes of Faction, in whatever kingdom it rages, that it prevents the Miniſters from doing all the good they would, and often compels them to do the evil they would not. The former of theſe effects we have experienced in a moſt lamentable degree during this whole ſeſſion of parliament: for has not the time, which ought to have been employed in projecting and executing plans for the good of their country, been entirely taken up in frivolous accuſations on one hand, unprofitable juſtifications on the other, and ſenſeleſs wranglings and diſputes on both? I am perſuaded, however, that our Miniſters will be ſo much upon their guard, that though the efforts of a malignant Faction may prevent them from doing all the good they would, it will never be able to compel them to do any evil they would not. There is nothing ſo baſe, nothing ſo ſhocking, nothing ſo ruinous to this country, which Taycho and others would not gladly drive them to, in hopes of ſupplanting them from their places. How ought they then to try the ground, whether it be firm, and to watch their ſteps, that they may always tread even! alas,

——————— *incedunt per ignes*
Suppoſitos Cineri doloſo.——

The condition of Miniſters, in the beſt of times, is far from deſireable; but, in theſe dregs of Britain, is in my mind ſincerely to be deprecated. Who can number up half the cares that go to-bed with Stateſmen? Let us, as * Lloyd ſays, live and love, and cry out, *God help poor Kings.*

OLD SLYBOOTS.

* Lloyd's State Worthies.

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